

PHOTOPLAY

combined with Mirror

January

15¢



Margaret O'Brien
By Paul Hesse

●M-M 2/47 3V R
MRS C SLOBERG
7 CLEVELAND RD
BROOKLINE MASS 46

Just One Cake of Camay and your Skin is Softer, Smoother!



For romance, win a softer, smoother complexion. You can—with your very *first* cake of Camay—when you change from careless cleansing to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested Camay's daring beauty promise on scores and scores of complexions. And the doctors reported that woman after woman—using just *one cake* of Camay—had fresher, clearer, softer skin. Even younger-looking skin!

MRS. MORTENSON'S STORY

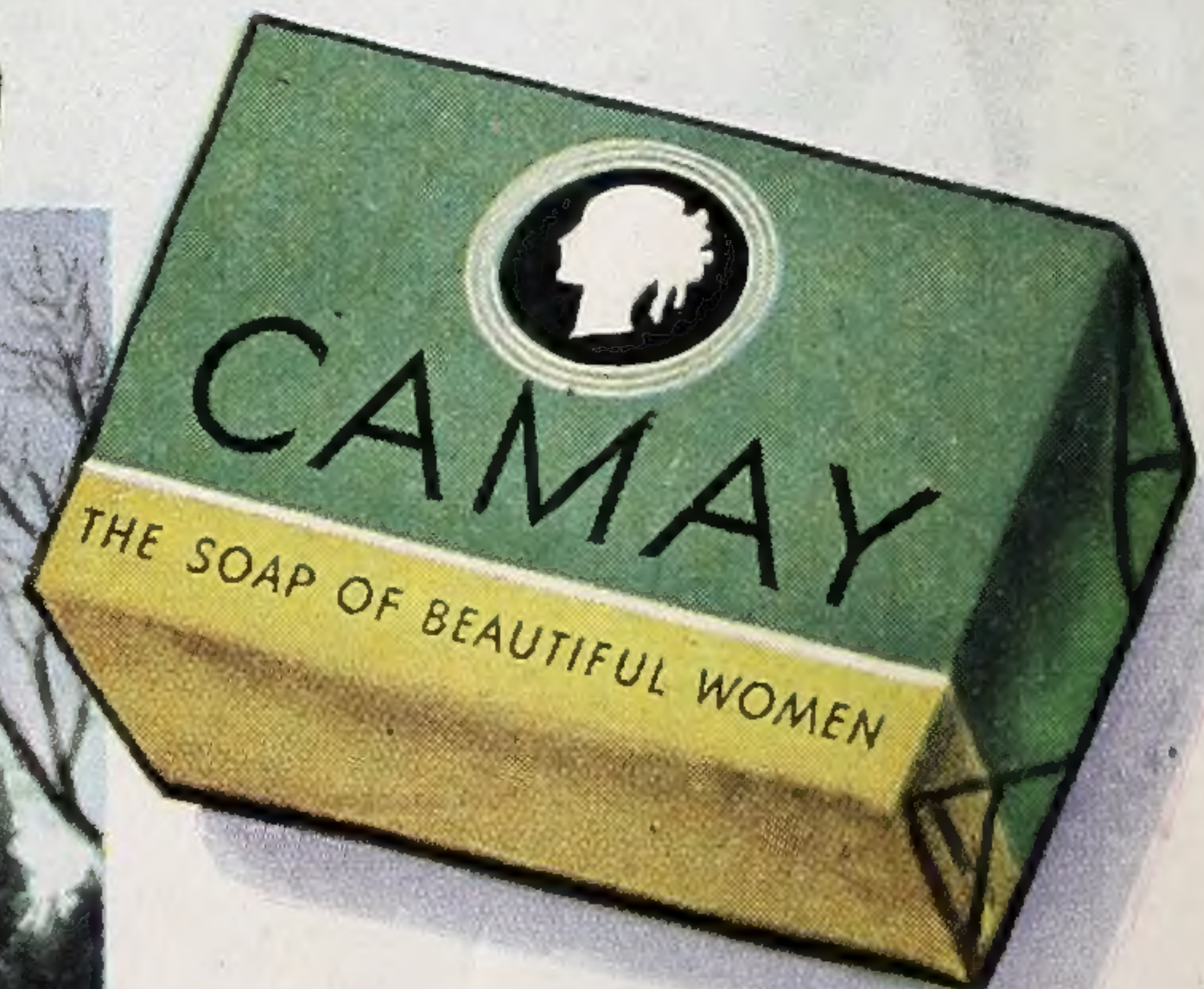


Rocking chair romance. Engaged, the happy light in Helen's eyes is matched by the glow of her complexion—clear, smooth, radiant. "My skin responds to Camay care," says Helen. "Really, my very *first* cake of Camay brought the livelier sparkle that a girl wants in her complexion."

Singin' in the snow, and planning a "honeymoon holiday" every winter. "Bob and I want to stay young," confides Helen. "I like to hear his compliments—and to keep them coming, my complexion *stays* on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet." For *your* lovelier Camay complexion, follow the instructions on the Camay wrapper.

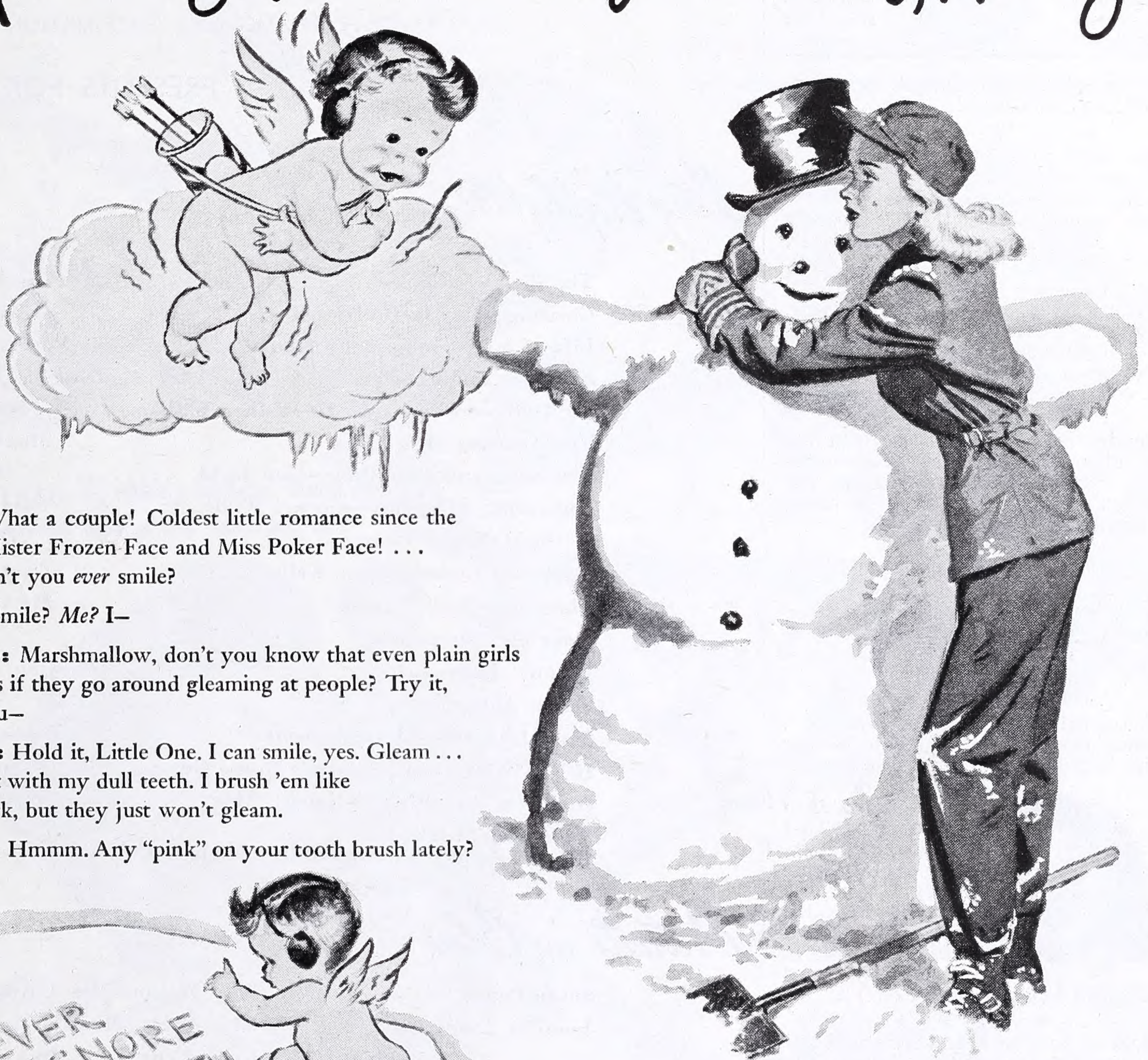


MRS. ROBERT MORTENSON
the former Helen Ann McManus of Newark, N. J.
Bridal portrait painted by *Bolegard*



Be saving—with everything! Make your Camay last—it's made from precious materials.

"Finally got yourself a man, Honey?"



CUPID: What a couple! Coldest little romance since the Ice Age! Mister Frozen Face and Miss Poker Face! . . . Sis . . . don't you *ever* smile?

GIRL: Smile? *Me?* I—

CUPID: Marshmallow, don't you know that even plain girls get dates if they go around gleaming at people? Try it, Sis! You—

GIRL: Hold it, Little One. I can smile, yes. Gleam . . . No. Not with my dull teeth. I brush 'em like clockwork, but they just won't gleam.

CUPID: Hmmm. Any "pink" on your tooth brush lately?



GIRL: But—

CUPID: "But," *nothing*, Baby! That "pink's" a sign you'd better *see your dentist!* And in a hurry!

GIRL: *Dentist?* I haven't got a toothache!

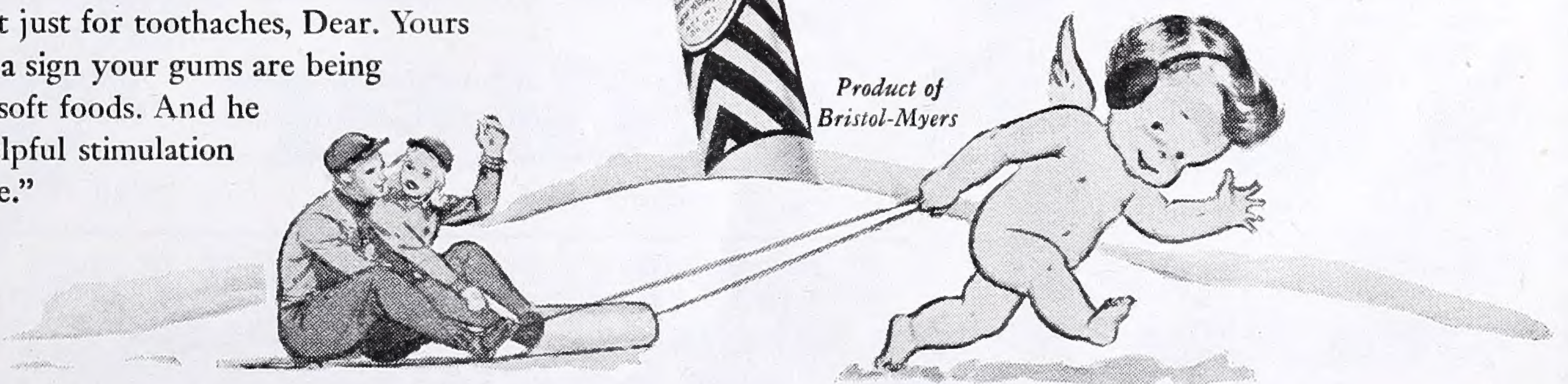
CUPID: Dentists aren't just for toothaches, Dear. Yours might say that "pink's" a sign your gums are being robbed of exercise by soft foods. And he might suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

GIRL: But what about my *smile*?

CUPID: Plenty, Precious. Because Ipana not only cleans your teeth. With massage, it's designed to help your gums. Massaging a little extra Ipana on your gums when you brush your teeth will help them to healthier firmness. And healthier gums mean brighter, sounder teeth. A smile that gets you a date with somebody besides that Fugitive from a Snow Shovel. Try Ipana, Angel, today.



Product of
Bristol-Myers



For the Smile of Beauty

IPANA AND MASSAGE

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

We're embarrassed! Caught, as it were,
with our paws down!

Just when our Dictionary of
Superlatives has disappeared,
along come not *one*—but
two magnificent M-G-M musicals
... "The Harvey Girls" (ahhhh!),
and "Ziegfeld Follies" (more ahhhh!).

"The Harvey Girls" is the romantic,
wide, wild West—set to wonderful music
—in Technicolor! And it stars our own
honey-voiced, vivacious Judy Garland!
It couldn't happen to a nicer picture.

Besides lassoing our heart with her
grand portrayal of one of the adventur-
ous Harvey Girls, Judy sings the
nation's top tune, "On the Atchison,
Topeka, and the Santa Fe"!

Supporting our scintillating Judy G.
(for Glamorous, for Gorgeous, for
Garland) is a swell cast of favorites,
headed by John (handsome he-man)
Hodiak, Ray Bolger, and Angela Lans-
bury. You'll love 'em all!

Ten more top tunes, besides "Atchison",
from the popular pens of Johnny Mercer
and Harry Warren, earn "The Harvey
Girls" a double-E
award—for Excellent
Entertainment! That
goes, too, for the di-
rection of George
Sidney ("Anchors
Aweigh") and the
production of Arthur
Freed ("Meet Me In
St. Louis" and

"Ziegfeld Follies"—see below!)

Hold on to your heart...or you'll lose
it to—"The Harvey Girls." As *we* did!

And speaking of Girls leads us, naturally
enough, to **ZIEGFELD FOLLIES**,
a huge, star-studded Technicolor spec-
tacle. Only Vincente Minnelli could
have directed, only Arthur Freed pro-
duced. And only M-G-M could have
brought it to the screen.

Its roster of Stars reads like
the Who's Who of Show
Business from A to Ziegfeld:
There's Fred Astaire, Lu-
cille Ball, Lucille Bremer,
Fanny Brice, Judy Garland,
Kathryn Grayson, Lena
Horne, Gene Kelly, James
Melton, Victor Moore, Red
Skelton, Esther Williams
and William Powell! If it's
true that "Names make
News"—here's *the* Movie
News of the Month!

Flo Ziegfeld would have been proud of
"Ziegfeld Follies" on the screen.

One of the biggest follies would be your
failure to attend.

—Leo

Let's Finish The Job! Buy Victory Loan
Bonds at Your Movie Theatre

PHOTOPLAY

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S "FIRST MILLION" MOVIE-GOERS

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OH! THOSE HARVEY GIRLS...
They know the way to a man's heart!

**See them woo the West from the
wicked can-can dancing girls!**

**It's lovely, lyrical Judy and
a gorgeous bevy of beauty...**

**It's M-G-M's musical romance
of a bold and golden era in....**

TECHNICOLOR

M.G.M.
presents

JUDY GARLAND

Hear Judy Garland singing some of
the nation's top hit tunes includ-
ing the sensa-
tional: "On
the Atchi-
son, To-
peka,
and the
Santa
Fe".

in "The

HARVEY GIRLS"

with

JOHN HODIAK • RAY BOLGER • ANGELA LANSBURY
and **PRESTON FOSTER • VIRGINIA O'BRIEN • KENNY BAKER**
MARJORIE MAIN • CHILL WILLS

Screen Play by Edmund Beloin, Nathaniel Curtis, Harry Crane, James O'Hanlon and Samson Raphaelson • Additional Dialogue by Kay Van Riper • Based on the Book by Samuel Hopkins Adams • Words and Music by JOHNNY MERCER and HARRY WARREN • Directed by George Sidney • Produced by Arthur Freed • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

INSIDE STUFF

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMIE FINK



Peacetime salute to famous favorites back from the war: Navy Lieut. Henry Fonda (left) and his wife take in the Ice Follies. It's civvies and laughs for Cesar Romero (right) out of the Coast Guard, also at the Ice Follies. Jack Briggs (below) put away his Marine greens and stepped out for a *Ciro's* celebration with his very special date—his wife Ginger Rogers



News of Our Boys: Capt. John Hamilton, or Stirling Hayden to fans who remember the blond actor before he changed his name, did a wonderful job in the war, operating a small fishing boat along the Dalmatian and Albanian coasts as head of an O.S.S. air rescue team. He also aided fliers' escapes to Italy, carried supplies to O.S.S. agents in Yugoslavia and Greece and aided Marshall Tito's Partisans in guerrilla warfare against the Germans. But now that it's over nothing can induce him or his beautiful wife Madeleine Carroll to return to Hollywood, we hear.

Navy Lieut. Richard Ney, after three years in service, is back in Hollywood again, as actor, husband of Greer Garson, and a civilian. Richard is asking for his release

from M-G-M because he believes he shouldn't be at the same studio as his famous wife and trade on their relationship.

Bill Holden went back to Columbia after his discharge but isn't slated for a picture for several months. Studio can't find one for him.

Robert Sterling got out of the Army in time to combat a stomach ulcer. But thanks to the care of wife Ann Sothorn, he's well again and ready for work at M-G-M.

Victor Mature, who did such a swell job in the Coast Guard is doing another of those song-composer super musicals (remember Vic in "My Gal Sal"?) for Twentieth Century-Fox.

Fans who have written for information on Jeffrey Lynn will be sorry

to hear there is no word of his returning immediately. Jeffrey is with the Army Intelligence (G2) in Great Britain.

Few people realize the dangers undergone by Navy Lieut. John Howard, who commanded a mine sweeper in the European theater. With his ship once blown from under him, it was up to Howard to see that his men were rescued and returned to port. After serving the past year as instructor at Cornell University, the former actor is expected to be out soon and back home again.

Table-talk: Hollywood tongues certainly have plenty to talk about this month. A lot of it was about the bust-up of Sonja Henie and Dan Topping. And (Continued on page 6)

Betty Hutton

in a wonderful story about a blonde hat-check honey who burns up her boy-friend as she burns up her sugar daddy's dough!

WHERE EVERY NIGHT IS NEW YEAR'S EVE!

Barry Fitzgerald

part of the wonderful cast, as a hilarious millionaire bus-boy he lavishes luxuries on his Incendiary Cinderella!

Don DeFore

as Betty's boy-friend he can't give her anything but love...love...love!

B. G. DeSylva
presents

BETTY HUTTON

in
"THE STORK CLUB"

with
BARRY FITZGERALD

DON DEFORE

ROBERT BENCHLEY • BILL GOODWIN
IRIS ADRIAN • MIKHAIL RASUMNY
MARY YOUNG

Directed by HAL WALKER

IT'S A WONDERFUL TIME!

because it all happens in Society's smartest rendezvous... New York's Capitol of Glamour, Gaiety, Love, Laughter and Music!

and Introducing
ANDY

RUSSELL

A HIT PARADE OF SONGS!
Some Sweet, Some Hot, All Wonderful
"A Square In The Social Circle"
"Doctor, Lawyer, Indian, Chief"
"If I Had A Dozen Hearts"
"Love Me"

A Paramount Picture

ANN DVORAK

Republic Pictures Star



**Overnight...
LOVELIER HAIR
FOR YOU!**

Try this famous 3-WAY MEDICINAL TREATMENT

Many of Hollywood's most beautiful stars use this *overnight* 3-Way Medicinal Treatment. You, too, can make your hair look lovelier, more glamorous, with an overnight application. Glover's will accentuate the natural color-tones of your hair with clear, sparkling highlights—freshened radiance—the soft, subtle beauty of hair well-groomed. Today—try *all three* of these famous Glover's preparations—Glover's original Mange Medicine—GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo—Glover's Imperial Hair Dress. Use separately, or in one complete treatment. Ask for the regular sizes at any Drug Store or Drug Counter—or mail the Coupon!

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FREE TRIAL!

Send Coupon for all three products in hermetically-sealed bottles, with complete instructions for Glover's 3-Way Treatment, and useful FREE booklet, "The Scientific Care of Scalp and Hair."



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Send Free Trial Application package in plain wrapper by return mail, containing Glover's Mange Medicine, GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo and Glover's Imperial Hair Dress, in three hermetically-sealed bottles, with informative FREE booklet. I enclose 10c to cover cost of packaging and postage.

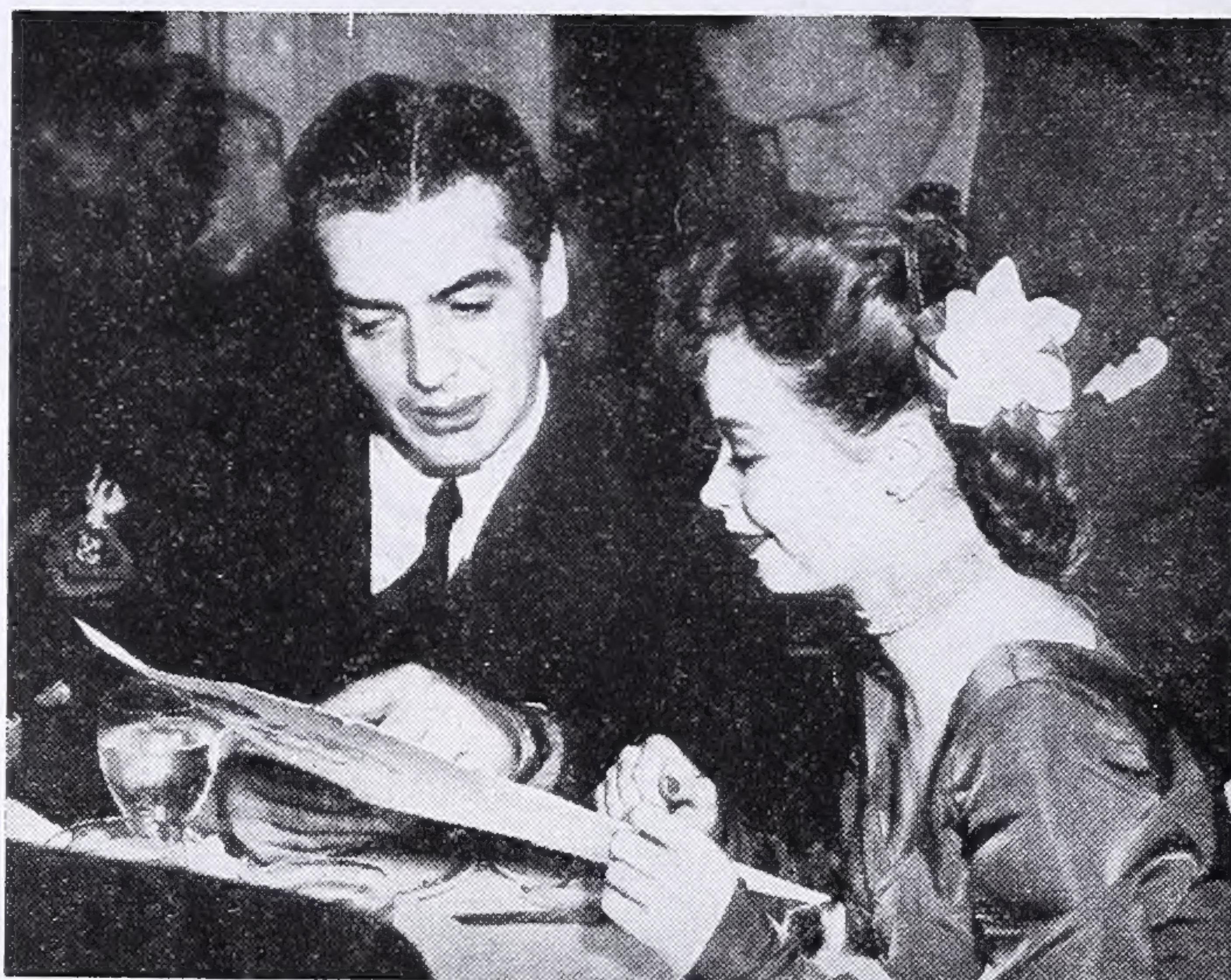
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INSIDE STUFF

Still in uniform, but not for long—Vic Mature at Somerset House with Buff Cobb, the lady he sees the most of



Tea for two at the Crillon: Ann Sheridan and Steve Hannagan (on a Hollywood visit) in a gaiety mood



(Continued from page 4) if you remember Cal tipped you off to this months ago—in the face of all the denials Sonja was making at the time. But now the cat is out of the bag—and so is at least part of the reason for the rift. Sonja has decided to divorce Dan. She was waiting only for his return from Honolulu where he's been serving as a Marine—so they could make a joint announcement. But then he got here late and she had to leave for her ice-skating tour before they really had a get-together about the whole thing. But they won't get together—not in the real sense. And Dan has his next bride all picked out. She is beautiful brunette Kay Sutton, a former movie actress—once married to cameraman Eddie Cronjager.

Before Sonja took off she did the town (and how!) with lots of beaux, including Bob Walker—and even one date with Helmut Dantine—but mostly with Van Johnson. Saw them everywhere together—parties, night clubs—even on shopping tours. Wouldn't even venture a guess as to how "serious" Van and Sonja might be—but they seem to have a lot of fun together. That gal, after leading a very quiet life around Hollywood for years, has really stepped out lately. Gay—and spending money like mad—and for her that's news!

Then there was all the gab about the

Keenan Wynns and Van Johnson making up again after their perpetual threesome was broken up and they didn't speak for weeks and weeks. They're speaking—but you certainly don't see the three of them around together "as perpetually" as of yore.

One thing a lot of Hollywood did see, though, that caused comment and a little surprise was Van Johnson with Cornel Wilde and Peter Lawford exiting from a big premiere together. And who do you think got the biggest cheer from the sidelines that included everything from bobby-soxers to gray haired ladies? Cornel Wilde!

Flynn Again: Well, that much re-written book of Errol Flynn's is finally about ready to come out on the news-stands. It will be called "Once Upon A Smile." More Flynn news concerns his pretty Nora who is heading for Mexico again. And don't be surprised if she sees a lawyer about a divorce from Flynn while she's there. Wouldn't be surprised if her getting a divorce would come as a big surprise to Flynn—and we doubt if he wants that. But Cal frankly thinks that Nora is fed up and ready to call it quits. And there is good reason to believe that at last she has another heart interest—and he is in Mexico, though an American. Hope it brings her more happiness than the Flynn flams. (Continued on page 8)

WARNERS' ROMANTIC WOWER OF THE HOUR!

He's gonna love that gal



like she's never been loved before!!



It's those 'Hollywood Canteen' honeys in
a honey of a show from Warners!!!

JOAN LESLIE and ROBERT HUTTON

in

Too Young To Know

-TOO WONDERFUL TO MISS!

The picture with the
"Paper Moon" song hit

DIRECTED BY
FREDERICK deCORDOVA
PRODUCED BY
WILLIAM JACOBS
with DOLORES MORAN • HARRY DAVENPORT • ROSEMARY DeCAMP
SCREEN PLAY BY JO PAGANO • FROM A STORY BY HARLAN WARE

Back Talk about HAIR



This season the accent's on the rear view of your hair-do . . . so keep that back hair smooth as honey and neat as a button.

If your page-boy gets straggly between settings, try rolling up those stubborn ends on strong, firm-gripping bob pins every few days.



That means DeLong Bob Pins, of course. They're made of a special quality steel, the kind that doesn't lose its taut springiness . . . they really do have the

Stronger Grip Won't Slip Out

You'll never be satisfied with wishy-washy bob pins, once you've used DeLong's dependable products.

Quality Manufacturers for Over 50 Years
BOB PINS HAIR PINS SAFETY PINS
SNAP FASTENERS STRAIGHT PINS
HOOKS & EYES HOOK & EYE TAPES
SANITARY BELTS



Blossom-ing: Margaret Whitling puts a flower in Bill Eythe's buttonhole at Somerset House as Bill smiles

(Continued from page 6)

Tid-bitting: Jeanne Crain is dividing her time about equally between Paul Brook, her long-time steady, and Rory Calhoun, new young find of David Selznick's . . . Meat shortages don't bother the Phillip Dorns. Not as long as they can get the ingredients for "hutspot." That's a Dutch dish, based on a three-hundred-year-old recipe that consists of onions, carrots, potatoes and beets mashed together and cooked in a pot. Phillip and his wife are mad about it and have it at least once a week . . . Cleatus Caldwell (Ken Murray's ex) and Bob Hutton are more that way than ever. But are at the point where they have a spat once in a while. She's a knockout—it's a wonder the Hollywood wolves haven't stepped in and snatched her away from Bob. You can bet they'll try the moment they think they have a chance . . . Gail Patrick has opened that shop to sell infants clothes and toys for children which her husband, Arnold Dean White, is manufacturing. It's the cutest shop in Beverly . . . Esther Williams is now in Mexico making a picture—and Ben Gage is mooning around—just waiting for her to come back and be his bride.

Of Bing: Bing Crosby went to the hospital and columnists and air-talkers had him there with everything from kidney trouble to a broken leg. But actually he was in there for the second time and being treated for a low-grade infection that has bothered him for a long time. He's so tired too. And

INSIDE STUFF

The feminine touch: Here Jeanne Crain does the honors in the flower department for Paul Brook—at Mocambo



swears he won't make a picture or do any radio work until after the first of the year.

Slinging It: Anne Baxter was going around to parties with the swankiest sling a girl ever carried her arm around in. Yes—you heard right—a sling. Anne showed up place after place, with her injured hand and arm just as dressed up as she was, because the sling was black satin, trimmed with black sequins. Sometimes she's with John Hodiak—and sometimes she isn't. And when she isn't—he isn't so happy.

Quip a la Garson: "Gogo," Greer Garson's giant French poodle, muscled in on so many pictures during a recent portrait-sitting Greer was having, that the photographer remarked, "Greer—your dog sure is hammy."

Greer twinkled and answered, "It certainly couldn't be the company he keeps—could it?"

A Line or Two: Shirley Temple found her husband, Sgt. John Agar, doing K.P. duty when she visited him in Salt Lake City. John is now overseas . . . Gary Cooper's daughter has eyes and a smile just like his . . . Deanna Durbin and Judy (Continued on page 10)

HEADING YOUR WAY...WITH HAPPINESS

Great Songs... with inimitable Bing at his best!

Great Story... with all the heart of incomparable Ingrid!

Great Fun... made by the deft touches of Leo McCarey
who gave you "GOING MY WAY"!



Rainbow Productions, Inc., presents

Bing *Ingrid*
CROSBY BERGMAN

in LEO McCAREY'S

The Bells of St. Mary's

with HENRY TRAVERS • WILLIAM GARGAN

Produced and Directed by Leo McCarey

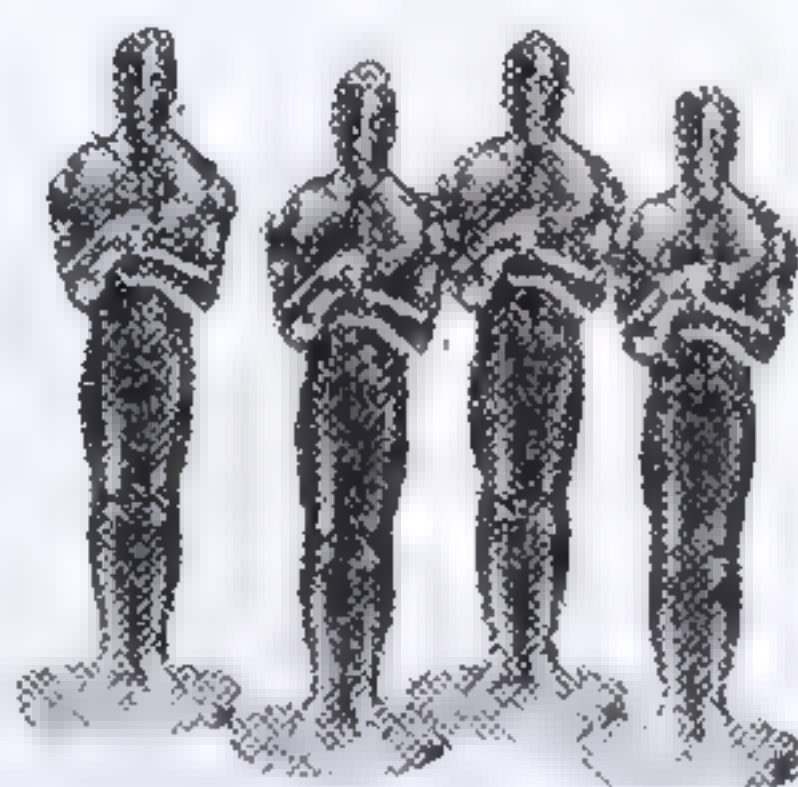
Screen Play by Dudley Nichols • Story by Leo McCarey

Released thru RKO Radio Pictures



For the first time in screen history

CROSBY
Best actor for
"Going My Way"



Three Academy Award Winners in One Picture!

BERGMAN
Best actress for
"Gaslight"

McCAREY
Best story and
best direction
"Going My Way"

It's new, thrilling . . . and so effective—
THE

FLOATING FACIAL*

for fresh make-up effects far
lovelier than you may
dream possible



MAKE THIS REVEALING TEST—
Remove one side of your make-up with your present "beauty" cream, the other with Albolene. Wet some cotton and wipe the Albolene-treated side. How clean the cotton stays! Then wipe it over the "beauty"-creamed side. See the telltale smudge from left-on dirt . . .

*ALBOLENE CLEANSING CREAM LIQUEFIES INSTANTLY

on application—and a cream must
liquefy to float off beauty-blurring
impurities gently, effectively

ONLY A CREAM specially made for super-cleansing can give your skin the beauty of a *Floating Facial*—a cream so light, so pure and crystal clear—a cream that literally *floats* away old make-up rubble, dirt, dust, grit and skin scales, even stubborn cake make-up, without irritating rubbing or tedious "double creaming." And Albolene *lubricates* as it cleanses—a "must" for dry, flaky skins.

This lovely, quick-liquefying cream tissues off so easily. *All-cleansing*—no fillers, chemicals—none of the water most "beauty" creams contain. Leaves skin miraculously cool, soft, dewy-moist—immaculately *clean*! That's why new make-up on an Albolened skin can be such a freshly radiant base for clear, breathtaking make-up effects.

Thrill to a *Floating Facial* this very day. It's so modern, so effective! Albolene is the salon-type cleansing cream at a fraction the cost. Sizes at 10¢, 25¢, 50¢, and the big economy 16 oz. jar at \$1.00.



—and McKesson makes it

INSIDE STUFF



Powell pow-wow at Mocambo—Bill and wife Diana
with Bill's furlough-ing son, Lieut. Bill Powell Jr.

(Continued from page 8) Garland have become great telephone friends these days, discussing their prospective babies . . . Red Skelton is out of the Army and back in Hollywood looking well and practically cured of his stutter . . . Irene Dunne took a room in the hospital to be near her husband, Dr. Francis Griffin, during his recent critical illness.

Things to Come: Mr. Samuel Goldwyn, Hollywood's astute producer, paid Cal the compliment of running, in his own projection room, several uncut sequences from Danny Kaye's new picture "The Kid From Brooklyn." The film was then in the midst of production with Vera Ellen rehearsing more dance sequences on a nearby stage and Danny recording some of the zaniest lyrics yet to be heard.

Mr. Goldwyn kept calling attention to the cleverness of Vera Ellen. He's right, too, the lady is both talented and cute. He also ran the novelty number of the picture depicting gla-

morized cows with glamour gal milkmaids. Which ought to end the milkmen's strikes.

Later, we saw Vera herself going through the strenuous, back-breaking work of still another dance number in rehearsal. Couldn't help but compare the girl we saw, disheveled and weary from hour upon hour of rehearsal, with the one we'd just seen, so fresh and easy, in the finished product that occupied but a scant few minutes on the screen.

Return of the Bey: It was the cocktail hour when Turhan Bey rang Cal's doorbell. With his short crew haircut, deep tan and immaculate uniform, Turhan looked younger and better than we've ever seen him. And certainly more enthusiastic over his role of a GI than he's been over many a movie role.

With the intelligent approach he has toward everything, he told us what he thought he should do in regard to the Army. Instead of expecting or even wanting an (Continued on page 12)

Premiere news—Hurd Hatfield takes in the "Captain Eddie" premiere with his best girls, Virginia Hunter and his mother



Great talent sparks the screen with
GREAT ENTERTAINMENT!

"I love to sing!"

*Singing Star of
"Oklahoma!"*

"I love to kiss!"

"I love to dance!"

"I love to laugh!"

*"Me... I just
love to love!"*

COLUMBIA PICTURES
presents

Tars and Spars

starring

JANET BLAIR • ALFRED DRAKE

with MARC PLATT • JEFF DONNELL

and introducing SID CAESAR

Screenplay by John Jacoby, Sarett Tobias and Decla Dunning

Produced by MILTON H. BREN • Directed by ALFRED E. GREEN

© 1944 Columbia Pictures

THE
COAST GUARD'S
ROMANTIC
MUSICAL
FROLIC!

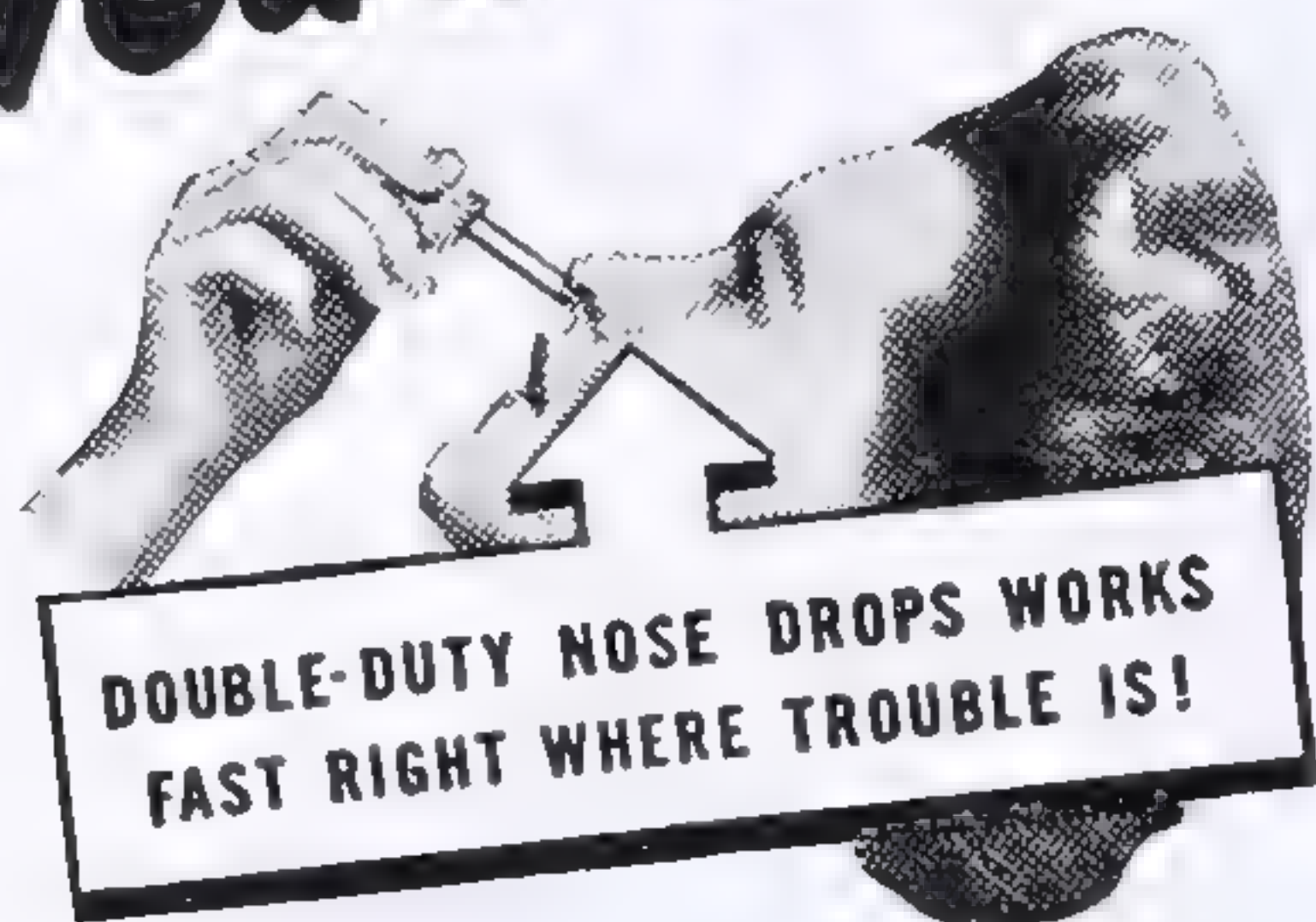
HEAR:
"Love Is A Merry-Go-Round"
"I'm Glad I Waited For You"
and other great songs
headed for top popularity!



Gives You Grand Relief

FROM SNIFFLY, STUFFY DISTRESS OF

Head Colds!



Instantly relief from head cold distress starts to come when you put a little Va-tro-nol in each nostril. It soothes irritation, shrinks swollen membranes, helps clear cold-clogged nose and makes breathing easier. Also—it helps prevent many colds from developing if used in time! Try it! Follow directions in the package.

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by a Wool Firm
WOOLFOAM CORP.
New York 11, N. Y.



INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 10)
immediate release, he looks forward to serving overseas in the hope that he can establish even further his part in the great plan Americana.

"As a GI I have met new people, people outside the world I've lived in," he said earnestly, "and from them I've learned so much and want to learn more."

Odd how little Hollywood understands or appreciates the keen mind and intellectual depths of this young foreigner.

Connubial Bliss Around Town: Cal looking for news, wandered into Saks and right off spied June Allyson and Dick Powell. "I'm buying my mother a fur coat," said June, "and my husband insists Mother is fat. She isn't at all."

Dick only grinned. We liked the way June caressed the words "my husband," and their obvious happiness in each other.

Speaking of happy marriages, it's pleasant to observe how very close are Betty Grable and Harry James. Lunching recently in the Twentieth Century-Fox commissary, we noticed the pair at a wall table for two completely engrossed in each other and oblivious of everyone else.

One of the things that makes John



Itemed—Don De Fore and his Mrs. check up on current news—at Somerset House



Romantically speaking—Bob Hutton and Cleatus Caldwell (ex-Mrs. Ken Murray) smile as they dance to Mocambo music

Payne a much-liked person in the town of Hollywood is his easy naturalness and friendly manner. Fun running across John and Gloria De Haven, that adorable wife of his, at The Players the other night.

Gloria, who was going for her dessert in a big way, said, "I shouldn't, you know. I mustn't gain another pound." Her baby, she said, was expected in a matter of weeks.

We couldn't help but feel the compatibility between John and Gloria, and we were sure of their happiness when John grinningly said to Cal, "I never feel so married as I do when I'm trying to locate Gloria's gloves everywhere we go."

Random-izing: Odd sight; Little June Haver, with her sister, her mother, two other girls and one lone soldier, at a front-row table at Ciro's—and having the time of their lives! . . . Jinx Falkenburg, on the set of "Meet Me On Broadway," reading a cookbook like mad. Her darling husband, Lieut. Col. Tex McCrary was arriving home from Tokyo—and Jinx had no intention of being anything but the perfect bride . . . Jimmy Stewart, back in Hollywood—back in civvies, back to chumming around with his old pal, Henry Fonda, and trying to put back some of the weight he has lost. And managing to find time to beau Anita Colby to parties and places. (Continued on page 14)

Your Cold...

the plain truth about it

*Can you avoid catching cold?
And if you do catch one is it
possible to reduce its severity?
Oftentimes—YES.*

IT IS now believed by outstanding members of the medical profession that colds and their complications are frequently produced by a combination of factors working together.

1. That an unseen virus, entering through the nose or mouth, probably starts many colds.

2. That the so-called "Secondary Invaders", a potentially troublesome group of bacteria, including germs of the pneumonia and streptococcus types, then can complicate a cold by staging a "mass invasion" of throat tissues.

3. That anything which lowers body resistance, such as cold feet, wet feet, fatigue, exposure to sudden temperature changes, may not only make the work of the virus easier but encourage the "mass invasion" of germs.

Tests Showed Fewer Colds

The time to strike a cold is at its very outset . . . to go after the surface germs before they go after you . . . to fight the "mass invasion" of the tissue before it becomes serious.

The ability of Listerine Antiseptic as a germ-killing agent needs no elaboration. Important to you, however, is the impressive record against colds made by Listerine Antiseptic in tests

made over a 12-year period. Here is what this test data revealed:

That those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice a day had fewer colds and usually had milder colds, and fewer sore throats, than those who did not gargle with Listerine Antiseptic.

This, we believe, was due largely to Listerine Antiseptic's ability to attack germs on mouth and throat surfaces.

Gargle Early and Often

We would be the last to suggest that a Listerine Antiseptic gargle is infallibly a means of arresting an oncoming cold.

However, a Listerine Antiseptic gargle is one of the finest precautionary aids you can take. Its germ-killing action may help you overcome the infection in its early stages.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Mo.



**Germs reduced as much
as 96.7%, in tests.**

Actual tests showed reductions of bacteria on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7% fifteen minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle, and up to 80% one hour after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle.



BEFORE



AFTER

AT THE FIRST SYMPTOM **LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC**

NEW pure, white odorless* LOTION Safely REMOVES HAIR



Whisks off
leg hair,
leaves skin
smooth,
alluring.

- *1. A fragrant white lotion without bad clinging depilatory odor.
- 2. Painless . . . not messy, quick to use. As simple to remove as cold cream.
- 3. No razor stubble. Keeps legs hair-free longer. Economical!
- 4. Does not irritate healthy, normal skin.
- 5. Removes hair close to skin, leaving skin soft, smooth, clean, fragrant.

NAIR Cosmetic lotion to
remove hair

49¢
plus tax



On sale at good
Drug and Department Stores

WINDOWS to Romance



with **KURLASH**

(Now back after a wartime absence)

Your eyes become the center of attraction with this magic Eyelash Curler. In just 60 seconds, Kurlash sweeps your lashes skyward—makes them appear longer and eyes larger, brighter, more appealing! Easy—Kurlash needs no heat or cosmetics. Absolutely safe to use—as lashes are curled against rubber cushion.

At drug and dept. stores. Still \$1.00.

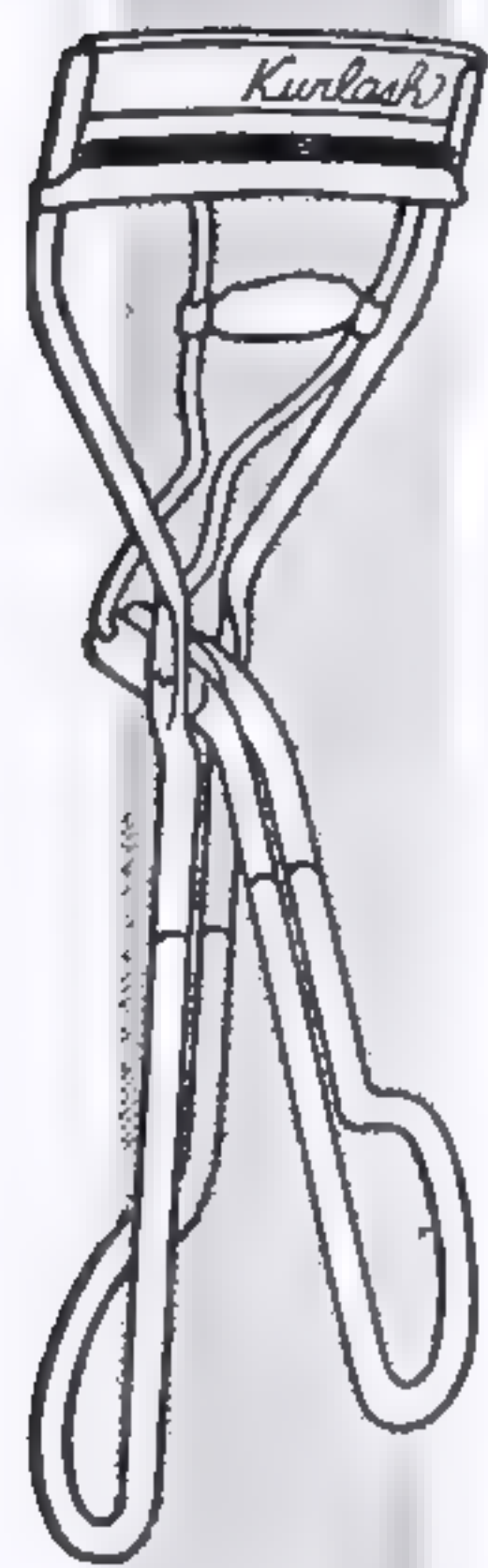
NEAT EYE-BROW CARE . . . Make grooming easy, safe with Professional Twissors, the scissor-handle tweezer—50c.

FOR SHINING LASHES . . . Impart dewy sheen to lashes, lids and eye-brows with rich oily-base cream Kurlene—50c, \$1.00.

KURLASH

"Beautiful Eyes Have It"

THE KURLASH COMPANY, INC.
Rochester, N. Y. • New York City
Toronto, Canada



Donna Reed, with husband Tony Owen at Mocambo, picks sequin brilliancy for her dress and jacket. A white evening dress spells charm on Marie McDonald, with her Vic Orsatti. You'll find more full-color fashion news on page 71



(Continued from page 12)

Cal Observes: Cary Grant has changed. Glimpsed in Romanoffs recently we couldn't help but notice a vague, hurt sort of look in his eyes and a restraint in his manner that is so different from the friendly Cary of several years ago. Perhaps his divorce from Barbara Hutton has cut more deeply than Hollywood imagines.

With Barbara preparing to leave Hollywood for New York, rumors of her engagement to actor Philip Reed grow stronger. Perhaps we're leading with our nose, but Cal bets his last two-dollar bill that marriage will never take place.

We couldn't take our eyes off that happy group of people dining at the new Beverly Hills Club. And what a reunion it made with Col. Jimmy Stewart, Maggie Sullivan's husband Leland Hayward, and Lieut. Henry Fonda with his wife Frances all united again. When Chester Morris and his cute wife walked in, both Hank and Jimmy began pulling imaginary cards and rabbits from people's ears in imitation of Chester's magic prowess . . . Which reminds us of a session we had recently at Romanoffs with Chester in rare form. The late diners simply thronged around our table and even Joe and Peppi, the head waiters, took part in the magic act that Chester put on.

Gable: "You're good for me," Clark Gable once told his favorite girl friend, Anita Colby.

"You see," Anita told Cal, "being a

social or professional lion can be difficult for a man. He feels it entering a room full of people. He senses it in restaurants—everywhere. I myself have no fear or self-consciousness of people and I think Clark knows that and it gives him a sort of comfort.

"I have other beaux, of course. There is really nothing serious about our friendship. We have fun together and that is that."

It is obvious Anita has fun with Jimmy Stewart too. See them everywhere together, which may or may not mean something. Incidentally, Jimmy and Clark are also good friends.

And Gable has other dates too—the stunning Dolly O'Brien, currently visiting Hollywood. Clark gave her a big rush when he spent so much time in the East last year.

The Truth Is: The Herbert Marshall separation proved a surprise to Hollywood at large, but rumors that all was not well with the Marshalls had been whispered about for some time.

The marriage of Angela Lansbury and Richard Cromwell was not a hasty one as so many suppose. Angela and Richard have been in love for a year or more. In fact, every time Cal drove up to a friend's home on Miller Drive there was Angela's blonde head over in Richard's garden.

Sinatra: Driving up in front of our apartment one Saturday afternoon, we happened to glance across the street at a man (Continued on page 16)



Hold this moment softly in your hands...this moment so dear, so near to heaven.

And be glad your hands are such an endearing part of you—kept lovely by Trushay.

Creamy, flower-scented Trushay is different from other hand lotions.

Use it to give your hands a fragrant

softness. But use Trushay, too, in a special way...the "beforehand" way. Before you wash a dish, before you tub a garment, smooth on Trushay. It guards soft hands, even in hot, soapy water.

Remember always to use Trushay... whenever, wherever you need it.

TRUSHAY

The
"Beforehand"
Lotion



PRODUCT OF BRISTOL MYERS



Baby-planning and prettier than ever—Dorothy Lamour looks over the handicaps in races at Hollywood Park



Winning—Merle Oberon smiles approval from her table looking over the Hollywood Park racing excitement

(Continued from page 14) in a baseball uniform. Above the short socks Cal noticed two remarkably slender legs. We looked again. Yes, it was Frankie-boy himself, standing with several Beverly Hills High School boys. A few co-eds stood at a distance while Frank talked with the boys.

Seems Frank joins some of the boys for a session of baseball nearly every Saturday afternoon.

And speaking of Sinatra fans, Joan Birdwell, fourteen-year-old daughter of Russell Birdwell (famous press agent for some of our movie people), had seen "Anchor's Aweigh" fourteen times when we talked with her, so great is her admiration. But she gives it with dignity by reminding other fans "Mr." Sinatra does not approve of squealing and embarrassing howls. Joan refuses to use the influence of her famous dad in wangling an introduction to Frank which would be so easy.

Warner's Party: The invitation bade Cal to a welcome-home party for several of its actors back from service. Lieut. Wayne Morris, muchly decorated, was still in uniform because he couldn't find a civilian suit to fit him.

Gig Young told of a friend who visited his father-in-law in Santo Tomas prison. The prisoner insisted Bryon Barr and not Gig Young was the name of his son-in-law. He hadn't even heard the studio had changed the actor's name from Barr to Young.

Ronald Reagan seemed happy to be back again. John Garfield spent a good fifteen minutes telling what a magnificent performance Lana Turner gives in "The Postman Always Rings Twice."



Close-up—Harry James adjusts glasses for wife Betty Grable, also at the races

John is also in the picture, but you wouldn't know it to hear him rave over Lana.

Elliott Roosevelt in civvies, with Faye Emerson, stopped for a chat. Faye had just come from tennis and explained the curl had been literally bashed out of her hair. Its smooth straightness with a braid coil in the back looked mighty attractive. Elliott told some interesting war stories with many a tender glance

at Faye in between. Zach Scott and his clever wife were here, there and everywhere. But take our word for it, the cutest trick we've met in a long time is Pat Morris, Wayne's charming wife.

You Tell Me: Why Edgar Bergen kept his marriage a secret so long.

What is the thing that hinders George Raft from securing a divorce after over twenty years to find happiness in marriage? And because of it will he lose the girl he loves, Betty Doss, as he did Betty Grable?

How come Louise Allbritton prefers to remain a bachelor girl? Is it because she's more interested in accumulating annuities than wedding rings? Or hasn't *the* right man come along?

Did you know Dane Clark is coaching for his bar exams next year? But why does he think Hollywood will ever let him become a lawyer?

Return: Gossip has it Maurice Chevalier is coming back, at last freed of all suspicion of sympathizing with the Nazis. Heavens above, the memories that Frenchman brings back! The glorious romantic something he brought to pictures, and the gloomy, moody, unfriendly man he was off the set.

We remember standing in the wings of a theater just before he made his entrance onto the stage.

"Smile, please, Mr. Chevalier," the stage manager moaned.

"I know when to smile," he answered in gloom-laden tones. Just then the orchestra struck up his cue, out stepped Chevalier, straw hat on one side, lower lip comically protruding, oozing sex, humor, charm, wrapping up the audience and taking it home.

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This Christmas Give Her a Lane Hope Chest

Make her fondest hopes come true with a Lane Hope Chest.

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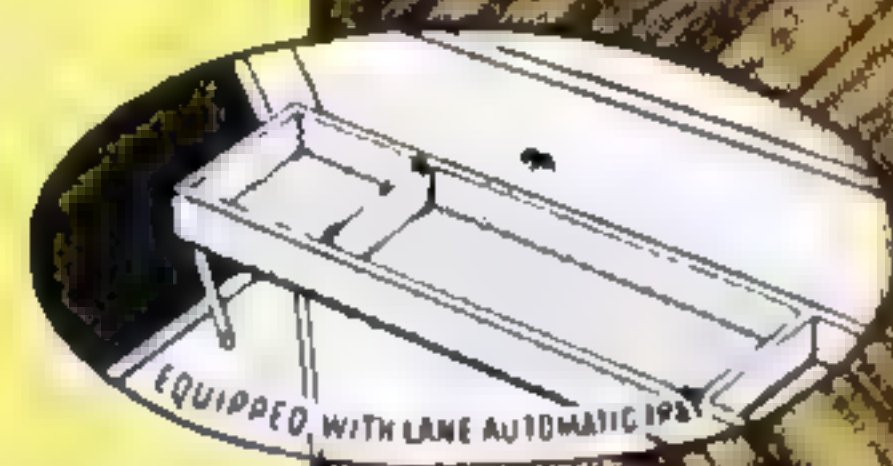
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4. Lane-welded veneers will not peel.
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*I hope...
I hope...
I hope...*

...that someone's going to give me an exciting Christmas package by Richard Hudnut!

1. Gemey Luxury Set...glamour in a box! Toilet Water, Dusting Powder, Sachet. 5.50
2. Violet Sec Set...Toilet Water and Dusting Powder in a nostalgic, haunting fragrance. 2.50
3. Yanky Clover Gift Set...light-hearted scent in Dusting Powder, Toilet Water, Sachet. 3.75
4. Yanky Clover Toilet Water...one of America's best-loved scents. 1.00
5. Gemey Perfume...with the sparkle and glitter of her holiday mood. 5.00 to 15.00

all prices plus tax

Richard Hudnut
NEW YORK

The Shadow Stage

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, very good; three checks, outstanding

✓✓ Spellbound (Selznick International)

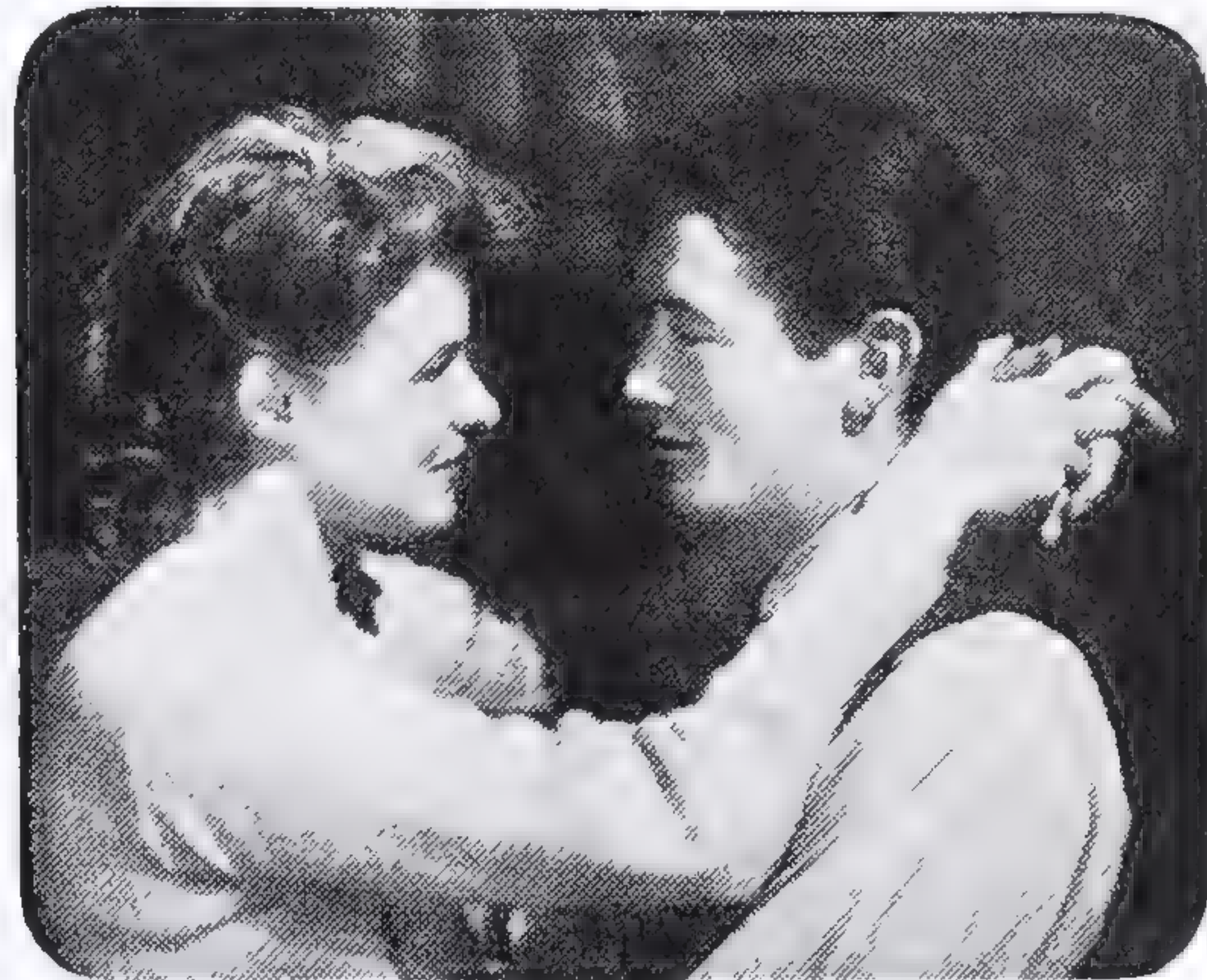
SPELLBOUND you, the audience, will be through most of this picture which stars Ingrid Bergman as a doctor of psychiatry who wears hornrimmed glasses and talks like a text book until she meets Gregory Peck who would make any damsel take off her specs and look twice. Especially if, as Ingrid does, she finds Gregory in trouble.

They fall in love and then discover he doesn't know who he is because of amnesia brought about by a deep-rooted psychological illness. Then they discover that he is wanted for murder. Under the spell of her love for him, Ingrid helps him

escape the police and then comes her desperate effort working through psychiatry, to bring back his memory and discover the truth about his past, though in her attempt to do so she may herself be murdered.

What more would a director like Alfred Hitchcock and performers like Ingrid Bergman, Gregory Peck and Leo G. Carroll (so good as the retiring doctor of the institution where Ingrid and Gregory work) need to produce a film which for the most part lives up to its title?

Your Reviewer Says: Tops in spellbinding.



Tender interlude: Ingrid Bergman and Gregory Peck in "Spellbound"

✓✓ The Stork Club (Paramount)

THE day was when Betty Hutton was both loud and funny. In "The Stork Club" she's more loud and less funny through no fault of her own, we may say. There just isn't enough newness in the story to lift it too far above average. On the other hand, there's sufficient good music and liveliness to keep it above average.

Knowing Mr. Sherman Billingsley personally, we doubt if the writers had any serious intention of capturing his real personality. It looked to us as if he were dragged in for story purposes only. But the Stork itself is authentically presented and that's gratifying at least.

Don De Fore is most personable as the lad who returns from service with a band

recruited from his buddies. He finds his girl friend Betty Hutton, hat check girl at the Stork, established in a swanky hotel suite with bills paid by an anonymous admirer. Naturally Don suspects the worst, as who wouldn't, and there's much to-doing back and forth before Don realizes Barry Fitzgerald, the old codger Betty befriends, is really her benefactor.

It all ends up with Barry reunited with his wife Mary Young, Betty and Don engaged and Mr. Billingsley going right on with the club.

One or two of the numbers are catchy and Andy Russell, who makes his singing debut, is sure to click.

Your Reviewer Says: Well, it's loud anyway.



Enchanting eve: Don De Fore and Betty Hutton in "The Stork Club"

✓✓ Fallen Angel (Twentieth Century-Fox)

NEW. It's Dana Andrews again—in almost as good a job as "Laura." He's naughtier this time and a little harder-boiled. But when did that ever stop the feminine trade?

Also, the murder isn't as much of a mystery as it was in "Laura," if you're one who likes his mysteries veiled. But the picture is still strictly intriguing, with provocative situations to carry the interest along.

Dana is a rolling stone who falls under the dark spell of a money-minded waitress who will marry him only if he produces the cash which will keep her in the style to which she is not accustomed. To get the money he pulls off a twenty-four hour marriage with a moderately rich local girl in the town. Then comes the murder and

Dana finds himself in a trap he hadn't bargained for. Nobody asked us not to tell the story but for your sake we won't say any more.

Alice Faye returns to the screen in the dramatic role of the girl Dana marries for expediency and she makes her thoughtful and appealing. But we could have used a song in there, Alice. Linda Darnell as the waitress more than fulfills the promise she gave in "Summer Storm" of being a lady men go mad for. She's really excellent.

Anne Revere as the sister of Alice and Charles Bickford as a detective both turn in strong performances.

Your Reviewer Says: Fallen angel finds wings.



Dramatic intensity: Alice Faye and Dana Andrews in "Fallen Angel"

(Continued on page 20)

For Best Pictures of the Month and Best Performances See Page 22

For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 98

For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 24

By Sara Hamilton

The Shadow Stage



"This Love Of Ours" is tenderly told by Charles Korvin and Merle Oberon

✓✓This Love Of Ours (Universal)

WOMEN will like it for two reasons: The emotional mother-love theme and the handsome new hero, Charles Korvin. Men may wonder a little at it all and critical audiences deplore the plot leakages.

Nevertheless we wager it will have tremendous drawing power at the well known Box Office.

To get to Korvin first off, he's a Hungarian, dark-eyed and dimpled chin with a manliness tremendously enhanced by a fetching accent. He performs well, too, which is about as cozy a combination as one could ask.

Miss Oberon, lovely as usual, gives an emotionally strong performance unenhanced by clothes that fail to camouflage the fact Miss Oberon is too hefty. Much too hefty.

The story has Merle a French dancer who meets and marries a young French doctor, becomes the mother of an adored little girl and then is deserted by her husband, who suspects her of intrigue with another man.

Her years of searching for her child bring her down the path to playing the piano in a night spot while Claude Rains performs as a caricaturist. Korvin, the doctor who has risen to great heights as a research scientist in America, saves Merle's life when she attempts suicide. Her readjustment with her daughter claims the latter part of the film.

Sue England as the twelve-year-old daughter is a talented youngster. We liked Rains, too, and Carl Esmond as the other man.

Your Reviewer Says: Sentimental melodrama.

✓She Went To The Races (M-G-M)

SOME people bet on horses for excitement, some for fun, some for need, but never have we heard of four professors, three men and a raring tearing beauty of a prof, betting in order that science may be comfortably advanced.

Maybe because of the novelty of the idea it seems such a sprightly little episode in our movie-going life instead of a dull lull. And maybe because Frances Gifford, the beautiful professor, has a rival in the equally beautiful Ava Gardner, with James Craig caught somewhere in the beautiful middle, it looks even more enjoyable than it is.

In order to help Edmund Gwenn, Frances decides to apply science to her bets, and what's more it works. And what's even more, she applies her tactics to the

winning of Craig from Miss Gardner and wins again. Ava, by the way, is well on her way toward being a good actress.

Edmund Gwenn, that fine actor so notoriously overlooked in Hollywood, hasn't nearly enough to do. Sig Ruman, Reginald Owen and Charles Hallon contribute to the lighthearted fun that was so very much appreciated by the audience.

Your Reviewer Says: Shucks, we always lost at the races.

Sunbonnet Sue (Monogram)

GEORGE CLEVELAND owns a bowery saloon where his daughter Gale Storm nightly sings ditties—new and old. But uptown the saloon keeper's society relatives manage to get the place closed lest it become a blight on their social standing—or sitting, or whatever. So Gale moves in with the swanks in order to get her daddy reestablished in the business of bar-keeping.

That's about all there is to it except Phil Regan is the politician who loves Gale and sings Irish tenor on the side. Minna Gombel, Charles Brown and Alan Mowbray are in it.

Your Reviewer Says: Yeah, but what's that title got to do with it?

The Spider (20th Century-Fox)

THE most important thing about this story, thinly spun out by *The Spider*, is the acting of Nick Conte as a detective. He's good. He shows promise of becoming even "gooder." Fay Marlowe, the girl who involves Conte in a lot of backstage, front stage and middle stage killings, is also a gal of promise and let's hope this is one promise she keeps.

Your favorite villain Kurt Kreuger is on hand with Martin Kosleck to lend something or other to a picture that most definitely does not come off. John Harvey and Cara Williams are in it too.

Your Reviewer Says: Won't you walk into my parlor—?

Man Alive (RKO)

JUST because a man forgets his wife's birthday, we are plunged into all sorts of ridiculously tedious goings-on, just as if it were our fault and we should suffer too. Gosh, we didn't even know she was alive so how could we remember?

Anyway, Pat O'Brien is the culprit who,

to forget the enormity of his crime, pins one on, exchanges clothes with a fellow drunk who promptly dies leaving Pat's wife believing herself a widow.

How easy for Mr. O'Brien to open his ruby red lips and say, "I ain't dead, honey, honest I ain't." But no. He heeds the advice of Adolphe Menjou, a showboat character, and rolls over and plays dead while Rudy Vallee, the old suitor, courts his pretty wife Ellen Drew. That will give you all a fair idea.

The cast, including Minna Gombel, Fortunio Bonanova and Jack Norton are too good for this sort of thing.

Your Reviewer Says: You can send us the flowers.

Club Havana (PRC)

HERE is a story pregnant with plots, counterplots, west plots, north plots, south plots and old man Plots himself. For instance, we have the usual young-in-lovers—Tom Neal and Dorothy Morris. Then there's a romance gone askew with Margaret Lindsay and Don Douglas, the askew-ers. Paul Cavanagh and Renie Riano are a twosome with Paul, a promoter, going after Renie for her money. Singer Isabelita and pianist Eric Sinclair go gooey, to say nothing (what got into Cupid do you suppose?) of a thing of sorts between gangster Marc Lawrence and the switchboard operator Sonia Sorel.

The numerous romances are all wound round by the tuneful music of Carlos Molina and his musicians and Isabelita's singing. The other people are Ernest Truex, Pedro de Cordoba and Gertrude Michael.

Your Reviewer Says: Love must be catching this season.

Yolanda And The Thief (M-G-M)

OOPS, it's not so good. With elaborate color, a gay locale and bright stars to make this a good picture, it just isn't. So let's face it.

To begin with, it's icky. No eighteen-year-old girl we know behaves with such outlandish naivete as Lucille Bremer who firmly believes Fred Astaire is an angel from heaven (literally believes it) who can't eat or drink but can play the harp well.

That Fred and his friend Frank Morgan are two confidence men out to get the girl's money makes the "you're my angel" dialogue that runs all through it, a bit hard to stomach. (Continued on page 22)



Gale Storm and Phil Regan, sweethearts in tune, in "Sunbonnet Sue"

THE NEW DICK POWELL'S
NEW, GREAT DRAMA OF
Menace!

The Buenos Aires
underground is the setting
for this discharged Hero's
avenging crusade...to find
the fiend who murdered his
wife, destroy him!



DICK POWELL
in
"Cornered"
with
WALTER SLEZAK

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Produced by ADRIAN SCOTT · Directed by EDWARD DMYTRYK · Screen Play by JOHN PAXTON



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woman... too willing
to help him forget!*



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SOOTHES • REFRESHES



(Continued from page 20) But there are bright moments—a dance by Astaire during the carnival scene is clever but—come to think of it—even that is overbalanced by a lengthy and heavy dream dance routine in which Fred wrestles with his conscience. Seems to us M-G-M should do a bit of wrestling with theirs after saddling this onto the public.

However, it will probably rake in the take-in and some folks (who are these people anyway?) may like it up to the point where a real cigar-smoking angel shows up. Then we defy anyone to be happy.

Your Reviewer Says: Thumbs down on this one.

✓ People Are Funny (Paramount)

WITH the title copped from a radio show, producers Pine and Thomas go all out for radio personalities, with Art Linkletter, who serves as emcee of the air show sharing the spotlight with Rudy Vallee, supposed to be a fussy sponsor, unhappy with his own show and determined to land Jack Haley as a substitute. In and out of the affair pop Ozzie Nelson, the Vagabonds, Bob Graham and Frances Langford to sing a number or two. Philip Reed and Helen Walker are the "so in love" duo.

Your Reviewer Says: Nope, you can't dial this one out unfortunately.

Scotland Yard Investigator (Republic)

IF ALL the movie art thieves who have tried to steal da Vinci's "Mona Lisa" were laid end to end, we'd personally jump up and down on them with the greatest of glee. Erich Von Stroheim is the conniving scoundrel behind the latest theft, with poor Aubrey Smith left in one heck of a mess. Doris Lloyd and Forrester Harvey are outstanding as typical cockney finaglers. Stephanie Bachelor and Richard Fraser are fair as the romantic interest.

Your Reviewer Says: No wonder the old girl smiles.

Strange Confession (Universal)

LON CHANEY, a chemist, lured into hurrying through a medical discovery by his wife Brenda Joyce who is anxious for easy living, embarks for South America for a precious herb necessary for the medicine. While there, he learns the uncompleted drug has been given his ailing son, who died because of its imperfection. Enraged, the chemist returns and promptly hacks off the head of the laboratory boss and presumably carts it around in a bag while making his confession. Now really! J. Carrol Naish is the headless wonder and we must have two heads for sitting through this one.

Your Reviewer Says: A fine way for people to behave!

Jeep Herders (Planet Pictures)

HERE come the jeeps, the motorcycles and the parachutes to fit into civilian life, and judging from the action they might as well be back at the front.

The story, strictly juvenile-minded, tells of a returned G.I. who finds his dad about to be driven off his Western range. So the G. I. signals for his soldier buddies who arrive like a motored division to take over. June Carlson, Johnny Day, Pat

Michaels and Steve Clark are the principals involved.

Your Reviewer Says: Well, seems like jeeps can be used for everything these days.

✓ Don't Fence Me In (Republic)

ROY ROGERS almost gets this story stolen from him by cute Dale Evans who travels west for her magazine to discover whether Desperado Wildcat Kelly died in 1910 as reported, or not. Seems to us a little late to bother. Nevertheless Dale goes, meets up with Roy who helps a little and hinders a little, but everything comes out even in the end, and doesn't it always?

There's some good old-time Western stuff worked in so plausibly as to be accepted without question, and some pretty good warbling by Dale, Roy and of course those Sons of the Pioneers.

Others in this above average goodie include "Gabby" Hayes, Robert Livingston, Moroni Olsen, Marc Lawrence and Lucile Gleason.

Your Reviewer Says: A recommended Rogers film.

Danny Boy (PRC)

CHILDREN and even grown ups who love dog pictures will be pleased with this story of Danny Boy, a canine who returns from war with battle fatigue only to be handicapped by a meanie civilian and an even meaner rancher. When the dog escapes, he viciously attacks his persecutors, which results in the dog's being condemned to death.

An overdose of sentimentality creeps in now and then, but on the whole it's a fair picture of its kind.

Robert "Buzzy" Henry plays the dog's owner. Ralph Lewis is good as a Marine veteran.

Your Reviewer Says: Aimed at the heart.

Best Pictures of the Month

"Spellbound"

"This Love Of Ours"

"Fallen Angel"

Best Performances

Ingrid Bergman and

Gregory Peck in

"Spellbound"

Dana Andrews and

Linda Darnell in

"Fallen Angel"

Merle Oberon and

Charles Korvin in

"This Love Of Ours"

CINEMODES

● Stiff, heavy materials, fashioned into skin-tight dresses, whether for day or evening, are popular this season. Sonja Henie could have been poured into the divine cocktail dress she wore at a recent party. It had a tight bodice, short sleeves and a short, tight skirt with just a suggestion of a drape across the tummy. The fabric was a rich, shiny black and white candy-striped satin. With this costume Sonja wore a huge diamond and emerald bracelet and diamond earrings.

● Greer Garson, happier than she's been in a long time because Richard Ney is home from the war, is expressing her gay mood in a stunning evening dress of black and white plaid taffeta. A large striking plaid it is, too, and it has a huge bustle on her you-know-what! The taffeta is so stiff and heavy it rustles like mad when she walks, and, so feminine!

● Merle Oberon has been going in for the finest, most delicate lacy openwork gloves ever seen. She has them in beautiful white lace (some with fingertips, some coming only to her knuckles). Merle loves them so much that she wears them with dinner clothes as well as evening clothes.

● Matching shoes and gloves of lizard are now the Hollywood vogue. Black, brown and Kelly green are the most popular.

● Though Joan Fontaine wears expensive housecoats as dinner dresses when she dines out, when she entertains at her home her favorite costume is a slack ensemble of rough crepe in various fuchsia shades. The blouse is tailored and as pale as the edge of an orchid. The trousers are much deeper; a reddish purple. The bolero jacket is a shade in between—but it sparkles with buglebeads of the same color. Joan's open-toed wedgies are especially made and dyed to blend with these ensembles.

● Slick tricks to keep you in there pitching when competition is keen:

If you have plain pumps or ballet slippers, slip ribbon under the soles and tie around your ankles.

Cut your slacks off to make the new knicker length that's so smart this year and so wearable.

Go through old trunks in the attic and if you're lucky enough to find cut steel buckles, put them on your party shoes.

Make a turban and matching gloves out of the wonderful new print fabrics for spring—stunning with a monotone suit or dress.

See page 71 for Photoplay's full color fashions.

THE GREATEST ROMANTIC STORY EVER TOLD!

DAKOTA

starring **JOHN WAYNE**
THE SCREEN'S GREATEST ADVENTURE STAR

with **VERA HRUBA RALSTON**
THE SCREEN'S MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

and **WALTER BRENNAN**
THE SCREEN'S OUTSTANDING CHARACTER PLAYER

featuring **WARD BOND** • **ONA MUNSON** • **HUGO HAAS**
Associate Producer and Director **JOSEPH KANE**

A REPUBLIC PICTURE

Chest Cold Misery Relieved by Moist Heat of ANTIPHLOGISTINE

SIMPLE
CHEST COLD
SORE THROAT
BRONCHIAL
IRRITATION
SIMPLE
SPRAIN, BRUISE
SORE MUSCLES
CHARLEY HORSE

The moist heat of an ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice relieves cough, tightness of chest muscle soreness due to chest cold, bronchial irritation and simple sore throat.

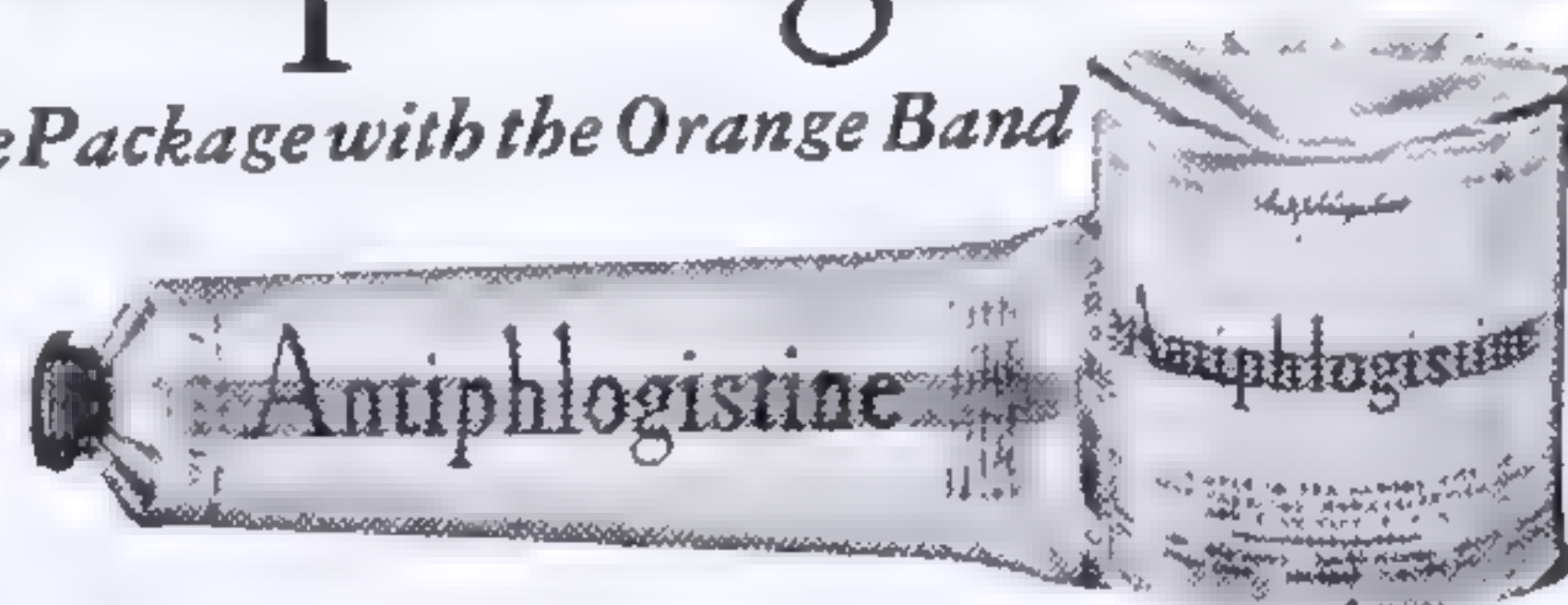
Apply ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice just hot enough to be comfortable—then feel the moist heat go right to work on that cough, tightness of chest muscle soreness. Does good, feels good for several hours.

The moist heat of an ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice also relieves pain . . . reduces swelling, limbers up stiff aching muscles due to a simple sprain, bruise, charley horse, similar injury or condition.

Get ANTIPHLOGISTINE (Aunty Flo) in tube or can at any drug store NOW.

Antiphlogistine

The White Package with the Orange Band



For American Homes
STARCROSS
STYLED RIGHT!...
MADE RIGHT!...
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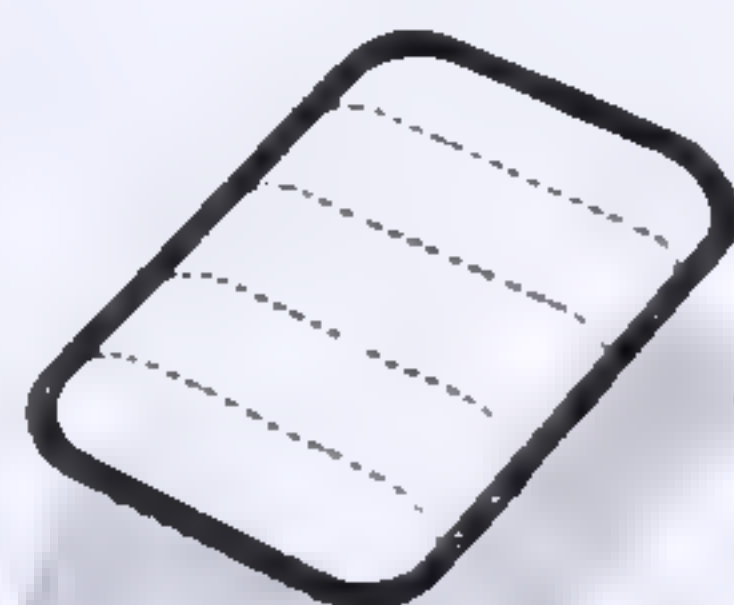


STARCROSS APRONS.

Smart design, gay print patterns, plus sound workmanship make these aprons real down-to-earth values. Available in extra size and medium coveralls, bibs and band styles—an apron for everybody at a price anybody can afford.

STARCROSS POTHOLDERS

More than just ornaments—these potholders really hold hot pots . . . ! Cotton filled, quilted, securely tape bound, centers finished in white, solid colors, or sparkling floral prints with contrasting colored bindings. Several popular styles.



STARCROSS PRODUCTS ARE
SOLD THROUGHOUT THE
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INC.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

GREENVILLE, S. C.

Brief Reviews

✓✓✓ Indicates picture rated "outstanding" when reviewed

✓✓ Indicates picture rated "very good" when reviewed

✓ Indicates picture rated "good" when reviewed

✓✓✓ **ANCHORS AWEIGH**—M-G-M: If you want to laugh and be enchanted, this bewitching piece about two gobs (Gene Kelly and Frank Sinatra) and a gal (Kathryn Grayson) will give you a joyful evening. So good you'll wish it were longer. (Oct.)

APOLOGY FOR MURDER—PRC: Faintly reminiscent of "Double Indemnity," this has Ann Savage as the nasty one who lures newspaperman Hugh Beaumont on to murder. The story hits a vacuum every so often that leaves the audience wondering what they're wasting their time for. (Dec.)

BEHIND CITY LIGHTS—Republic: Lynne Roberts is a country girl who isn't satisfied with her farmer beau, William Terry, so she goes off to the city only to discover that the new love she meets there is a jewel thief. Esther Dale as her aunt and Peter Cookson and Jerome Cowan as the city slickers contribute to the proceedings. (Dec.)

✓✓ **BOSTON BLACKIE'S RENDEZVOUS**—Columbia: Chester Morris as *Boston Blackie* is one of the best detectors in the whole movie business, what with trapping a mad strangler with the greatest of ease. Nina Foch is the girl who almost gets strangled, Steve Cochran is the boogey man, and George Slone the dumb stooge. (Dec.)

✓✓ **CAPTAIN KIDD**—Bogaus UA: Charles Laughton chortling and strutting is real fun, even if this is an old tale, and Randy Scott as a nobleman posing as a pirate didn't convince us. Barbara Britton is pretty; John Carradine, Reginald Owen and Gilbert Roland add to the hokum and fun. (Nov.)

CARIBBEAN MYSTERY, THE—20th Century-Fox: Strange to find James Dunn playing another standard movie detective after his hit in "A Tree Grows In Brooklyn," this time in a Caribbean jungle with hidden treasure and corpses. Sheila Ryan is a victim, Eddie Ryan, Virginia Walker, Leslee Gray and Reed Hadley do their best. (Oct.)

✓✓ **CHEATERS, THE**—Republic: A fine cast here scores a message of Yuletide good will, headed by Joseph Schildkraut and Billie Burke. Ona Munson is the kidnapped heiress held by the Pidgeon family trying to cheat her of an inheritance. Eugene Pallette, Anne Gillis and Ruth Terry help. (Oct.)

✓✓ **CHRISTMAS IN CONNECTICUT**—Warners: Barbara Stanwyck gets trapped when her publisher, Sydney Greenstreet, insists she entertain sailor Dennis Morgan at her farm with her husband, baby and luscious cooking, none of which exists. Her frantic attempts to supply them as pictured in her magazine column provide lots of laughs. (Oct.)

COME OUT FIGHTING—Monogram: Leo Gorcey, Huntz Hall, Gabriel Dell and other unreformed *Eastside Kids* get mixed up with the police again, this time innocently on account of their practicing for the interborough boxing tournament, if you care. June Carlson, Amelita Ward, Addison Richards and George Meeker are in it too. (Dec.)

DANGEROUS INTRUDER—PRC: Veda Ann Borg is the unfortunate victim struck by a car and taken into the home of a paranoiac killer who has murdered his wife and servant and is starting on his stepdaughter. Richard Powers saves them in time. (Nov.)

DANGEROUS PARTNERS—M-G-M: How can a studio which has turned out such fine movies also turn out little baddies like this? James Craig has to be a heel and then turn hero in it, Edmund Gwenn has to be a Nazi agent, and Signe Hasso a much put-upon heroine. We're still mixed up. (Nov.)

✓✓ **DOLLY SISTERS, THE**—20th Century-Fox: Reputed to be a biographical film of the famous Dolly Sisters who sang and danced their way to international fame, it is instead the same old Technicolor musical you've been seeing for years. Betty Grable and June Haver are the sisters, and John Payne is the man whom Betty loves, renounces and picks up again. With S. Z. Sakall and Frank Latimore. (Dec.)

✓✓ **DUFFY'S TAVERN**—Paramount: All Paramount stars (except Hope) arriving at *Duffy's* to help *Archie* out of a jam makes this fun all the way, with Victor Moore staying off the police as *Archie* introduces the acts: Crosby, Goddard, Ladd, Lake and many more. Ed Gardner in his original radio role. (Oct.)

✓✓ **ENCHANTED FOREST, THE**—PRC: A charming, truly different movie, with Harry Davenport as a sort of forest hermit who rescues a baby and raises the lad amidst his forest friends until the mother, Brenda Joyce, returns to the woods. The little animals of the forest capture the honors from the human actors, lending it all a Walt Disney flavor that is charming. It's in cinacolor which is new and exciting. (Dec.)

FALCON IN SAN FRANCISCO—RKO: Poor old *Falcon*, Tom Conway, running into a murder on his vacation-bound train! Of course, he solves everything, but ends up pretty tired. Rita Corday is a pretty ingenue. (Oct.)

✓✓ **FIGHTING GUARDSMAN, THE**—Columbia: Old world whoop-la, packed with fights, brawls and romantic shenanigans. Willard Parker is the nobleman who aids the peasants in taking arms against Louis XVI, and he and his friends steal the royal taxes to divide it among the poor. Anita Louise is the girl Willard loves, Lloyd Corrigan the king, and the cast includes John Loder and Janis Carter. (Dec.)

✓✓ **FIRST YANK INTO TOKYO**—RKO: Tom Neal is an American major who speaks and looks Japanese, so he steals into a Tokyo concentration camp in order to find an American engineer who knows the secret of the atomic bomb. As well as the engineer Marc Cramer, he finds his fiancée, Barbara Hale. It's got some pretty hectic moments of suspense. (Dec.)

GAY SENORITA, THE—Columbia: Jim Bannon attempts to reconvert an old Mexican quarter into a huge warehouse for his uncle, until he falls for Jinx Falkenburg, who is the daughter of one of the old families. (Nov.)

GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS OF 1945—RKO: Another backstage saga: Joan Davis teamed with Jack Haley for comedy, Martha Holliday with Philip Terry for romance, Gene Krupa and Ethel Smith for music, but a story you could improve without much effort. (Nov.)

✓✓ **HER HIGHNESS AND THE BELLBOY**—M-G-M: The charming tale will carry you straight to a happy and delightful story-book land, where Robert Walker is the bellhop assigned to Princess Hedy Lamarr in a famous New York hotel. June Allyson is the little cripple Bob really loves. (Oct.)

HIDDEN EYE, THE—M-G-M: This time Edward Arnold, as the blind detective with the smart dog *Friday*, catches a crooked lawyer who is after an inheritance by slowly murdering each heir. Frances Rafferty and Paul Langford are the romantic twosome and Ray Collins the bad man. (Oct.)

✓✓ **HOLD THAT BLONDE**—Paramount: Eddie Bracken is a kleptomaniac who attempts to follow his psychiatrist's advice and find himself a girl. So he not only finds Veronica Lake, but also swipes her compact in which is hidden the combination of a safe holding a priceless necklace. From then on the farce gets faster and sillier, but you'll find yourself laughing all over the place. (Dec.)

HOLLYWOOD AND VINE—PRC: James Ellison, a New York playwright, is introduced to a would-be actress, Wanda McKay, through her dog, and she, unaware of his importance, helps him find a job as soda jerker while his producer, his director and his girl go crazy, but it really isn't very good. (Nov.)

✓✓ **HOUSE ON 92nd STREET**—20th Century-Fox: The FBI's factual account of German agents seeking the secrets of our atomic bomb, how nearly they succeeded and how our men out-guessed them. With the exception of Lloyd Nolan, all FBI members are played by themselves. Bill Eythe plays the young American of German extraction whose patriotism is tested and not found wanting. Signe Hasso and Gene Lockhart play very clever spies. (Nov.)

✓✓ **IN HOLLYWOOD**—M-G-M: Real corn, but a little better than average Abbott-Costello fare, with the boys playing studio barbers who decide to turn agents and get rich. Their only client, Bob Stanton, almost gives up before finally becoming a star playing opposite the girl he adores, Frances Rafferty. (Nov.)

ISLE OF THE DEAD—RKO: Superstitions, horror and drama are expertly woven together for a pretty solid little scare-'em-to-death. When Boris Karloff, a Greek general, takes war correspondent Marc Cramer to the island of the dead to see the crypts, he finds them empty, and the horror begins right there. Ellen Drew is a victim of the evil eye, and Karloff does a splendid job. (Dec.)

JEALOUSY—Republic: Fair but not too logical is this story of the suicidal husband of a girl taxi driver who falls in love with a doctor fare. We liked the people in it: Jane Randolph, Nils Asther, John Loder and Karen Morley. (Oct.)

JOHNNY ANGEL—RKO: George Raft in a war background story with Signe Hasso as the French girl he loves and Claire Trevor the villainess he pretends to love in order to solve the mystery of what happened to his father's abandoned ship. Hoagy Carmichael sings a pleasant song or two and Raft is typically tough with a heart of gold. (Nov.)

KISS AND TELL—Columbia: You'll laugh till your sides ache and have yourself a wonderful time in this ludicrous picture about a secret bride who's about to have a baby. Shirley Temple comes into maturity as the sister of the secret bride-groom, and Jerome Courtland is a sensational newcomer. Walter Abel and Katharine Alexander as Shirley's parents, and Virginia Welles as the bride all add to the laughs. (Dec.)

LADY ON A TRAIN—Universal: Even if you're a Durbin fan you'll probably wonder how Deanna ever got so precocious, artificial and silly that it will almost embarrass you. David Bruce doesn't help much as the mystery writer she plagues for help in solving a murder she saw from her train window. (Nov.)

LOVE, HONOR AND GOODBYE—Republic: Why Virginia Bruce should imagine for one moment that anyone wouldn't see through her French governess disguise is beyond us. Edward Ashley is her long-suffering husband, Victor McLaglen is the butler and Helen Broderick and Nils Asther contribute some good acting. Little Jacqueline Moore is a cutie-pie child. (Dec.)

LOVE LETTERS—Paramount: A strange and sometimes eerie film, the love letters written by Joseph Cotten to Jennifer Jones for a soldier pal begins a story of mystery and beauty. Ann Richards, Anita Louise, Cecil Kellaway and Gladys Cooper complete the splendid cast. (Oct.)

MAMA LOVES PAPA—RKO: Leon Errol's legs still collapse and so does this story of a playground commissioner who gets drunk and exposes the crooked manufacturer of playground equipment. (Nov.)

MAN FROM OKLAHOMA—Republic: Roy Rogers has a field day in an exciting wagon race in this real old-time western movie. Pretty Dale Evans and that smart horse Trigger help this one along. (Nov.)

MILDRED PIERCE—Warners: Joan Crawford is back in her best performance in years as the mother who sacrifices everything to her selfish, self-centered daughter, excellently played by Ann Blyth. Jack Carson, Eve Arden and Lee Patrick as Joan's friends and Bruce Bennett as her former husband are fine. It's a don't-miss. (Nov.)

ON STAGE EVERYBODY—Universal: Jack Oakie can't endure the word radio, so he ends up happily broadcasting. Pert Peggy Ryan is again his daughter, intrigued by Johnny Coy (whose dancing is sensational), although they are growing up in the old vaudeville tradition of their parents. (Oct.)

OUTLAW OF THE ROCKIES—Columbia: Another Western, with Charles Starrett two people all at once, one the Sheriff and the other the *Durango Kid*, a mounted Robin Hood, of all things. Anyway, the townsfolk think Charlie helped his pal, Tex Harding, to break jail, so Tex goes it alone as the *Kid*, and there's a lot of chases with some singing thrown in. Carole Matthews is Tex's girl friend. (Dec.)

OUR VINES HAVE TENDER GRAPES—M-G-M: A series of heartwarming sketches of Norwegian people in Wisconsin. Margaret O'Brien and Butch Jenkins are so natural and lovable you forget they are acting. As Margaret's parents, Agnes Moorehead and Edward G. Robinson are understanding and perfect. James Craig and Frances Gifford furnish just the right romantic note. (Oct.)

OVER 21—Columbia: If fans worried that Alexander Knox might be typed after "Wilson" they will exult in the beautiful job he does as an ex-newspaper editor competing with the younger men in Army Officer Candidate School. Irene Dunne as his wife struggles with bungalow life, comforts her husband and placates Charles Coburn, publisher of the paper. The three turn in a solid hit. (Oct.)

PARDON MY PAST—Mutual-Columbia: Fred MacMurray plays a dual role in this happy comedy of a soldier who returns from the wars to be mistaken for a *Mr. Pemberton* who owed money to a gangster and left his wife, Rita Johnson. William Demarest is MacMurray's pal, Akim Tamiroff the gangster who wants his money back, and Harry Davenport and Douglass Dumbrille are also very good. (Dec.)

(Continued on page 97)

Are you in the know?



How to belittle a too-big foot?

- ☐ Wear shoes with instep interest
- ☐ Choose cut-out toes
- ☐ Shun fussy, light-hued shoes

To "shorten" king-size tootsies, mind all three admonitions above. Choose shoes with a bow (or suchlike) at the instep. Go in for open-toed, sling back types. But not for you the over-elaborate light hued models—they make your foot conspicuous. Be as cautious in choosing sanitary protection. Remember, Kotex is the napkin that is *really* inconspicuous, for those *flat tapered ends* of Kotex don't show . . . don't cause revealing outlines! And Kotex' special *safety center* gives you extra-special protection. That's why there's no need to worry about accidents.



Is this the technique for a—

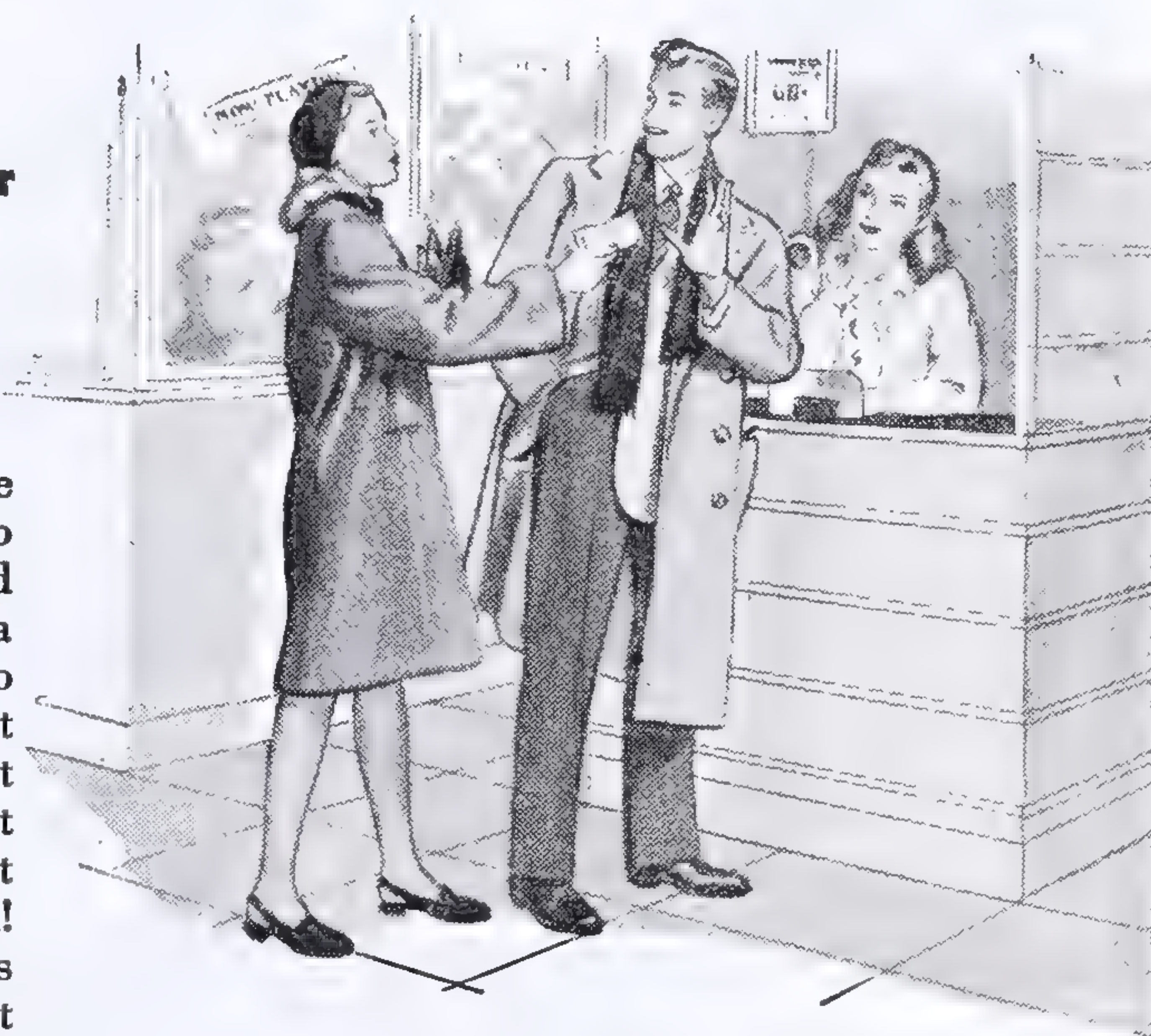
- ☐ Water wave
- ☐ Pin curl wave
- ☐ Finger wave

You, too, can set a pin curl wave! Starting at forehead, moisten small strand of hair with water or wave lotion. Hold strand taut . . . wind "clockwise" in flat coil from ends to scalp, and pin flat. Alternate the winding direction of each row. It's smart to learn little grooming aids. And to discover, on problem days, how Kotex aids your daintiness, your charm. Now, Kotex contains a deodorant. Locked inside each Kotex, the deodorant can't shake out—for it's processed right into every pad, not merely dusted on! A Kotex safeguard for loveliness.

Should you let him pay your way if—

- ☐ It's a pre-arranged date
- ☐ You meet unexpectedly
- ☐ You never saw him before

Whether you meet him at the movies or the "Marble Slab," go dutch—unless it's a pre-arranged date. He may not have the moola to spare. And you don't want to embarrass him. Know the right thing to do at the right time. At "those" times, you're always at ease when you choose the right napkin for comfort. That's Kotex! Because Kotex has lasting softness—different from pads that just "feel" soft at first touch. Kotex is made to *stay soft while wearing*.



DEODORANT IN EVERY KOTEX* NAPKIN
AT NO EXTRA COST . . .



More women choose KOTEX
than all other sanitary napkins

HERS
WAS THE
DEADLIEST
OF THE
SEVEN
DEADLY
SINS!



BEN AMES WILLIAMS'

Leave Her To Heaven

in TECHNICOLOR

STARRING

GENE TIERNEY • CORNEL WILDE • JEANNE CRAIN

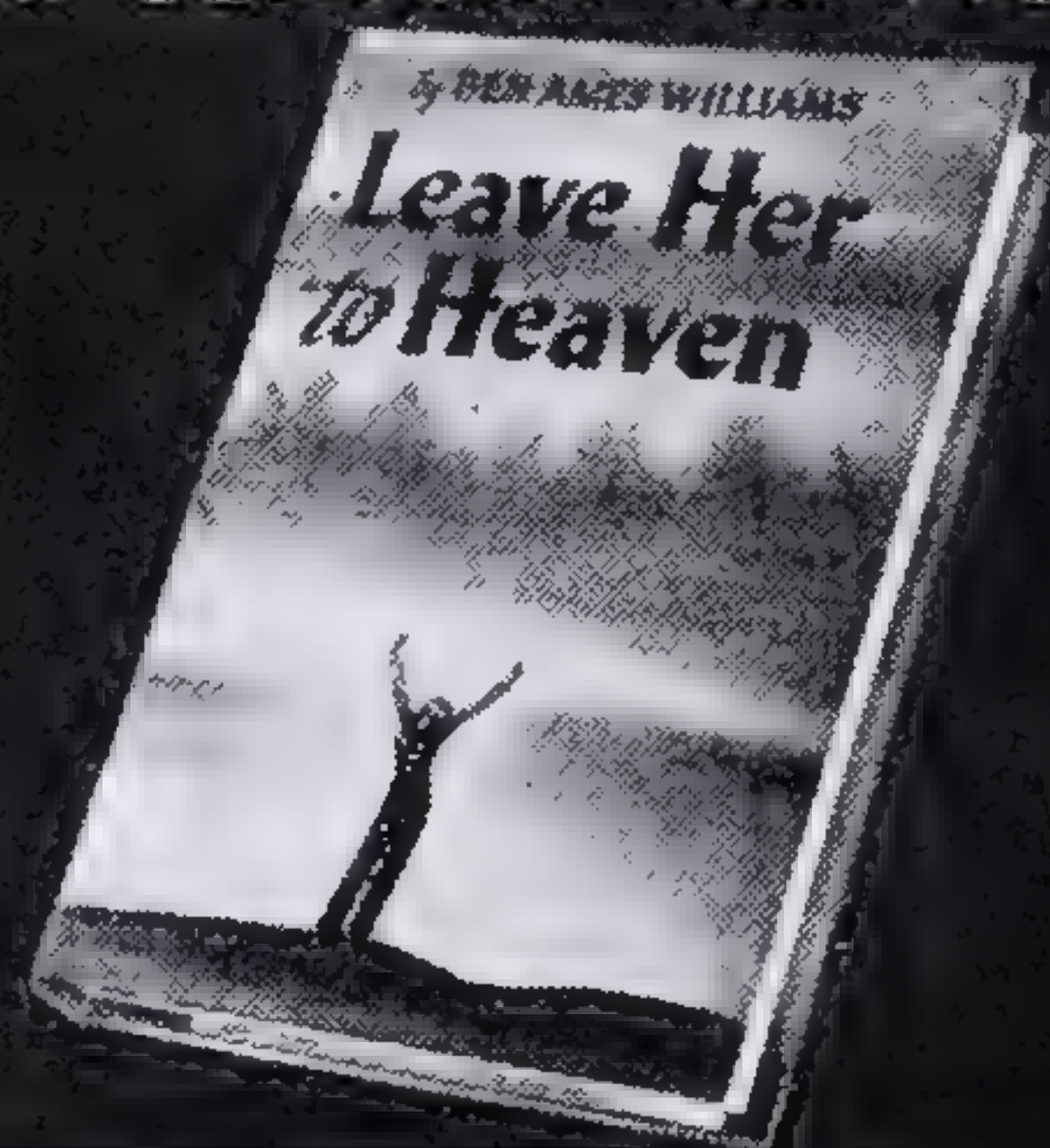
VINCENT PRICE

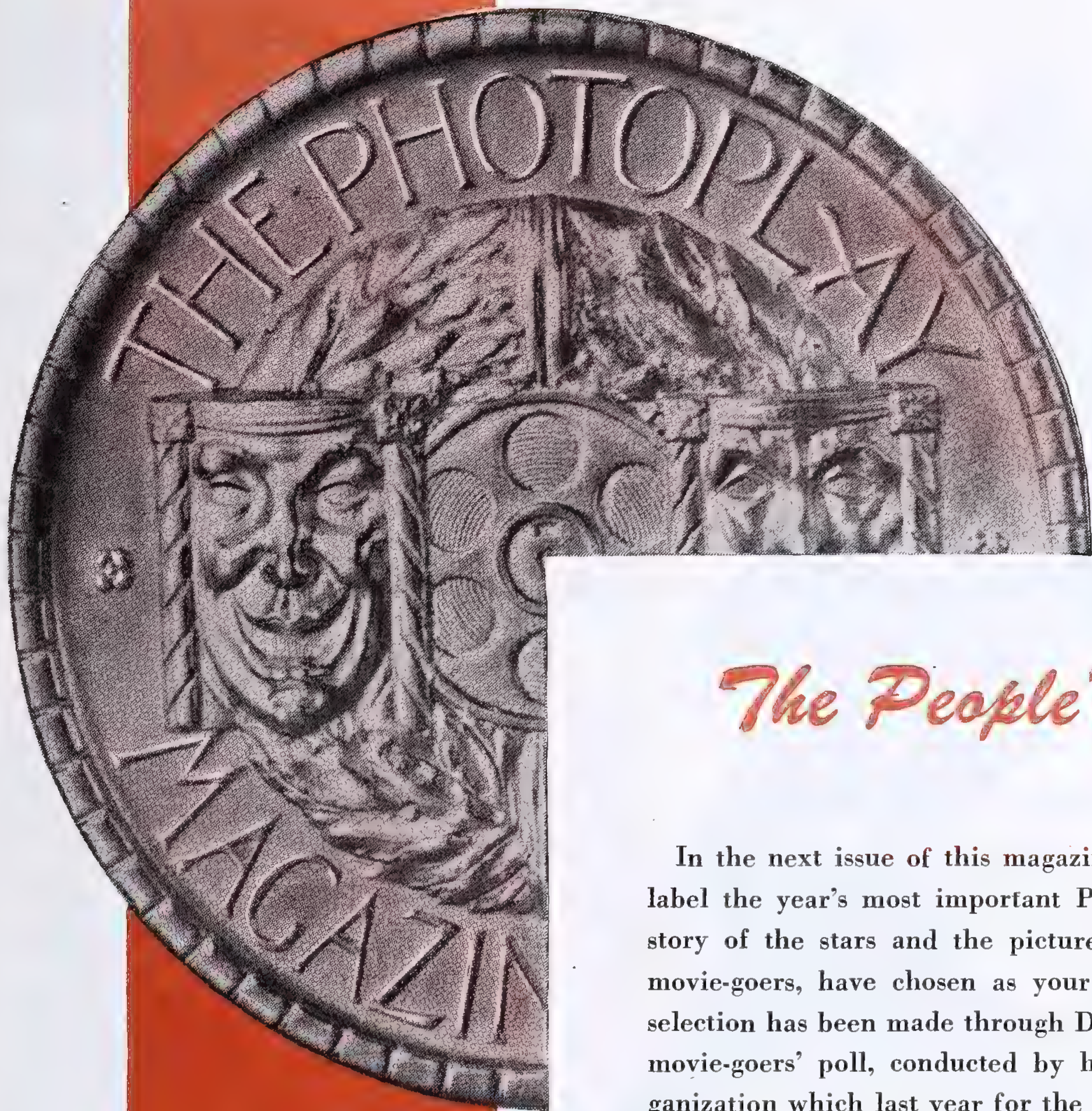
WITH

MARY PHILIPS • RAY COLLINS • GENE LOCKHART • REED HADLEY • DARRYL HICKMAN • CHILL WILLS

Directed by JOHN M. STAHL • Produced by WILLIAM A. BACHER • Screen Play by Jo Swerling • Based on the Novel by Ben Ames Williams

A 20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE





The People's Choice

In the next issue of this magazine you will read what we label the year's most important Photoplay story. It is the story of the stars and the picture which you, the nation's movie-goers, have chosen as your favorites of 1945. Your selection has been made through Dr. George Gallup's famous movie-goers' poll, conducted by his Audience Research organization which last year for the first time made it possible for the public to name its own Award stars. Nothing Photoplay has done has given its editors a greater sense of pride than this—to be able to award the Photoplay Gold Medals to those performers and that picture each year voted by you as the People's Choice. Last year "Going My Way" was your favorite picture, Greer Garson your favorite actress and Bing Crosby your favorite actor. What picture and what stars have you selected this year on whom Photoplay will bestow its honored medals? For the first time anywhere, the answers to these questions will be made public in the February issue. Your copy will be ready for you on the newsstands January 11 or shortly thereafter.

Fred Sammis

Christmas Day

Tinsel-trimmed, happy-hearted! Here's
how the stars are celebrating this
first peacetime Christmas . . .

DECEMBER 25, 1945—the Christmas all the world has been waiting for. Because it's peace again and—

Bette Davis is sending for the first Christmas tree she's had from Butternut, her New Hampshire farm. . . .

Alan and Susie Ladd have started giving each other their presents already; so they'll find themselves shopping all over again on Christmas Eve, as usual. . . .

Elizabeth Taylor's negotiating with M-G-M's wardrobe department for the blue and cerise silk with "The Pi" on it that King wore in "National Velvet," for his Christmas. . . .

Lucille Ball is addressing cards she had made the first year she and Desi were married when, proud of her new married name, she ordered hundreds and hundreds. . . .

Joan Crawford's knitting like fury—to finish all the extra things she's decided to make for people; even though the Crawford-Terry library out Brentwood way has been piled with lavishly wrapped gifts for weeks. . . .

Ronald Reagan has asked Jane Wyman to get his Santa Claus outfit down from the attic—which means Maureen again will have to pretend Daddy is fooling her. . . .

Sonny Tufts is suggesting, hopefully, that he'd appreciate it no end if his family and friends would omit gadgets, desk sets and such, which he never quite knows what to do with. . . .

Kathryn Grayson's tree will be crowned with the same bright star that has winked down at her from tinsel-hung branches ever since she was a little girl. . . .

For my friends in Hollywood, as for people everywhere, this will be a glorious Christmas. Both those who were away at war and those who waited at home these last four years are prepared to sing Christmas carols at the top of their voices and



In Hollywood

BY
ELSA
MAXWELL

mean them with all their hearts—especially the parts about “peace on earth” and “good will toward men.”

Cute little June Allyson is having her first real Christmas tree in her first real home—the honeymoon house she shares with “Richard” Powell. Obviously June is going to make up for all the homespun holidays she’s missed. She’s going to have a big tree and make-believe snow and beneath the tree, inside a little white fence, she’s going to place little deer and sheep. It’s going to look for all the world like a Christmas postcard at the Powell’s this year. And June is going to leave the tree up until the needles fall off—or “Richard” calls enough.

“What do you want for your best present, June?” I asked.

“I already have it!”

“What is it?” I persisted. “Something you wear? Something you have for the house?”

She smiled. “It’s a lifetime devotion. It’s Richard.”

My friend Van Johnson’s one of those “give-me-a-dozen-of-this-kind” shoppers when he sees anything he likes—like red leather address books which can be stamped in gold with the names of the people to whom he gives them.

Van, who’s a dear and has great enthusiasm for life and Santa Claus, hoped to get home to Newport, Rhode Island, and visit his father this year. But his working schedule forbids this so he’ll make “glug,” a traditional Swedish drink, for his Hollywood friends. Even now, in fact, he’s stocking up on brandy and nuts and raisins. “Glug,” for the information of all non-Scandinavians, is a wonderful concoction that you set afire and drink hot.

Van likes to tell how his father used to come home early on Christmas Eve to set up the little village that always stood under their tree. “He’d take (Continued on page 90)

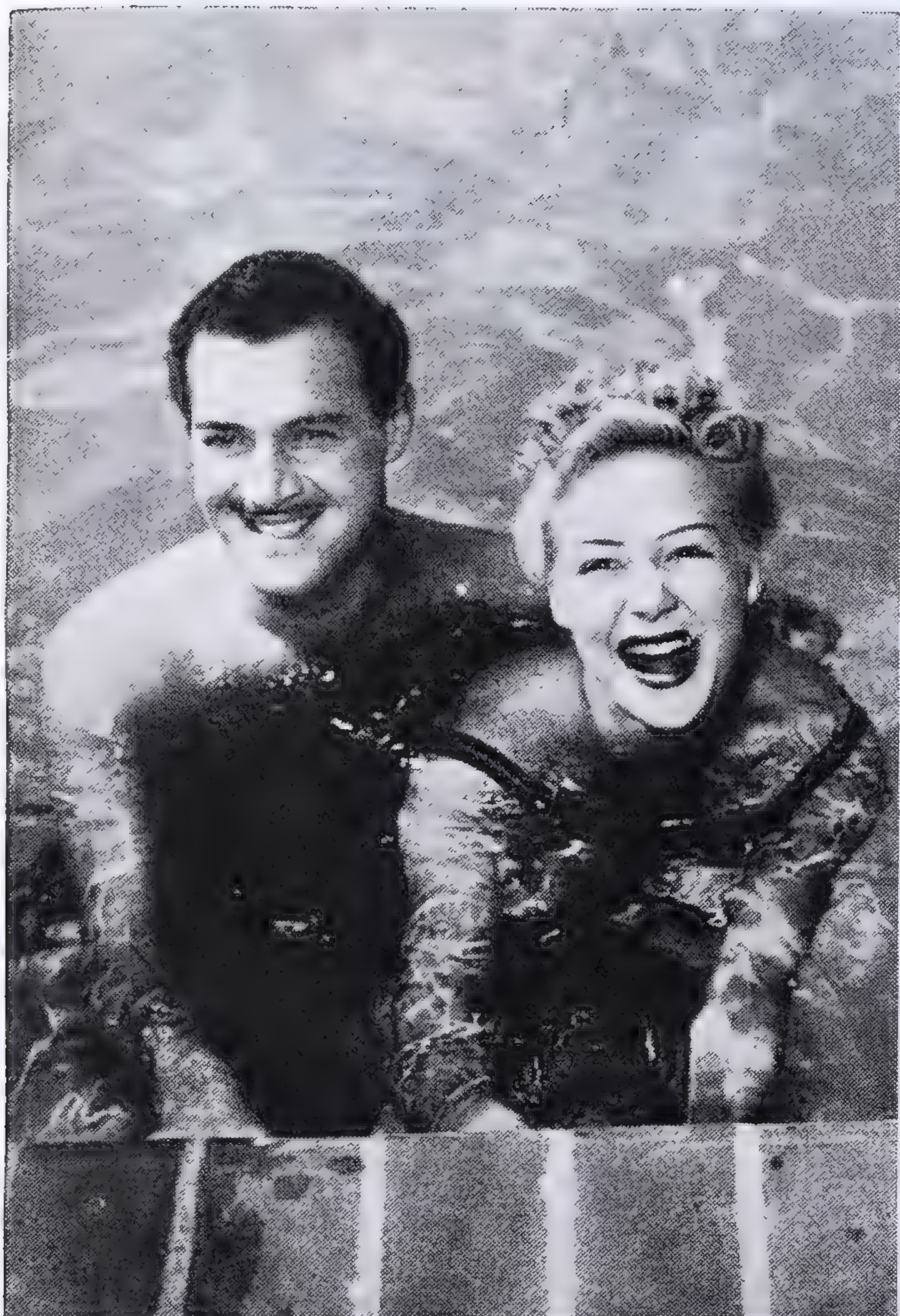


Life of a Dynamo

BY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS



The Briskins at home. They met in Chicago—he took his



The sun-up swim is a before-breakfast ritual for Ted and Betty who'll appear next in "The Stork Club"

THERE is only one way to begin a story about Betty Hutton and that is to answer the question everybody inevitably asks when her name is mentioned. Is Betty "like that" off the screen?

If you ask service men out in the Pacific they will tell you Hutton is like that—dynamic, vivid, laugh-making, indestructible and unchangeable—in mud up to her hips, in a wardrobe mildewed by tropic heat, in pouring rain, in tents, in airplanes or jeeps.

Ask her best friends and they will say, hesitatingly, "Well, yes, of course she is but—there's another side to Betty—not many people know about that."

Ask her bridegroom, Ted Briskin, and he just grins at you, a grin dizzy with happiness and the vision of a future that is certainly never going to be dull.

So the answer to that question is like the answer to lots of others—yes and no.

Two things struck me head-on the first time I met Betty Hutton, having driven up a mountain road that twisted and turned around strange corners to have dinner at her house high in the Hollywood hills. First, she is in person so much prettier than I had somehow expected. Or perhaps it's just that on the screen so much of the time she is being "like that" that you don't get a chance to notice.

So when she came into the room, which was bright with the slanting rays of the sunset, in a stunning beige tailored frock, amazement gripped me. Naturally, I had come to meet a comedienne—the screen's first comedienne, and women who can be really funny are rare indeed. My mind had been running along that groove, so I was really surprised when I saw the stunning brown-eyed blonde, the elegant way she wore her clothes, the lovely legs and pretty feet.

Didn't last long.

Ten minutes later we were on the floor while Betty



nerve in hand, phoned and Betty forgot her Emily Post

spread out hundreds of pictures of her trip to the Pacific and with roars of laughter and moments of real tears, reminisced about them. This was the night we got caught in the mud and they had to haul us out with ropes—see? This was the time all my clothes fell apart with mildew when I took 'em out of the suitcase and I had to give my show in a raincoat I borrowed from a sergeant. See that kid there—the one on the end? He wrote an awfully good song—I sang it for them when I gave a show at his camp. . . .

Betty talks about that trip to entertain the men at war on the strange islands of the Pacific as though it was the greatest adventure of her life, as though they'd done her a favor to let her go, as though she could never get over the things she'd seen and done. And every once in a while she looks up and you find that her brown eyes are full of tears and she says with a gulp, "They were so *swell*. Honest, they were so *wonderful*. Not a squawk, always seeing the funny side of everything. I knocked myself out trying to give them as good shows as possible but no matter how much you did you never felt it was enough."

The second thing that surprised me about Betty Hutton was a sort of guilelessness. You would, in a way, expect Betty Hutton, who was a terrific stage sensation on Broadway before she became a big time movie star, who's been in show business all her life, to be maybe a little—hard-boiled, sophisticated, worldly. I don't mean to imply that Betty doesn't know her way around in this great big world, because she certainly does, but she is basically one of those naive and trusting souls who believes the best of everybody, gets her feelings badly hurt if a pal lets her down, and pours herself out with joy and gladness and if a few of (Continued on page 66)



A noted writer meets a notable girl and goes beyond her bubbling surface to give you this true picture—of Betty Hutton



Surprise Ending

All Hollywood has been wondering
about Anne Baxter and John Hodiak, but it took another Parsons
scoop to get the answer to the puzzle

I

ALL love stories came out the same way, I think I'd stop writing and go into something exciting like the grocery business.

Now take John Hodiak, tall, dazzling smile, eyes with the warmth of sunshine. Mix him with Anne Baxter, tip-tilted nose, the coolness of a girl whose beauty and wit never has failed her. A romance story you can tell the ending of from the beginning?

Hollywood thought so. I thought so. Six months ago John and Anne were everywhere together. There was a glow on their faces that neither vitamins, exercise nor lots of sleep can manufacture.

As suddenly John and Anne were no longer constant companions—or even casual. To everyone who knew them it seemed obvious that Anne had given John up and that whatever happens to hearts when they're supposed to be broken was happening to John's heart.

Then, just a few weeks ago, they were together again, John and Anne, and for anyone to see who cared to look, John's heart was again in his eyes. And in Anne's there was once more that glow.

So obviously, a romance that began and then had paused, had gained new strength; love, tested through separation, was proving greater than any doubts, questions, reasoning.

Now Anne has talked to me about herself and John. In fact I am the first to ask her direct questions on this subject and to get direct answers.

Let me tell you what she had to say about this love story with an ending so different it even surprised this veteran of a score of Hollywood years.

When Anne came into my house wearing a smart, but plainly tailored, brown suit with a brown hat and veil, she looked not so much like an actress as a senior at finishing school. I thought to myself, "What is it about you that gets 'em and keeps 'em?"

Certainly she is not a woman's idea of a *femme fatale*. There is nothing of the obvious siren about her. Nor is

she the other extreme—the clinging vine. To the naked eye of even the most smitten of her admirers she must seem what she is—a nice girl of a good family.

And yet—there is something about Anne. Perhaps an aloofness, an air of touch-me-not. Perhaps that is what does it. A connoisseur of women (Rudolph Valentino) told me once long ago, "Men fall most deeply in love with women who do not return their love."

When I asked her whether she was going to marry John Hodiak, there was no indecision in her reply. "I like John, like him a lot. But I have no intention of marrying him—now or ever."

She was sipping coffee because she drinks coffee any hour of the day or night to soothe her nerves, much as a cocktail puts the tired business man back on his feet after a trying day.

She has a beautiful mouth. It is strong and curves slightly when she smiles and her smile is her loveliest expression.

She smiled now as she added, "I am only twenty-two. It is silly for me to talk of marriage until I know I am in love—and so far I never have been."

"But you split with John," I persisted, "and then made up. Wasn't that because you missed him, because you really like him?"

"Of course I like him," she said quickly, "but not enough—to marry him."

"Perhaps you are like your grandfather," I said, thinking of Frank Lloyd Wright, one of the greatest architects who ever lived and whose love life was blazened in the newspapers years ago. He has been a gentleman who believes in living his life as he sees fit and who hasn't always seen eye to eye with the conformists.

"I'd like to be like him," Anne laughed, "but I guess I'm too conventional."

There is a feeling of luxury and well being behind all of Anne's words. Because she has known no other, it is a background she takes for granted. I contrasted that with what I knew of the (Continued on page 69)



Permanent happiness? John Hodiak of "The Harvey Girls" and Anne Baxter of "Smoky"

BY
LOUELLA O. PARSONS

She's the reason beaches are beautiful

—this Esther Williams of the streamlined
sparkle and the natural warmth . . .

by Susan Peters

My Hollywood Friends



Decoration for a patio—Esther Williams, of "Easy To Wed"



We who are on the sidelines, watching Susan Peters's great fight back to health and happiness, are proud to play a part in the opening of another door in her talented life—that of author. This is the second in the series in which Susan talks intimately about the people she knows in Hollywood.

—THE EDITORS

AS my first journalistic effort, in last month's Photoplay, I had the pleasant task of photo-typing Van Johnson. That called for the feminine angle. In all fairness I should let my husband do the honors on Esther Williams, but then I'm the one who started this.

Esther Williams, as you know, is bathing suit spelled backwards, sideways, upside down or in Hindustani. You might call Esther the female counterpart of Van in that she has the same effect on men that Van has on the girls, to wit: All the swooning isn't being done on the distaff side this season. They've both had the proverbial "meteoric" rise to fame and the effect has been the same on both of them. They haven't changed a bit.

Esther is what you might call startling. Everything she says or does seems spontaneous—like the first blast from a radio after it warms up. This trait is a fault in most people—they speak before they think. The surprising thing about Esther is that her every word or action is an honest sounding board for her true character. No pretense, no lily gilding. She is what she is—and that's plenty.

The first time I met Esther was one crack of dawn in 1941. I was sitting in the M-G-M make-up department with my eyes half shut and she was in the next chair with her eyes wide open. I don't like much of anything that early in the morning, most of all talking. Esther perks that early in the morning, and talks.

"Hello," she said, "my name's Williams. I'm being made up for a test for a Hardy picture."

Susan: (icily) "So am I."

Esther: (gayly) "What's your name?"

Susan: (growling) "Peters—and I have to wear a bathing suit and I don't like me in bathing suits—except when I'm swimming."

Esther: (sweetly) "I don't know why. I should think you'd look wonderful in a bathing suit."

Susan: (almost nicely) (Continued on page 92)

Susan Peters



Faith girl: Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's lovely star, Susan Peters

The Amazing Miss Jones

There are four Jennifers and all of them arresting—but the wonder comes when you add them up together

BY MAXINE ARNOLD



She always wanted to be sophisticated—and is!



TO really know Jennifer Jones is to know the four Jennifers—the little girl, the woman, the mother and the star.

There is the child-like faith of "Bernadette," the sentiment of "Love Letters" and the emotional fire of the half-breed gun-girl in David O. Selznick's "Duel In The Sun."

She's a combination of the little girl who once never wanted to grow up and the girl who later wanted to grow up very fast, to become sophisticated; something which until now she could never convincingly be.

This was her dream when she sighed away long afternoons in her father's theater in Tulsa, Oklahoma, watching Joan Crawford and spent hours at home before a mirror husking her voice into Sylvia Sidney's low tones. She wanted to do dramatic things, to slink and sob and stir the soul. This is the Jennifer who, when being interviewed at Republic Pictures the first time for a horse opera, draped herself dramatically over the office chair and lowered her voice a la Crawford for a scene from "The Shining Hour." Which prompted a confused studio executive to say when signing her, "You—er—seem to have two voices. It's the voice you're using now that I want you to use."

Bernadette is growing up in many ways now. She still believes miracles happen, but now she wants to know how and why. She's eager to catch up on everything she's missed. To meet interesting, famous people she hasn't known. To learn foreign languages, political history and even how to cook a steak, which she's never successfully been able to do. She has become more poised and self-confident, dresses fashionably and is socially sought after by the elite.

Yet for the most part, she is still the Jennifer who came to Hollywood with her fingers crossed, (Continued on page 86)



A dynamic dryad, a believer in miracles—Jennifer Jones of Selznick's "Duel In The Sun"

The Song and Gun

BY ELSIE JANIS

HE'S an attractive kid . . . nice smile . . . I'd say he would make a very good light comedian. . . . Should do well in musicals. . . . Has a nice little voice and is obviously built for dancing.

That, dear Ladd fans, is what old Know-it-all Janis said about your hero nine years ago after seeing him in a performance given by one of those schools where stage-struck kids go to master the tricks of Thespis!

I met The Ladd after the show. His eyes were drenched with dreams of the future and his heart was right behind his smile. I liked the name—Alan Ladd. "Great for the marquee," I told him—and added, "I'll be watching for it."

I had quite a wait but every now and then I'd read something about him. The first item which impressed me was that Sue Carol had signed him up. Sue Carol was a fairly successful little dancing ingenue, who for some strange reason had become an actors' agent. Of course, there was nothing strange about her wanting to manage Alan Ladd. I thought what a cute song and dance team they would make. Maybe she was going back to dancing? She was certainly too pretty to be sitting around producers' offices, trying to sell the looks and talents of others.

The next time I read about Alan Ladd, he had married his manager,

Sue Carol. Not a bad approach, I admitted. Sign them up first and then marry them. A pity though for any young leading man to marry, I thought—then realized that I was thinking of another generation where the marriage of a star was concealed like a birthmark.

A couple of years tore past. Then I started seeing the name "Alan Ladd" not only on the marquees but in columns, trade papers and the advertisements of that aforementioned school for hope-to-be-hams. Bent on seeing how my "light comedian with a nice little voice" was fulfilling my earlier prediction, I went to see "This Gun For Hire." If you saw it, you have had your laugh on me. I shivered, thrilled and cried right along with all the rest of the gals.

My tears were shed mostly for the studio, which permitted a character like the one that guy Alan Ladd made live to be killed off. He could still be hiring his gun out at a much higher fee in a different country every six months.

Anyway, I became a Ladd fan, wired for sound. The thing that puzzled me most was—where did that voice come from? The same slight built-for-dancing chassis—and out comes a speaking voice, which must make even Orson Welles lend a quizzical ear. It couldn't be the Army (which I (Continued on page 89)



Alana and her kitty—Daddy will record this with his movie camera

Alan, of "Two Years Before The Mast," getting a work-out on the lily pond



Man

Ever hear Ladd sing? Ever see him dance? Clear away the gun smoke and prepare yourself for an eye-opener



Alan edits his own film—is an avid take-movies-at-home fan



Double take—Wife Sue and little daughter Alana pose for papa's camera. "How about me?" quacks the duck

HUNGARIAN *Rhapsody*

It's a melody meant for two—
a hard-earned dream with a happiness
dividend for Cornel Wilde and his Pat

BY SARA HAMILTON

They once dashed off for a beach stay—let their house go empty

Avid sportsman — and a
good sport. Pat joins Cor-
nel in one of his favored
pastimes — surf-fishing

Schoenbaum





She was a model when he first saw her on the street and followed her. They ate fish on due bills those first lean months

THE over-all picture of a man's personality, the understanding of what makes him tick and go, cannot be obtained from a short visit or even a casual acquaintance. Like the jumbled pieces of a jigsaw puzzle, it rounds out and takes form through the years as each piece is fitted into the pattern.

With Cornel Wilde the pieces began to fall into place some five years ago. A knife, a fork, a spoon became part of the pattern. Or at least they showed plainly the impulsiveness that is so much a part of him. Once the knife and fork and spoon belonged to Cornel. They—and the rest of the set—are now ours. Ours for fifteen dollars, the price set by Cornel himself.

He came one day to our home with a chest of silver under his arm.

"Are you sure, Cornel, you want to sell this silver?" we asked.

"Yes, my wife's parents sent us a set of fine silver, so we really don't need this."

Realizing the money was probably a momentary need, for this was long before his success, we tried to hint that one could somehow survive a fifteen dollar crisis without sacrificing one's needed possessions. Impulsively, Cornel ignored hints and was sure he'd never regret the sale.

He does. That he unhesitatingly says so testifies to his readiness to express regret over an impulsive act. But it doesn't stop him from going right on leaping into one thing after another.

"We're moving again," he'd tell us back in those pre-Chopin days when things were thin and meager for the Wildes.

"Not again!" we'd protest. "But you just bought that wicker furniture for \$95 (a big sum in those days). Thought you were going to stay settled for awhile—at least until you found a permanent



Two beautiful people—he's dark, she's blonde, look alike in spite of that, have similar temperaments



Man of many talents—Cornel, starring soon in "Centennial Summer," often paints as a hobby



Whether fishing or acting he's a hard and conscientious worker, this erstwhile Aladdin of "A Thousand And One Nights"



When day is done and shadows fall—Pat and Cornel dream by firelight

home." And then we'd all laugh resignedly.

Yes, it did look as though Cornel and Pat (blonde and lovely Patricia Knight) had a perfect mania for buying and selling. Maybe, their friends would remark, they should forget about pictures and make a furniture broker of Cornel. Yet what could they do? Because they couldn't afford to go to a regular furniture store and select everything at once, from divan to washing machine, they would pick up a piece here, a piece there, within their means. Often these things wouldn't jibe with what they would have to buy later when they moved and so the merry business went on. It must have been wearing and tiring and seemingly without destination. It gave them some laughs, though, at themselves, as well as the decorative misfits they managed to acquire.

But here is the catch. Cornel is still "in the furniture business," so to speak. Success full upon him, the moving, buying, selling, exchanging, coming, going, goes right on. Especially the moving.

"There's no use in showing me the house you've taken in the canyon," a close friend told him a year or so ago. "You won't like it and you can't sell me on the idea that you will."

In vain Cornel tried to convince his friend it was *the* place at last for him and Pat. "Look up at those stars," Cornel insisted. "And the moon over the hill."

"You can see the stars from down on Wilshire Boulevard where you belong. And you can see the moon, too. I tell you you won't like it. Not one bit."



They match their many moods—here it's youthful rollicking

Cornel laughed. But in three weeks he and Pat had bade adieu to the canyon home and spent the summer at the beach while the lease ran its course—an extravagance that seemed to worry them not at all.

EVEN now they have bought a new home—their twelfth move in five years, and are preparing for more of the same—coming, going, buying, selling, moving.

Why? Well, for two reasons mainly. First because Cornel's restless nature keeps him on the move and because, through a geographical accident of birth he's unable to escape that which he seeks to escape. His Hungarian mind, at times heavy and moody, will never quite permit him to put completely behind him the almost savage cruelty of past years of poverty, fear and humiliation. It stalks him even as he goes from one place to another, to shore vacations, to mountain places, to New York, to still another house.

It was the kind of unhappiness books are written around, with Pat, lovely, blonde and fragile, taking a job in the chorus of a New York show when Cornel was jobless, so that he need not relinquish his search for work in the theater. And Pat in the throes of a breakdown from overwork and heartsickness over their plight. And eventually losing the child they were planning for.

Instead of seeking the companionship of others during these long, tragic months, they'd stay home, day in and day out. Sometimes they wouldn't even answer the telephone. It was pretty bad, all (Continued on page 102)



The sun is dazzling—and so is the future of Cornel, who earned his bright present

Mythical Maria

Color pictures by Estabrook



Profiled with roses—Maria Montez, starring in "Tangier"

It's written in the stars
that theirs is a lasting love



Bagdad beauties and fabulous queens are the Montez mirage. Here is the real Maria

BY DIANE SCOTT

LIKE the Bagdad beauties in whose filmy garb she's risen to fantastic film fame, Maria Montez has veiled the real Montez under a mythical personality that goes with the Arabian princesses, the cobra women and queens of the Nile.

The haughty-appearing actress who ran up a reputation as a flashy phony with queenly manners and explosive outbursts is a legendary lady. As much so as the screen Montez who walks beside panthers in jungles, rides white horses and rubs magic lamps.

She's the result of a puzzled Dominican girl, beautiful but without acting experience, who arrived unnoticed in Hollywood and realized that she would have to be spectacular if she opened any magic doors for keeps. To out-Hollywood Hollywood. Which she did.

This is the mythical Maria. A Montez mirage.

Remove the veils and you'll find the devoutly religious girl who dislikes parties and prays nightly before a lighted candle on the mantel of her bedroom to the little figure of San Antonio to help her get the things she wants.

"He's the one Maria has a deal with," Jean Pierre teases her.

The real Montez is a very intelligent young woman, a student of theology, who's now keeping the oil burning at three a.m. working on a novel called "Reunion In Lillith," the story of a girl who works to discover the key to God.

A far cry from the veiled beauty is the girl who frankly idolizes her dashing Jean Pierre and watches with motherly concern over the three sisters for whom she sent to come live with her. The same Maria who shares the billing at home—and gladly—with the three sisters and four cats, including "Gallante," "the gentleman cat who turned out to be a mother."

(Continued on page 81)



Jean Pierre works on his war diary, she on a novel



Singing "Santa Lucia" and "La Marseillaise" with vim—Maria, her sisters and Jean Pierre

Gene Kelly



Topside, portside—it's all sunnyside up for

Gene Kelly who rides the tides unchanged from

the guy who taught dancing in Pittsburgh

Starboard Bound

BY GEORGE FRAZIER

IN New York one morning a few months ago Lieutenant (j.g.) Gene Kelly was having breakfast in a Chock Full o' Nuts when a waitress suddenly tapped him on the shoulder.

"Say," she said. "You're Gene Kelly, aren't you?"

Kelly looked up at her. "Nah," he said. "Kelly? Who's he?"

"Gene Kelly, the dancer, of course."

"Gene Kelly, the dancer!" he said indignantly. "What would *he* be doing in this uniform?" He dismissed the idea with a contemptuous wave of his hand. "They're all sissies, those dancers." He paused for a moment and then, in a confidential voice, said, "You know something, though? Lots of people tell me I look like Gene Kelly. Yeah, *lots* of people."

Now, such stories about movie stars are not especially novel. Nor, in most instances, are they especially true either. In the first place, movie stars don't usually patronize such unglamorous places as Chock Full o' Nuts. In the second, if they do, they are not likely to kid around with waitresses. In the third (and this is awfully important) they are only too happy to acknowledge their identity. Not hide their light in any bushel. In Kelly's case, however, the story is gospel rather than the apocryphal product of a press agent on the lookout for the human-interest angle.

Although he is now, on the strength of his miraculously versatile performance in "Anchors Aweigh," one of Hollywood's most valuable male commodities, Gene Kelly is not appreciably changed from the way he was, say, ten years ago. His behavior in New York, for example, is marked by no more ostentation than it was in the hungry days when he was a chorus boy in "Leave It To Me." He puts up at the modest Algonquin rather than the gleaming Waldorf. He does his drinking amid the earthly conviviality of Louis Bergen's somewhat aromatic saloon on West 45th Street rather than in the scented glitter of the Stork. He eats his meals at either Chock Full o' Nuts, Bergen's, the Algonquin or a hamburger stand on Eighth Avenue (which he identifies merely as "that *real* dirty place"); rather than at "21."

"Please believe me," he says, jutting his chin forward. "I enjoy those chocolate (Continued on page 68)



Courtesy of Look

We three—here's what it means in the Kelly family: Cute little Kerry, pretty redheaded Betsy and Gene



Family man Jack has fun with Jackaboy and Kay. He had an eye on her a year before he had nerve enough to say so

BIG GUY

THE big man in the burnt cork sat nervously twisting a black derby in his efficient-looking hands. At regular five-minute intervals he snatched a turnip watch from his pocket in a vest that was plaided violently in shocking pink.

It was March 23, 1945 and Jack Carson was becoming a father for the second time. At that particular moment he could easily have wrung the hand of the guy who once opined, "Nothing is born without pain." Jack was having a tough time of it.

The enormity of the moment engulfed him. His palms were damp; his lips uncomfortably dry. He revolved on his vertebrae under the suspicious scrutiny of the other expectant male parents in the hospital Fathers' Room.

If he'd forgotten about his incongruous get-up it was only because of the frighteningly fast way things happen in Hollywood. Twenty minutes before he'd been rehearsing his "Solid Citizen Of The Solid South" number on a Warners sound stage for "The Time, The Place And

The Girl." Then the starting gun had sounded, via a hasty phone call, and he'd broken his previous speed record in getting to the maternity ward.

The other men shot him a second disapproving look. "I—I'm an actor," Jack explained apologetically to the fathers-to-be and they stopped staring long enough for him to rub most of the tell-tale cork from his big, unhappy face.

Swiveling the spotlight onto himself has never been one of Jack Carson's favorite tricks. But his main concern that day was not for himself, but for Kay, his wife, and for the smaller Carson character who was emerging into a new and wonderful world.

To pin a "simple and shy" label on a guy who packs a solid 200 pounds on his six-foot-two frame seems a little incongruous. But to be factual about it, Jack Carson is a shy and simple kind of guy.

True enough, years back when he was relegated to the realm of guys who periodically and cinematically lost Ginger Rogers to other men, Jack was just the Joe

Carson, of the big heart,
of the level head—of the “look at life
and laugh” theory

BY MICKELL NOVAK



Home and a happy set-up for Jack, of “Mildred Pierce”

Jerk of RKO pictures. New to Hollywood, not sure of what was expected of him, he acted the J. J. role off-screen, too. His bulky frame with the rolling gait became a familiar sight on the lot. His hat brim was perennially pushed up college-wise in front. His gum-chomping jaws worked monotonously and thoroughly twenty-four hours a day.

But those who knew him “when” and still count him among their friends know that Jack Carson was no more Joe Jerk then than he is today. He was just a big scared kid from Wisconsin, who finally made the grade in show business, his first, last and only true love.

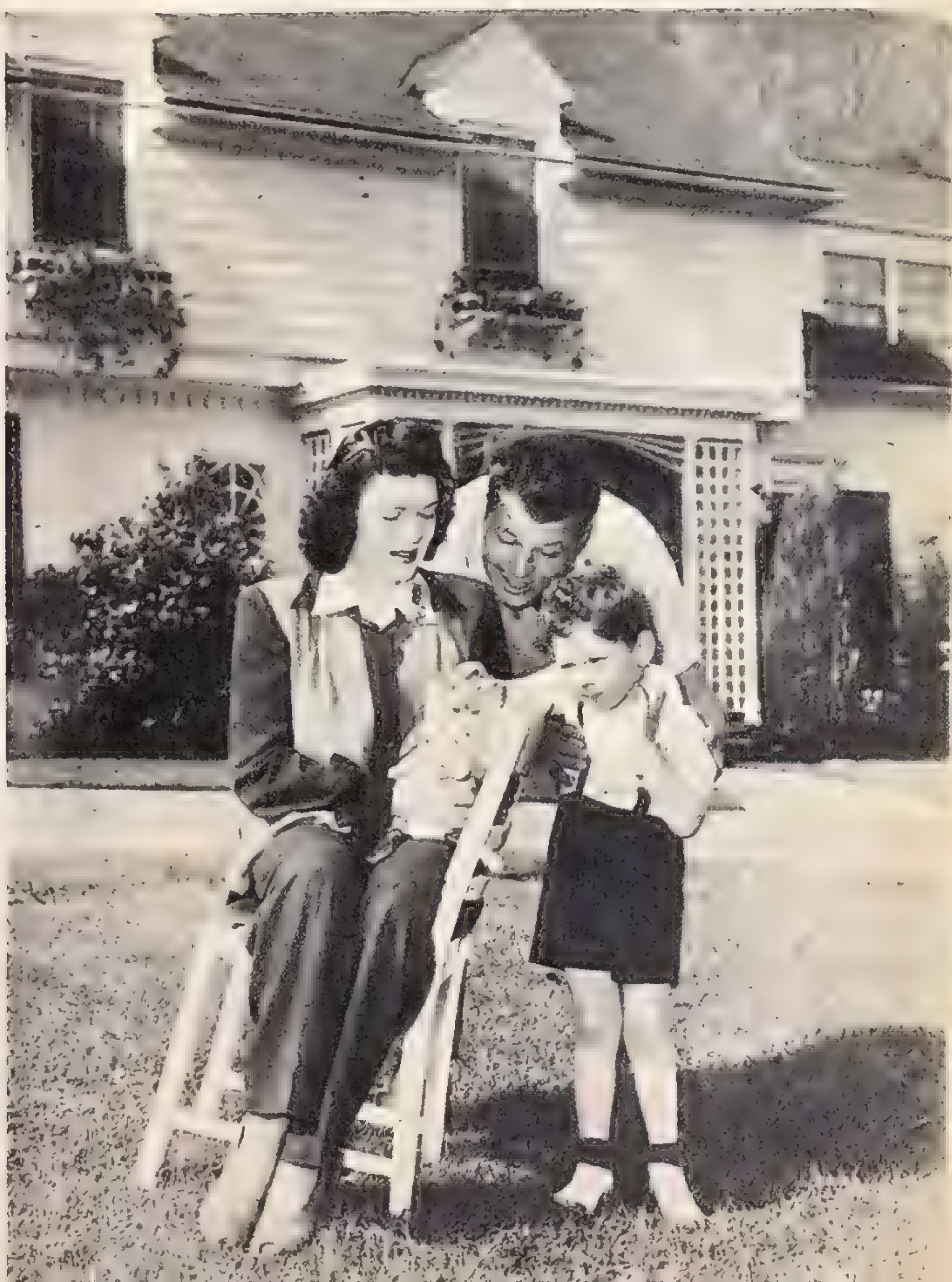
He’s still scared. He has a quick tongue and a quicker wit and he works them both overtime when he gets the shakes or is hurt. But his is just the common or garden variety of defense.

Proof of this particular shy pudding comes from Mrs. Carson who canaried on Jack’s air show as Kay St. Germainé for a whole year. They’d been married quite a while before Jack confessed (*Continued on page 70*)



A feet-on-the-furniture place for the comfort-loving Carson

Great fun between two pals—Jack and his replica son





She plans to add doing a Mexican hat dance to her repertoire



Biggest event—being made Princess White Little Flower by Shoshone Indians

MAGGIE'S Scrapbook

Biggest event: In Margaret's life, was being made "Princess White Little Flower" by the Shoshones of Wyoming, recently—wearing a feather war-bonnet bigger than she was and sitting through a rain and hail storm while the tribe trotted out its best ceremonial dances in Margaret's honor.

Event which impressed her not all: Lining up with Bergman, Crosby et al to receive her Oscar as the Best Child Performer of '44, which, after all, is just part of the year's work for an actress.

Unconscious event: Occurred in the maternity division of a Los Angeles hospital, January 15, 1937, to interested spectators, Gladys and Larry O'Brien, with Margaret not yet registering. Mother was formerly a dancer, known as Gladys Flores, and aunt, Marissa Flores, is a dancer currently under contract to Metro.



Feminine wiles department—she adores Clark Gable

Snapshot snippings to reveal

the wonders of the littlest best—

cover girl, Margaret O'Brien

Favorite color scheme: Pink and white and blue. F'rinstance, her portable dressing room at Metro, which has a peppermint circus-top ceiling, blue calico walls and divan, white circus horses for lampstands and white butterfly knobs on the blue bookcases.

Personal color scheme: Dark brown pigtails, the biggest gold-brown eyes and the smallest red mouth on the screen and skin like the pearly inside of a sea shell.

Most feminine trait: A great awe and admiration for Clark Gable. On the occasion of their broadcast together, Clark spent a half hour getting chummy before they went into rehearsals (which bodes all right for the Feminine Wiles department, too!).

Favorite fault: Not picking up scattered toys, books and what not, in her own bedroom— (Continued on page 94)



The two Maggies—her dog is named for her. You're seeing big Maggie in "Our Vines Have Tender Grapes"



Expert advice from expert Mickey Melrick for Maggie, starred in "Bad Bascomb"

Johnny

JUMP -UP



Johnny has a go at a Fred Astaire leap. He's long been an Astaire admirer

IT took Johnny Coy two years to conquer Hollywood. Johnny, being a modest boy, isn't at all sure he has made the conquest. Under pressure he'll admit that the going is beginning to look pretty good. The signs are unmistakable. Even a fellow with a dire inferiority complex has to sit up and take notice when the fan mail begins to pile in.

Johnny is sitting up, but he would be the last one to say he is sitting pretty. He's got a lot of work ahead, a lot of serious, grinding work. He doesn't mind that. In fact he is jumping at it. He's jumping because, first of all, a dancer with Johnny's vitality just naturally jumps at the drop of a hat, and second, because he knows that his chance has come and he wants to climb up there with everything he has.

To speak of Johnny as having "conquered" Hollywood may sound premature. The facts, though, are otherwise. Six months ago he was knocking his brains out, (which in a dancer means he was dancing his head off) on his routines for "Bring On The Girls" and "Duffy's Tavern." When the pictures were released his dancing attracted attention but nobody knew who he was. The few letters that came into the studio asked in effect, "Who was that sailor who did the dance in 'Bring On The Girls'?" Or what's the name of the fellow who did the dance number in "Duffy's Tavern"? The trouble was Johnny's name didn't click with the public because he had no definable part in either picture, no role in which he could be identified from the cast. Even among the studio-wise newspaper and magazine writers in Hollywood the name of Johnny Coy meant little or nothing.

Then Paramount loaned Johnny to Universal for two pictures, one of them was "That's The Spirit," and when it was released the fans who had seen Johnny in the earlier films and wondered who he was, knew. Teamed with Peggy Ryan he had an acting job to do in addition to his dancing. It was easy to spot him. The resultant fan mail was a surprise to Johnny and a bombshell to Paramount executives. The latter woke up to (Continued on page 80)

He's a Montreal special—Johnny
Coy, whose Highland Fling flung
him all the way to Hollywood

BY THORNTON DELEHANTY



Kitchen snitching is the extent of his culinary efforts.

Tennis expert. You're seeing him in "Duffy's Tavern"



Now appearing in "On Stage Everybody"—has three younger sisters, three older. Sister Milly lives with him



SANTA

Wouldn't it be fun if Mr. S. Claus left these

For Bing Crosby—

Another pipe—
making his pipe-
collection reach the high point of 601!



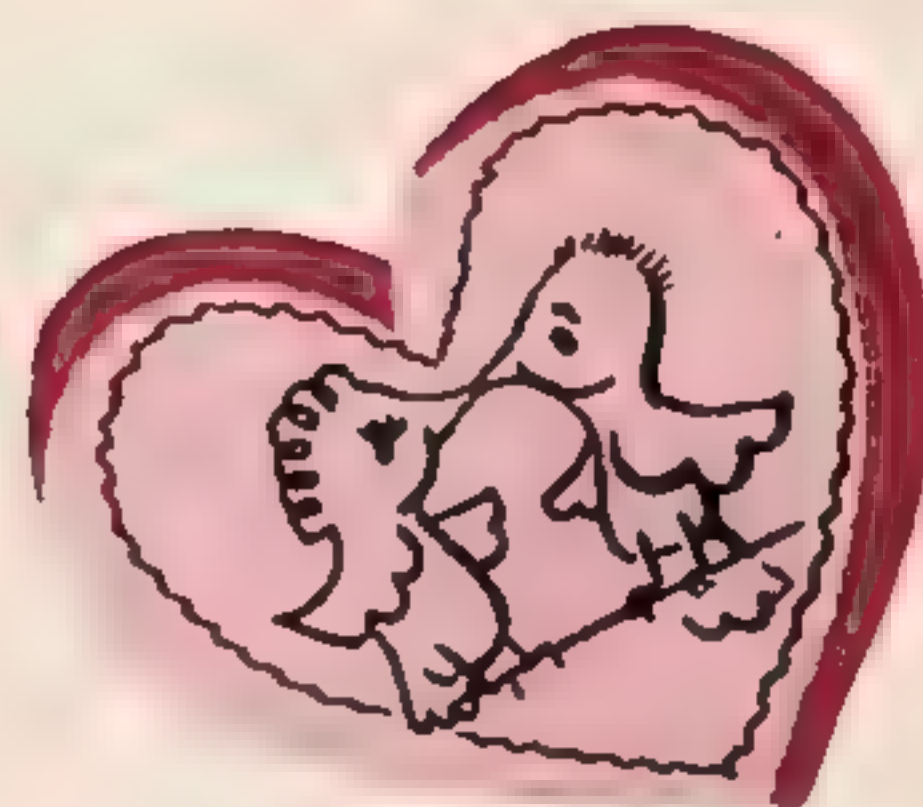
For Frank Sinatra—

A miniature juke box to add
to his hoard of music
boxes



For Gail Russell—

A shot of Adrenalin!



For Van Johnson—

A real romance instead of all
those flashes-in-the-columns

For Walter Pidgeon—

Another pinstripe suit—because he wears
them so well

For Robert Mitchum—

A new picture every week—as a present to us,
not to him

For Betty Grable and Harry James—



A boy-baby, which they'd
both dearly love

For Trigger—

A super-scented bale of hay,
tied up with an out-sized
Christmas ribbon



Illustrated

ANTICS



specials in the stockings of his Hollywood clients?

For Jimmy Stewart—



A bunch of bananas and ten loaves of bread—to add forty pounds to his lankier-than-ever frame

For Gary Cooper—

Two dozen automobile trips across the desert; his pet peacetime pastime



For John Dall—

A set of tie, socks and handkerchief—that *all* match! (Just for a change, John—though Santa likes you just as you are!)



For Ginger Rogers—

A skull cap—and no tassles, pompoms or ribbons, please!

For Deanna Durbin—

A carton of chewing gum—her favorite between-shots occupation



For June Allyson—

Five more of her favorite things in life: Those chic dressy suits

For Hurd Hatfield—

A new car for him to dent, bump and smash until it looks just like his old one!



For John Hodiak—

His heart's desire: A wedding to a wonderful girl

Personality—As sudden as a storm, as complex as a love affair...

Looks—Tawny hair and flashing smile...

Lizabeth Scott about whom you'll say...

She's

BY CAMERON SHIPP

AN excellent picture called "You Came Along" revealed that Producer Hal B. Wallis had picked for himself a very neat apple in the person of an ash-blonde girl called Lizabeth Scott. He plucked her, practically, from an upper on the Super Chief as she was getting out of Hollywood for good, muttering unmuffled imprecations upon the moronic ingratitude of an industry that did not appreciate her.

Still suspicious and inclined to claw in self-protection, Miss Scott was thrust into "You Came Along" and emerged a star. Fan mail is now inundating her like frantic answers to a "housework wanted" advertisement.

She has been compared with Lauren Bacall. That's one we can dispose of briskly. Lizabeth resembles Lauren precisely to the extent that both of these lovely girls, by astonishing coincidence, possess equal numbers of eyes, legs and arms. They have low voices. So, for

that matter, has Lawrence Tibbett.

Lizabeth lives in a small apartment with no telephone. She ignores the folk-ways of Hollywood and has rejected the friendly overtures of the community, such as, specifically, binges at night clubs and dates with wolves.

It's no good, so far. With only one starring role to her credit and with no social record at all in this factory town where rumors are epidemic, Lizabeth is as unrevealed, actually, as Gypsy Rose Lee in an 1890 bathing suit. It will take time. As a matter of fact, the impact of this girl's personality is as sudden as a storm and as complex as a love affair.

She is, to begin with, a lot more pumpkins than you see on screen. Her cheek bones are high, her eyes wide, her complexion rich cream. She can wear a sweater and does. Any male with reasonable eyesight observes that she is smick-smack. Her eyebrows are uneven. Her

She took piano for eight years—now plays for amusement. A girl whose name she



Lizabeth is fascinated by color. Her clothes bring out her "bright" preferences



IMPACT!

voice is not husky, but authentic contralto. She squeezes her eyes tight when she says something important and makes a fist. She releases the tension with a laugh—laughing at herself, as likely as not. She talks fast, enjoying the sound of words and reaching for words with color in them.

She invites exploration but challenges you to find your way. She opens doors, then slams them.

Her twenty-third birthday, September 29, Lizabeth celebrated by hurrying to make-up, to wardrobe, to rehearsal, to tests and to conferences in preparation for her co-starring role with Barbara Stanwyck in Mr. Wallis's "Love Lies Bleeding." In this she has the part of a girl named *Toni*, described by Lizabeth as a "vixen with a heart of gold." She and Miss Stanwyck have only one scene together. Each plays her role opposite men. The chances are excellent that the interesting (Continued on page 95)

doesn't know tipped her off to be a model



One gal's castle—Lizabeth finally found a little apartment and moved in



IF YOU WERE FRANK

The two Nancys—at the back of the house the Voice bought

IF you were a house guest of the Frank Sinatras, you'd be in for a handful of delightful surprises—and our first advice to you would be, "Forget any impression you've ever had about Frankie. Forget bobby-sox. Forget 'overnight' success—forget everything!" You'll see why for yourself.

Let's say it's late Sunday morning as you drive up the tree-lined country road toward "Warm Valley," the name of the Sinatra house—which is in the Toluca Lake district of San Fernando Valley. You'd pull up in front of a rose-beige stucco Mediterranean house, two stories high and spread across the width of its lot. Before the house, screening its lower floor from the street, is a high rose-beige stucco wall with a white circular wooden gate set into

its center—and since the gate is locked, you'd ring the bell beside it. Once John, the courteous colored butler, had let you in, you'd find yourself standing in a sun-soaked flagged patio with a fountain in the middle of it. You'd cross this behind John and he'd usher you into one of the most charming homes you'd ever set foot in. You'd remember suddenly that the Sinatras only just finished completely doing it over—and that it was formerly owned by Mary Astor.

But you'd get only the briefest glimpse of its coolness and beauty before John had whisked you through it and onto the sloping back lawn, which sinks down to the edge of Toluca Lake itself—with its rippling water dotted with gaily flagged floats, skimming sailboats, fishermen



Musical nursery—the toys play gay tunes for little Nancy and Frank Jr.



The perfect setting for a perfect hostess—Nancy in the lovely living room

You'd hear sweet music, see
colorful comfort and have a
jam session with the neighborhood kids

BY ELEANOR HARRIS

SINATRA'S HOUSE GUEST

sitting in rowboats pulling bass from the lake's depths and with patches of water lilies decorating the opposite shore. Sitting watching this panorama over his late Sunday breakfast is Frank himself, at a bright green umbrella-table set high on the lawn next to the house. At sight of you, he jumps up and greets you hilariously, his eyes more blue than you remembered against his tanned face, and his brown hair short-cropped and curly above it. He's dressed in casual brown slacks, a blue shirt with its collar open and its sleeves rolled loosely below his elbows and his quick feet are slid into moccasins.

"John, could you bring more coffee?" he suggests to the butler as you sit down at the table beside him—and (Continued on page 84)

Fresh flowers for the dining room which looks out over Toluca Lake.



Pause for reflection—Frank, starred in "Anchors Aweigh," in the patio of his home



DISCOVERY IN *"Blue"*

Or Robert Alda, 165 pounds of
perpetual motion—the man whose Gershwin
made history—and Alda

BY
HARRIET EATON



Robert Alda—ironic brown eyes, wavy black hair and the infectious grin



Joan and Bob who first met in a delicatessen—have been married eleven years



WHEN "Rhapsody In Blue" finally opened in New York City, fifteen months after it was finished, the theater ushers

couldn't help noticing the small middle-aged woman who sat in the same seat day after day, watching the screen with unchanging pride and eagerness. They also noticed the bulging purse she carried. But they never found out who she was—Mrs. D'Abruzzo, mother of the picture's star Robert Alda. And they never found out what was in her overflowing purse—letters from dozens of Robert Alda's relatives in the Armed Forces all over the world, who had seen the picture in Africa, Germany, Italy, England and all the islands in the Pacific months before his own mother could see it in the United States. And months before the rest of America saw it.

What America saw was a new star in the making—Robert Alda—a young man with ironic brown eyes, wavy black hair and a grin as infectious as a song. Mr. Alda is five-feet-ten-inches, 165 pounds of perpetual motion—both in his personality and in his personal history. There is nothing he hasn't done—and there's almost nothing he isn't doing right this minute!

For instance, right now he may be carrying on his farmer's life in California—which would make any normal farmer turn white overnight. Overnight, you see, is when Bob does most of his chores. If there is a row of trees to chop down, he drives his yellow roadster up to the scene of action, turns on his headlights—and chops all night long until the last tree has crashed to the ground. "You get two days' work done in one night's time," is his explanation.

Or take the wallpaper sequence: One Friday afternoon he decided that three of his farmhouse rooms could do with some repapering. At once he set out to buy paper, paste and brushes; and at ten o'clock that night (after a leisurely dinner) he set to work, aided by his brother-in-law and a farm worker. The three men worked all night long and all the following day until five-thirty in the afternoon. Then they slept for five hours, rose again and worked from ten Saturday night until six o'clock Sunday morning. By that time the three men were finished— (Continued on page 88)



Harmonious note: It's always so with Bob and Allie



The man they love: Joan Alda and little son Allie corner Bob—next to be seen in "The Man I Love"

What Should I Do?

YOUR PROBLEMS ANSWERED
BY CLAUDETTE COLBERT



DEAR MISS COLBERT:

I think it is a great privilege, indeed, to have the opportunity to seek advice from someone who tries as sincerely as you do to be of real help.

Here is my problem. I am now twenty-eight. I graduated from grammar school at thirteen and went to work to help my family. I am engaged to marry a fine man of thirty, who is now in the armed forces. Once when he and I were casually discussing education and I mentioned how important I consider it, he said he was graduated from high school, naming the school, and asked me where I had earned my diploma. I mentioned a school nearby to save my pride.

Deep within me I harbor a feeling of inadequacy because I really can't boast of a diploma. By working hard, saving and studying whenever I had a minute, I have now amassed enough money to secure a college education and I know that I can pass the entrance exams because I have prepared for them.

Miss Colbert, my fiance will soon be returned from Europe; he is planning to marry me and to establish a home. Should I sacrifice a home and children—the very things a woman lives for with the man she loves—in favor of a university education which I feel would greatly enrich my life?

Eleanor G.

Dear Miss G:

I agree wholeheartedly with you that education enriches life. However, in the gentlest way possible, I must disagree with your interpretation of education.

I think you have been making yourself miserable by telling yourself that an educated person is only one who has attained, first a high school diploma, then a university degree. Yet, in the history of America, some of the most "educated" speeches ever made, that is the most timeless, the most significant, the most humanitarian, were made by a man who did sums on the back of a coal shovel, and studied his lessons alone before a fireplace: Abraham Lincoln.

One of my favorite definitions is this: An educated human being is one who has never stopped learning. Bearing in mind that description, I would say that you are a well educated person.

When your fiance comes back tell him about your educational background. Explain to him your desire for more education. I am sure he will admire you more for this eagerness. Then marry and have children. Continue your reading and your already horizon-expanding study . . . but forego formal university training. At the present time, I feel certain that you are ready to begin the training of children who will grow up to be assets to the community in which they live—just as you are.

Claudette Colbert



Dear Miss Colbert:

My mother is American and my father is Chinese and we live in a small town. There aren't any other Chinese-American children in the class and the American children don't seem to want to associate with me. They don't criticize me or say anything unpleasant to my face—they simply leave me out of their groups.

I really have swell parents, we have a nice car and we are building a home in one of the best sections of town, but still I don't click. I'm not bad looking and my mother buys nice clothes for me, yet I don't get by. I can't understand why I can't make friends.

Helen Y.

Dear Miss Y:

I wish you had told me whether you have always lived in this town, or only recently moved there. I assume the latter, for if you had grown up with the other children, I'm sure there would be no feeling of strangeness between you and your classmates.

However, if you are new in town, you are simply going through the usual experience of strangers in a new locale. Don't let it bother you. It will be easy to make friends, if you don't worry about it too much.

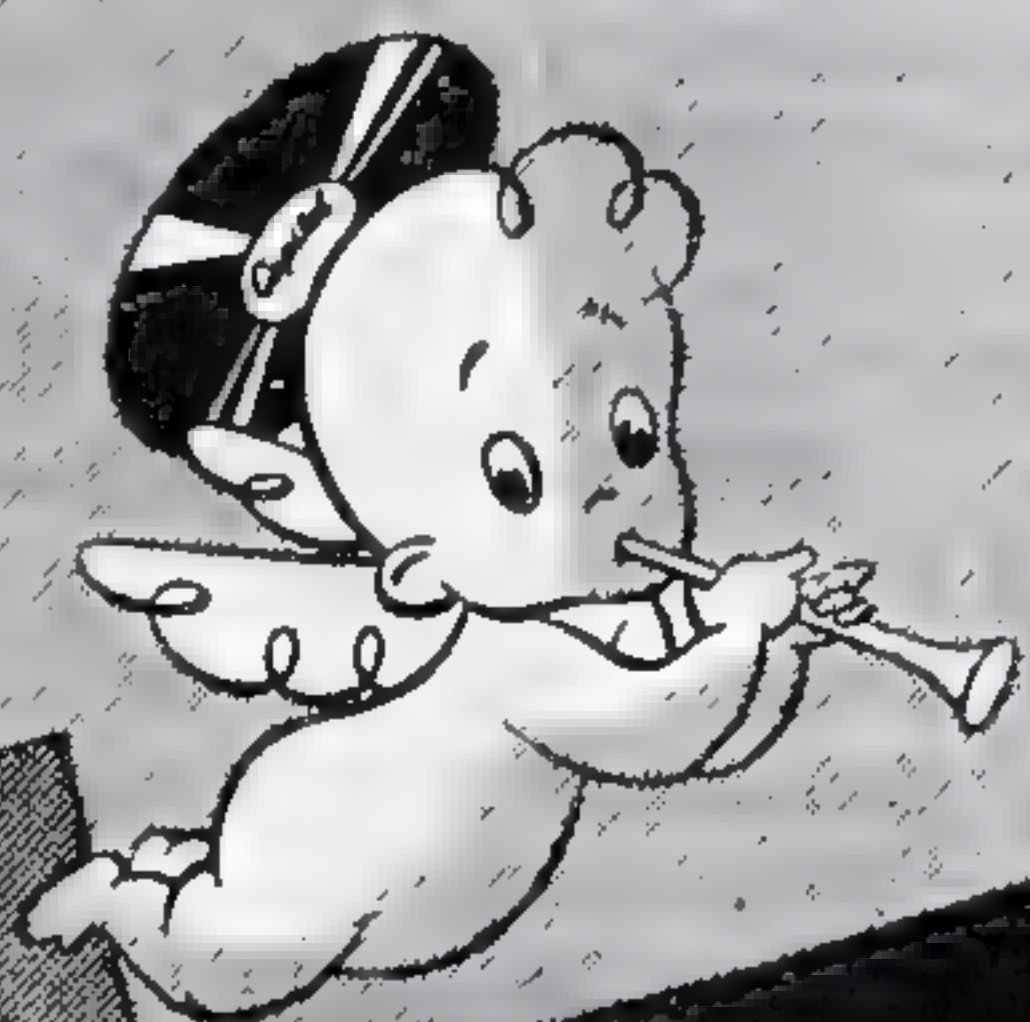
The first step is to make a friend of each of the girls who sits next to you in class. And don't say that you've tried. Perhaps you haven't tried in the right way. When one wears a new dress, or a new sweater, or does her hair a new way—comment on it favorably.

If you are having trouble with some subject, ask one of the girls—who is an excellent student—if she can help you for five minutes some afternoon. Walk down to the drugstore with her and buy her a coke.

Study everything you can about China and the Chinese; know something about Chinese history and philosophy. Be proud of your Asiatic parentage, as you are proud of your Caucasian. You are doubly gifted, because you have inherited the intellectual riches of both the East and the West. You (Continued on page 64)

Photoplay Fashions in color start on page 71

Pin up these Gifts
on Your Christmas
Shopping list!



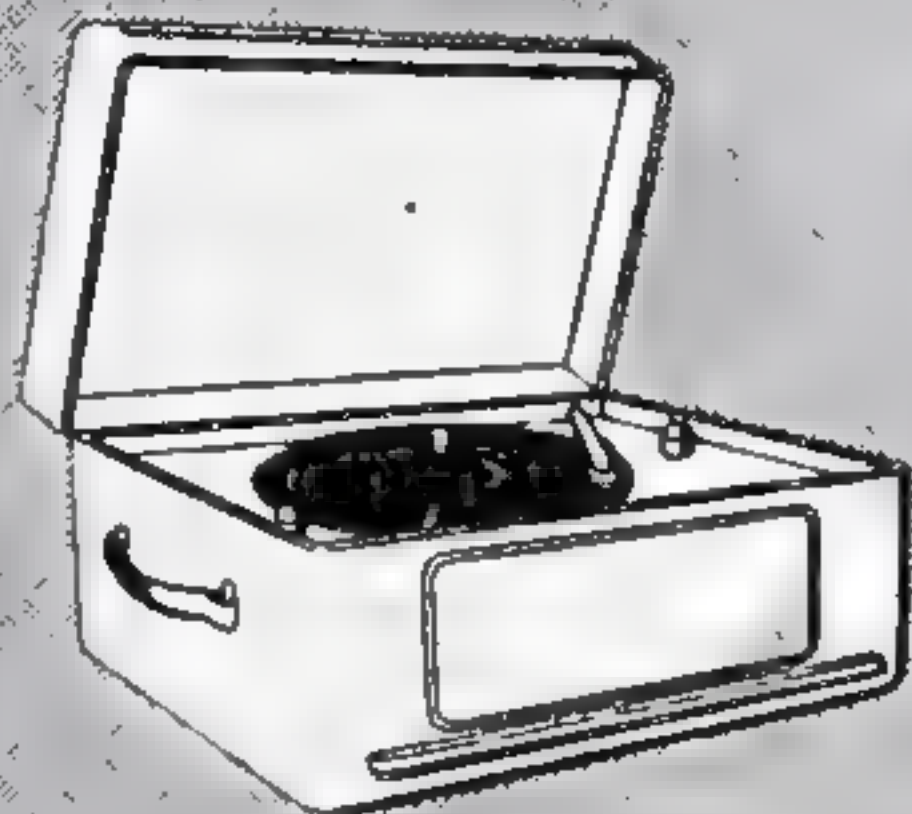
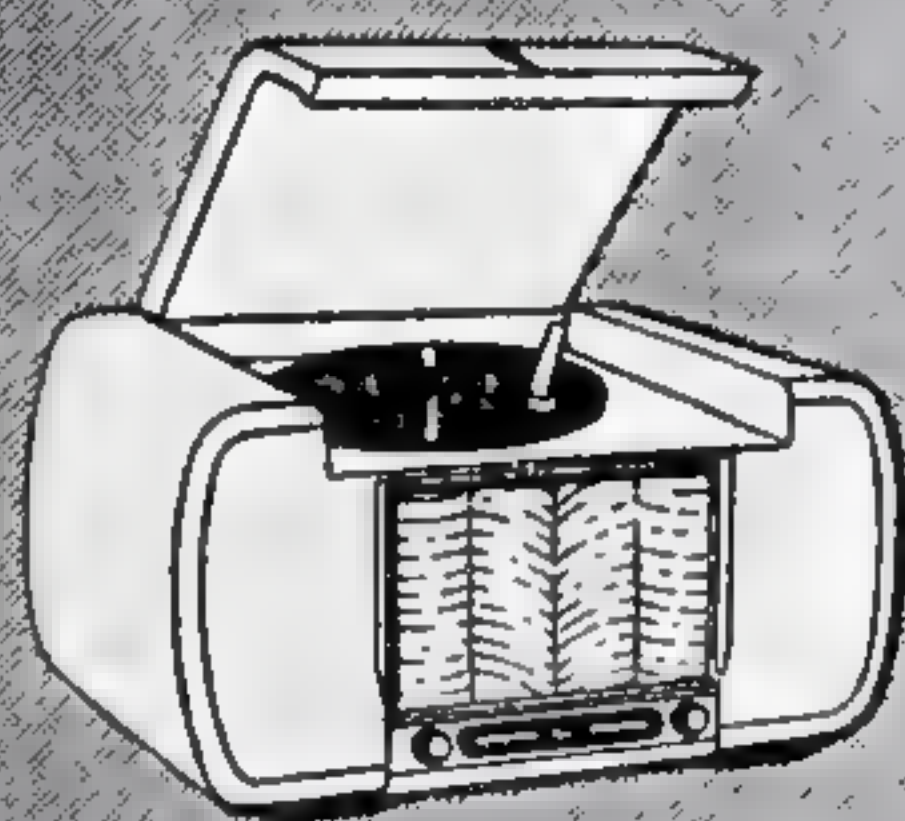
FOR YEAR 'ROUND CHEER-

GIVE RECORDS THIS YEAR

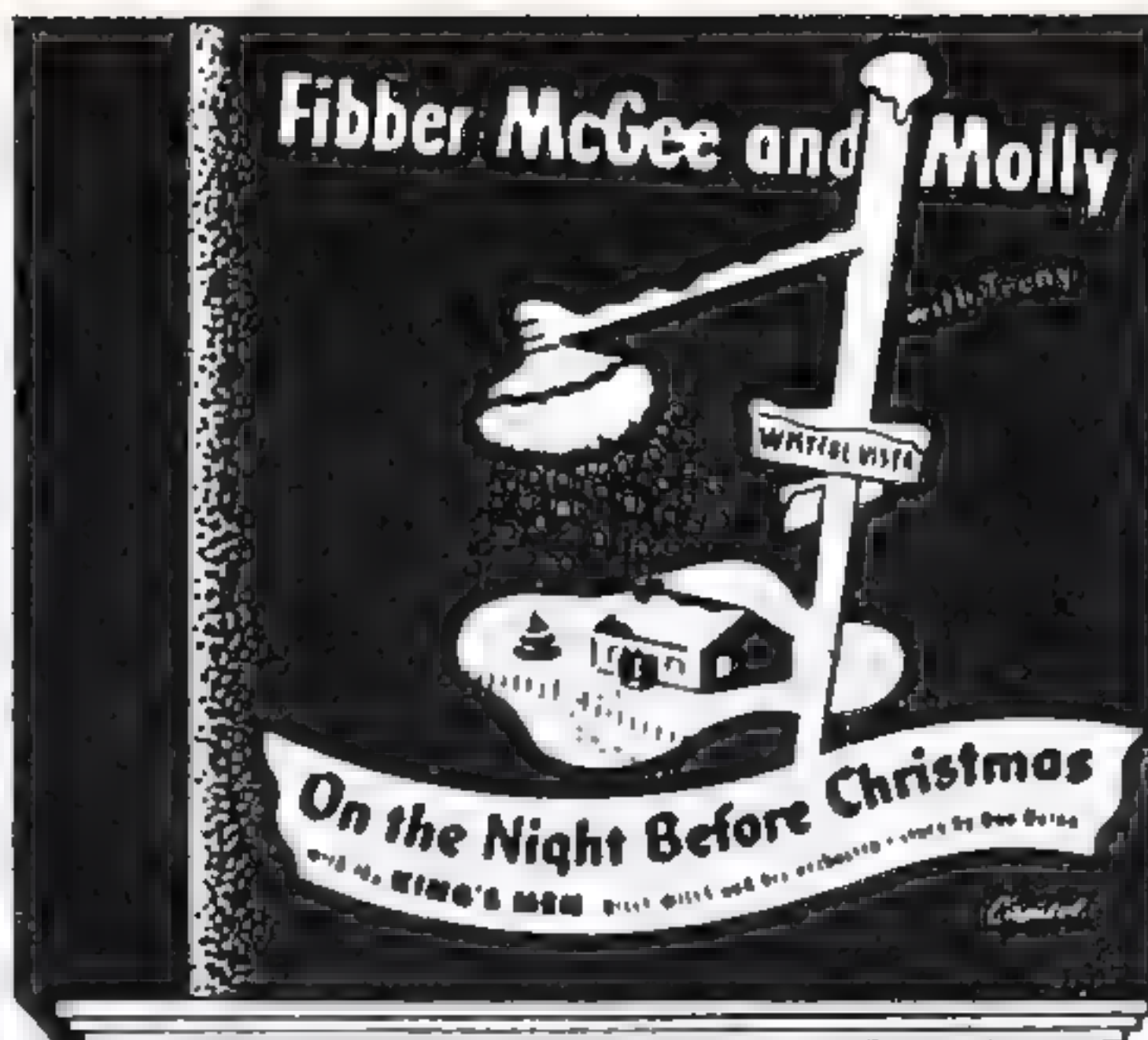


Capitol RECORDS
FROM HOLLYWOOD

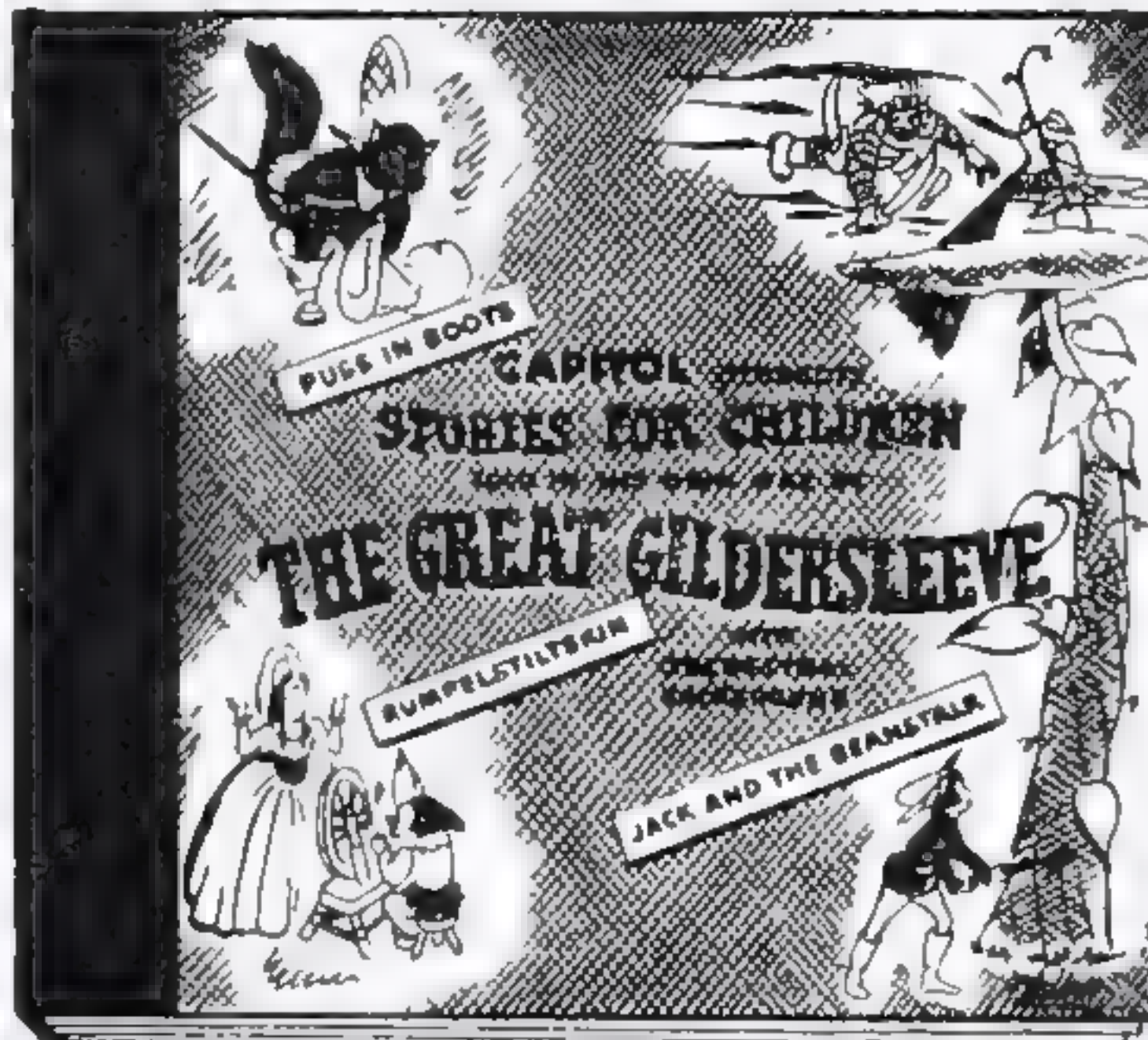
SUNSET AND VINE



NEW CAPITOL PHONOGRAPHS, designed and styled by Hollywood Sound Engineers, and embodying the latest developments in electronics, will offer a thrilling new experience in tonal brilliance, clarity and balance. Ready soon at your favorite record store.



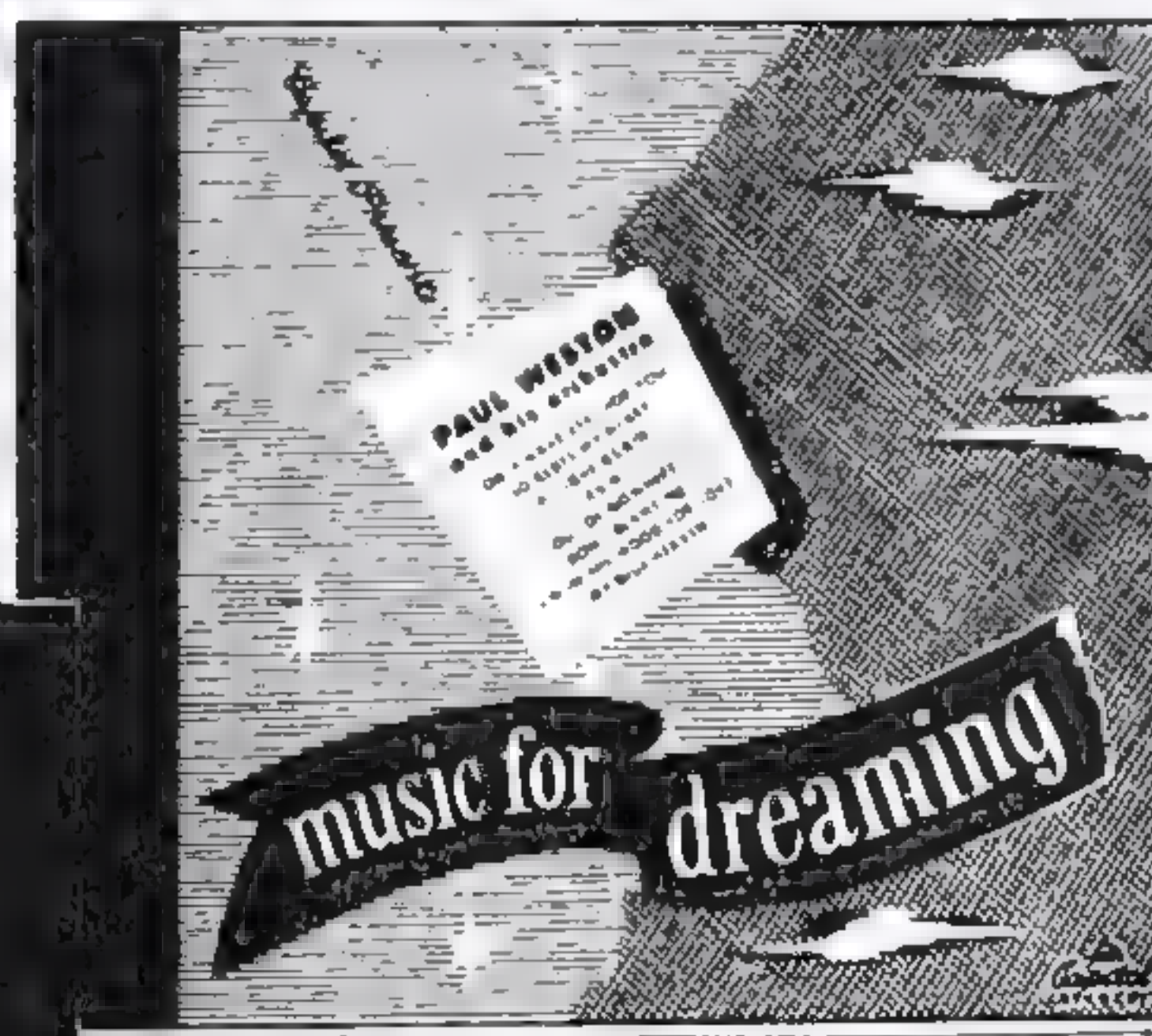
FIBBER MCGEE and MOLLY in "On the Night Before Christmas" \$2.75*



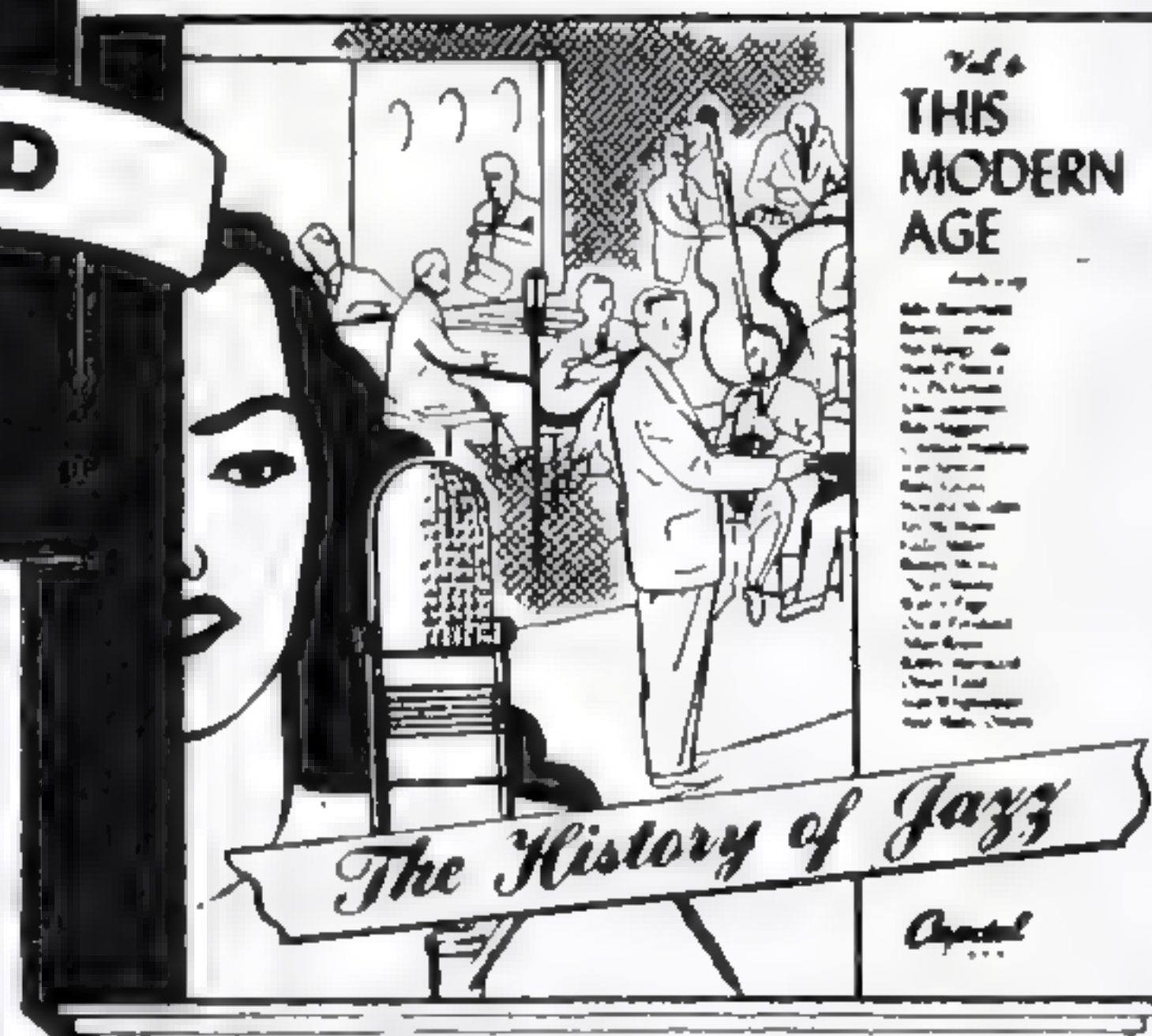
THE GREAT GILDERSLEEVE, Hal Peary, tells 3 fairy tales. \$3.50*



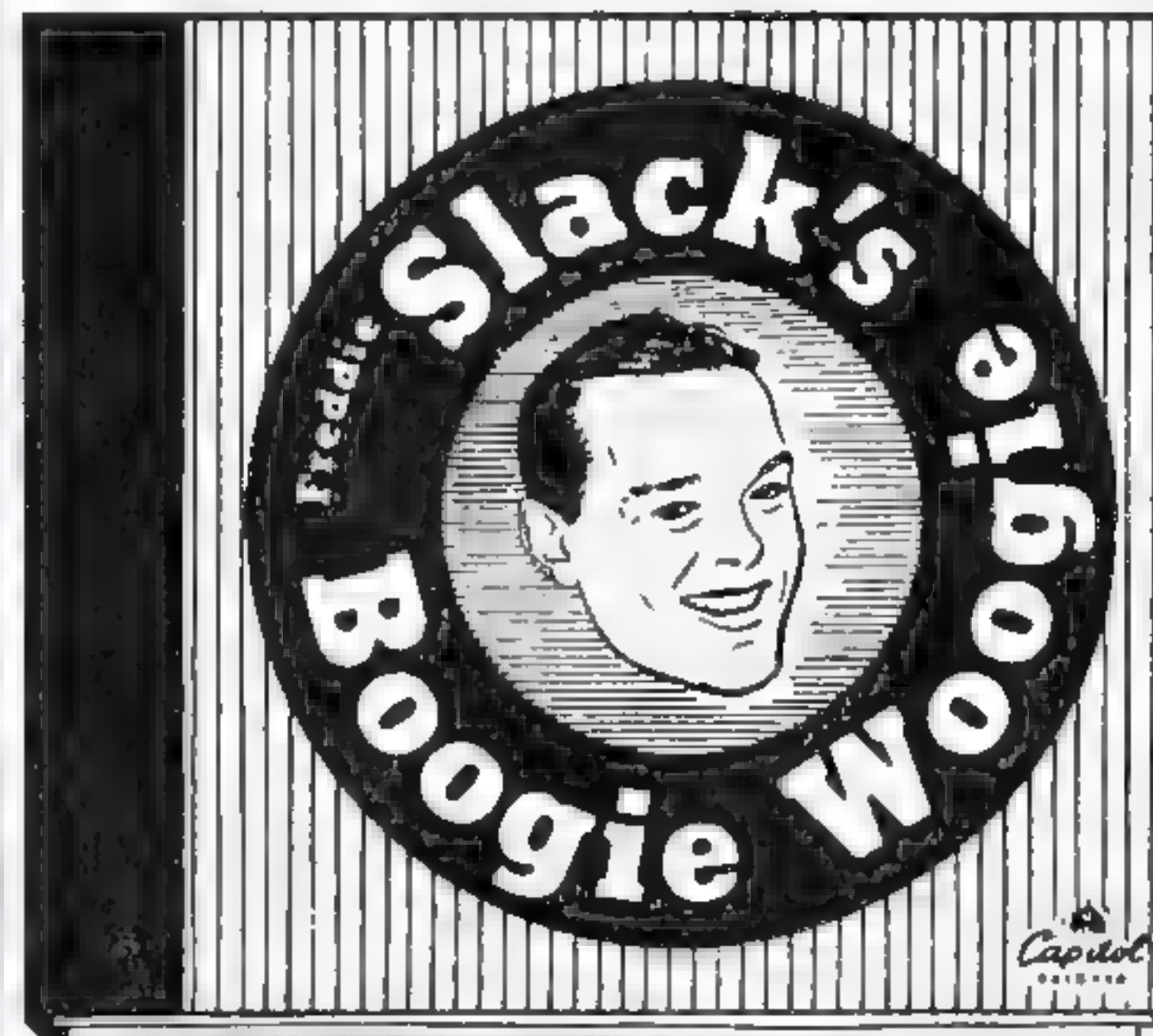
FAMILIAR HYMNS, sung by world-famed St. Luke's Choristers. \$2.50*



MUSIC FOR DREAMING, featuring the music of Paul Weston. \$2.50*



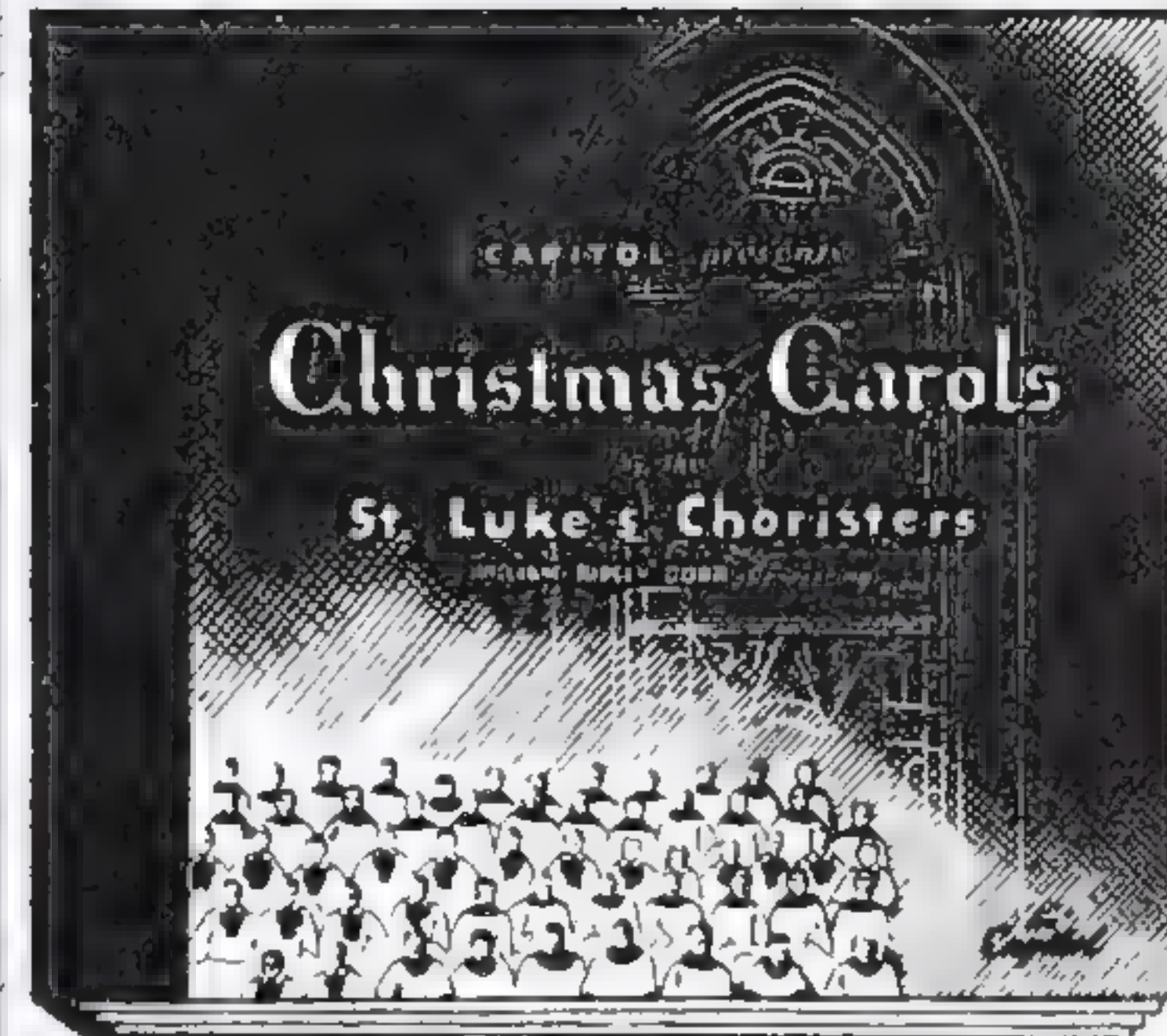
THIS MODERN AGE presents Vol. 4 in "History of Jazz" series. \$4.25*



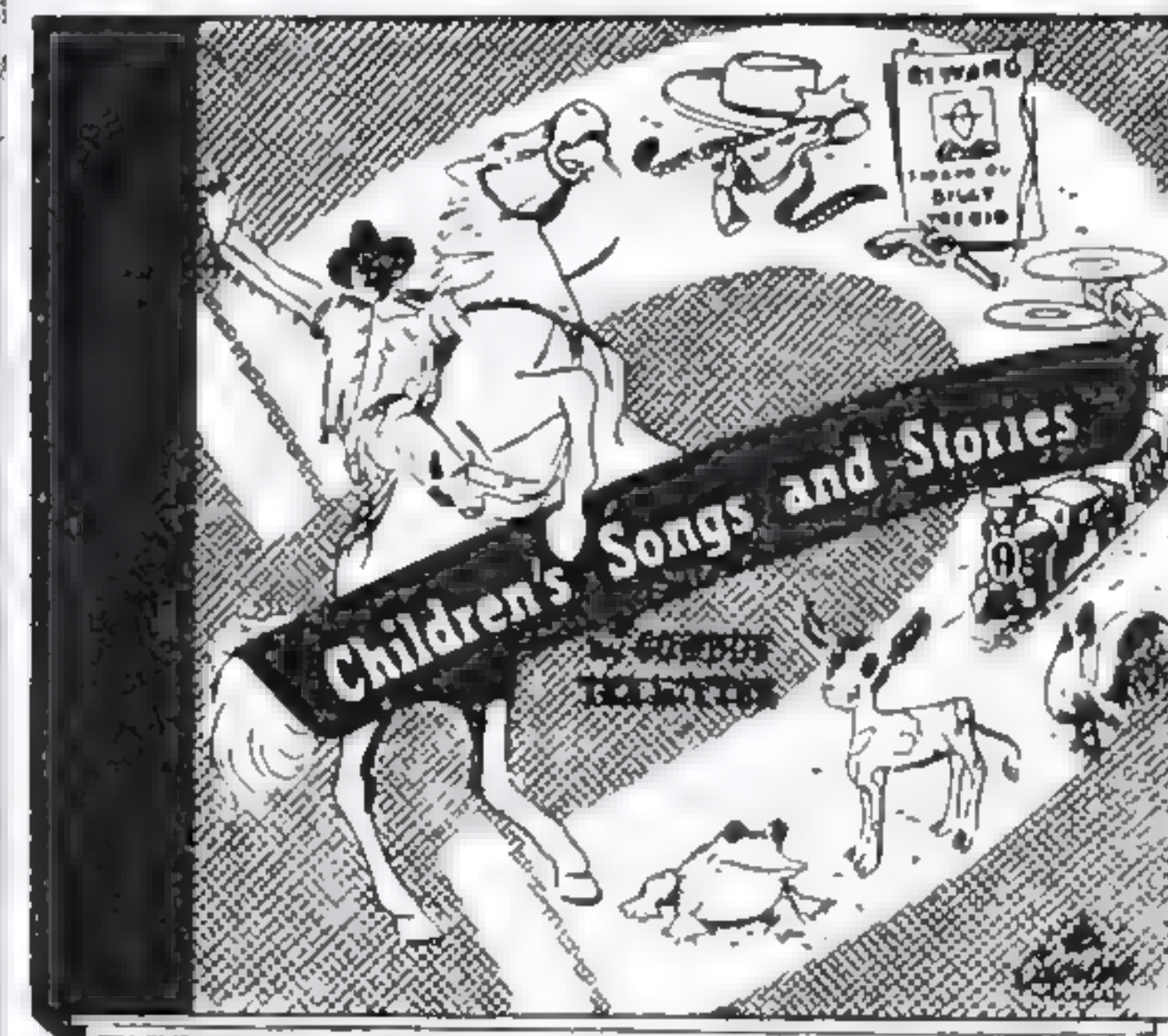
SLACK'S BOOGIE WOOGIE features Freddie Slack's 8-beat piano. \$2.50*



MARGARET O'BRIEN narrates "Two Stories for Children" \$2.75*



CHRISTMAS CAROLS, by the world-famed St. Luke's Choristers. \$2.50*



COWBOY TEX RITTER, in favorite Western songs and stories. \$2.50*



KING COLE TRIO presents eight varied popular selections. \$2.50*



HAWAIIAN MUSIC in the distinctive Harry Owens manner. \$2.50*



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* PLUS TAXES

What Should I Do?

(Continued from page 62) should be the most interesting girl in your school.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I was married secretly on January 8, 1943, just four days after my husband was commissioned a second lieutenant in the Air Force. The reason we kept the marriage secret was this: He and I had been in a car smash-up the previous summer and I had suffered a blow over the eyes that rendered me temporarily blind. I recovered gradually so that I can now see with glasses. We had announced our engagement in the spring of 1942, but after my accident Al's parents disapproved of our marriage. They said it was unfair of Al to marry me as—if anything happened to him—I would be a responsibility on their old age. Of course, they didn't think I was going to recover at that time.

Al was shot down in December, 1944, but the fellows at his base wrote saying that they thought Al might be a prisoner. However, I have never heard a thing from him and neither has his mother, so I am afraid that he was never a prisoner.

My girl friend, who was my maid of honor at our wedding, says that I should announce my marriage. She says that if I ever married again, I would have to tell my second husband that I'm a widow; she also says there is some legal question involved. I disagree with her.

Would you announce the marriage at this late date if you were I?

Belinda P.

Dear Mrs. P:

Probably your girl friend is merely a lover of drama—hence her eagerness to have you announce, so belatedly, your marriage and your widowhood.

The legal question to which she refers is this: When your husband is presumed to be dead by the War Department, his insurance will be paid to the beneficiary named in his government policy. Since your marriage was secret, it is reasonable to presume that his parents were the beneficiaries.

Were you to announce your marriage now, the parents of your husband might conclude that you wished to participate in the insurance payment. To judge by your letter, I would say that you are not at all that sort of person.

It seems that you have nothing to gain by announcing the marriage, and—on the contrary—would be placing yourself in a censurable position. As for revealing the fact of your first marriage to your hypothetical second husband, that should be a problem easily disposed of when the time comes.

So, it seems to me that the secret should be kept—with one exception: Your letter has failed to state whether your own parents know of this marriage or not. I think you should explain the situation to them, but there, the matter should rest.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

Two years ago I was going steady with a boy who was, as I, a sophomore in high school. Bob had definite ideas about what a girl had to do to go with him, so I am horribly ashamed to say that I did what he expected. After a bit I got sick of Bob's ways, so we broke up.

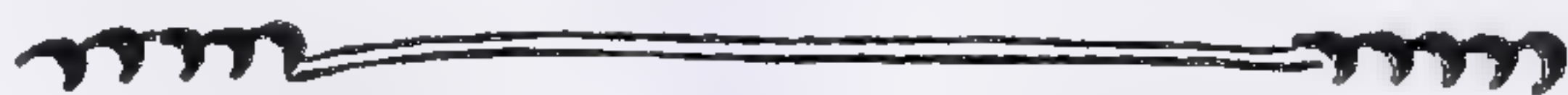
But through Bob I had met Cary, a new boy in town. He liked to dance, swim, bowl, or just get a gang together at someone's house and pop corn. He was always a perfect gentleman. I fell in love with him, and I mean love. He is going into the peace-

time Navy in about six weeks.

One night Bob came into the drug store where some of us were playing the juke, and made a fresh remark to me. I said I didn't like his language, so he snapped, "Don't put on airs, you . . ." and he called me a name that is never said in public.

Cary was going to flatten Bob, but the boys stopped him, saying he'd better talk it over with me first. On the way home I told him about my experience with Bob, and explained how ashamed I was. He left me at the door and he hasn't called or been near me since.

I've cried myself to sleep every night



An old coat to you— SURVIVAL TO THEM

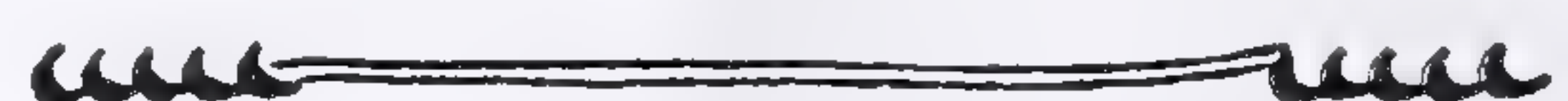


In Europe and in the Far East millions are dreading the winter. Aged farm couples, babies, school children, the sick, emaciated ex-prisoners of war, living in unheated rooms, ask for things you no

longer use—your old coat—baby blankets long stored away—shoes too shabby for you to wear.

Last spring horrified Americans donated old clothes to approximately 25,000,000 people. This winter the need is far greater. The Victory Clothing Collection for overseas relief has set a hundred million garments as its goal. In each community, newspapers and radio stations will announce the collection plans and depots.

Let's Clean Out Those Closets and Bureaus Now!



since, and I wish I could die. I'm afraid my Mother is going to hear about it and I just couldn't stand that.

Shirley B.

Dear Shirley:

I wish every girl, tempted to accede to the demands of a wolf, could see your letter. It proves one important point: Men do tell. Not all of them, of course. But it would be a foolish person who counted on the protection of another's silence.

As for your own present problem: First of all, stop crying. If you shed tears enough to fill the Pacific, the flood tide wouldn't change anything. Don't make your mother miserable by causing her to share your burden. You made the mistake, now you must live it down.

Don't discuss the situation with your friends. Pretend that Bob and Cary never existed. Say to yourself each morning, "Here is a new day that I can live exactly as I wish." Then live it constructively, without wailing for the past or fearing the future. Simply start at once to be the great girl you really are; you will be surprised to discover that, in a short time, this tempest will be forgotten—if you give no further cause for suspicion.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I married the world's most wonderful man last December. I had thought at other times in my life that I was in love, but those brief fascinations were nothing compared to what I feel for my husband. However, we are frightfully different. I am an American citizen, but I was born in England. I was taught to respect literature and to enjoy the classics.

My husband is the practical type; he claims that poetry doesn't teach a person anything which can be applied toward building a future. As my eyes are weak, he scolds me for reading.

Another point of dissension is the fact that his mother was the world's best cook, whereas I'm still learning. All that my husband has eaten, he owes to my angel cookbook. But I try, really I do.

Now that we are expecting a child, I want my husband to be attentive and as thrilled as I am, but he never discusses it.

I am worried about our marriage because small arguments are as destructive, perhaps more so, over a long period of time, than one huge quarrel that can be patched up and can be used to intensify love. What can I do to overcome the lack of understanding between us?

Mrs. Sona D.

Dear Mrs. D:

It is probable that, originally, the differences in temperament between yourself and your husband were a source of wonder and delight to both of you. However, the daily wear of marriage puts a premium on temperamental likeness.

Since you love your husband and since you are aware of the danger of the present disharmony between you, why don't you make the concessions? Why don't you try to conform to his ideas?

As he is undoubtedly away for many hours each day, you might set aside an hour or even two hours for undisturbed reading of the poetry you love. Touch a book at no other time. By adopting that plan, your reading hours will seem doubly pleasant to you, yet your husband will not be disturbed by them.

Spend the rest of the time learning to cook the dishes his mother excelled in preparing; take an interest in your husband's business affairs (if he will let you), and school yourself to avoid sentimental conversation. Many men get to be all wrists and necks and feet at the mention of tender topics, after marriage.

If you try to be like your husband, instead of different from him, if you try to conform to his general notions—since he won't conform to yours—you should be able to make your marriage happy.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am twenty-four, married to a man twenty-six, and we have a daughter, four. We got along fine for our first six months (we have been married five years). Then I began to learn his true character. He gambled so that I had to go to work to pay off his debts, as he had taken company money and he would have gone to jail.

When Sally came I almost died and so did she. My husband wasn't even home to take me to the hospital. However, I thought the baby would make a difference in his attitude, but he simply got worse. Finally I had to give up our home, store my furniture and move in with his family.

A woman can take a lot from a man she loves, but when I learned that he was running around, I couldn't take it. I telephoned this girl and asked if it was true that she was planning to marry him. She said she had no intention of marrying him, that she was just dating him for fun and that he had told her he was single. My husband wouldn't believe this until she had told him off—plenty. So you see, most women are really fine and decent.

My husband joined the Navy and our final decision was to forget the past. He wrote regularly during boot camp, then stopped, except when he wanted money.

I've been working, saving, and putting aside the allotment checks, but his demands for money have grown so great that there isn't much left. Yesterday he called for more money and I refused, saying that the war is over. He hung up on me and said that was the last I would hear of him.

Is any man worth this sort of a life? Do you get letters from other women who have to put up with this sort of thing?

Adelaide M.

Dear Mrs. M:

Yes, I'm sorry to say that I receive a great many letters from women who are patiently enduring all manner of brutality from their husbands. And for what? For the sake of children, usually, or for the sake of appearances, or because our society still views marriage as the only normal state for an adult woman. Sometimes, of course, the wife is still desperately in love with a husband who sounds as if he would be good only for a crocodile dinner.

If your religious beliefs forbid divorce, it would still be possible for you to seek separate maintenance from your husband. You are self-supporting and certainly your life would be happier if you no longer had to suffer the hurt and humiliation heaped upon you by this man.

When a marriage brings happiness, contentment and a sense of fulfillment, it is surely a good marriage. When it supplies you with nothing but misery, it should be terminated—not in divorce, if such a thing is contrary to your ethics, but in separation.

Claudette Colbert

Have you a problem which seems to have no solution? Would you like the thoughtful advice of

Claudette Colbert?

If you would, write to her in care of Photoplay, 8949 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood 46, California, and if Miss Colbert feels that your problem is of general interest, she'll consider answering it here. Names and addresses will be held confidential for your protection.

MARIE McDONALD, A HUNT STROMBERG STAR, APPEARING IN THE EDWARD SMALL COMPANY PRODUCTION, "GETTING GERTIE'S GARTER"



LIKE *MARIE McDONALD*-

YOU can have "Hands that Delight".

Have Marie McDonald's own lovely hand care—Jergens Lotion.

The Stars use Jergens Lotion Hand Care, 7 to 1

NOW MORE EFFECTIVE THAN EVER. Thanks to wartime research, Jergens scientists can now make your Jergens Lotion even finer.

"My hands feel even softer, smoother;"

"Protects longer;" women said after testing. Those 2 skin-smoothing ingredients many doctors use are included in this even finer Jergens Lotion. In the stores now — in the familiar bottle — still 10¢ to \$1.00 (plus tax). Lovely! None of that oiliness; no sticky feeling.

For the Softest, Adorable Hands

Use **JERGENS LOTION**



Now more Effective than ever—thanks to Wartime Research

Life of a Dynamo

(Continued from page 31) her pearls are cast before swine it doesn't matter too much.

Betty Hutton climbed like a sky-rocket to stardom while I was living in New York. Being a complete pushover for her type of comedy, I became a double-dyed Hutton fan after seeing "Star-Spangled Rhythm."

So I was really excited one night at LaRue on the Sunset Strip when I discovered myself at the next table to Miss Hutton. My ear, which has been extended for years as a newspaper reporter to catch any bits and pieces of news, kept twitching in the direction of Betty Hutton and her party, which consisted of Mr. Ginsberg, head of Paramount Pictures, Otto Preminger, director of "Laura" and his beautiful wife, who in private life runs Betty Hutton a close second for wit.

I couldn't hear much. But I found myself beaming with pleasure because my favorite comedienne was doing as good a job off the screen as she did on. The table was in a constant roar of laughter.

That was when I determined I had to meet Betty Hutton. And got myself invited to dinner because Betty said she liked my stories and—this is as great a compliment as I know how to pay her—I believed in her sincerity.

THE house on the hill was a pretty fantastic affair—at least it seemed much too French and formal for Betty. Also, it was on four floors, climbing up—or down—the hillside, and since, due to the usual reasons, there was only one telephone, Betty ran up and down like a rocky mountain goat. But the house brought out the exciting fact that Betty had just bought a house—she only rented the eagle's nest, as she called it—out in Brentwood, that it was the first thing she'd ever owned in her whole life except the clothes on her back and the wheels on her car and that she had never been so happy about anything in her life.

"Wait till you see it," she said. "Just wait! It's the most beautiful house in the world. I'm going over to Europe and do some entertaining for the men over there—I think they need it worse now that they aren't fighting a war, just sitting around waiting—and when I come back, Mama's going to have the house all ready for me."

Then, you see, she hadn't even met Ted Briskin, who is now her husband. In fact she said she didn't think she'd ever get married at all. At least she didn't have any plans that way.

Her courtship and marriage seem to me the most Huttonesque comedy-drama possible. When she told me about it on her return, I felt that it simply couldn't have happened any other way.

Miss Hutton left Hollywood for Chicago, New York and overseas, heart whole and fancy free. In Chicago, she stayed over a couple of days. When she was headlining at Chicago's top night spot, Chez Paree, Betty used to go out to a cafe called the Singapore for steaks. She's a two-fisted eater, and never puts on any weight—how could she the way she burns it up? So she took her hairdresser, who was traveling with her, and a gentleman who is an old friend and business associate, and off they went.

While Betty was doing justice to a real Chicago steak, she felt that someone was staring at her, not an unusual thing for a lady as well known as Hutton, but this, she said, felt different. This was—a personal feeling. Turning around finally she saw two men at an adjoining table and one of them was tall, dark and in her dazzled eyes quite the handsomest

man she had ever seen in her life.

Her impulse was to smile at him and say come on over and have a drink. But she remembered she was Betty Hutton and that you really didn't do things like that and after a while the men got up and left.

"I felt awful," Betty said. "I was furious at myself, I wished I'd never heard of Emily Post or if I had that I'd thrown her out the window. I wished I had whipped over and done something about that young man because it isn't often you see anybody that makes you go all hot and cold like that, but no, there I sat, and let the handsomest man I'd ever seen in my life walk right out of my life. I could have yelled."

But just then the head waiter came over and said that Miss Hutton was wanted on the phone and a voice which increased the hot and cold feeling up and down Betty's spine said, "You don't know who this is," and Betty said cheerfully, "Oh yes I do." "Look," the voice said, "I know a lot of people in Chicago and you know a lot of people, we must have one friend in common who can introduce us. I've got to meet you. My brother, Phillip, who is with me thinks he knows the man with you. You ask him if he knows Phillip Briskin. Anyhow, I own a factory here in Chicago and I have lived here all my life and I am a respectable citizen and my father was before me—so what can we do about it?"

IT TURNED out her escort did know Phillip Briskin and Phillip's brother Ted, the handsome one, and Ted was all for coming back at once and joining them and being introduced, but Betty fell under the Emily Post spell again and said, "No, no, the headwaiter and everybody will think you picked me up—I'll meet you outside in twenty minutes, have you got a car?"

In twenty minutes she found out. In fact she said naively, "It's not right. Nobody as nice as you can have such a beautiful car!"

She felt the same way when she woke up the next morning, having been returned safely to her hotel by Ted Briskin when everything in Chicago had closed up and there was no place they could be together. When he phoned she said she just didn't believe it. He couldn't possibly be a respectable—and wealthy—manufacturer of cameras. It was too good to be true. He was probably a gangster or a confidence man. Ted said he'd prove it to her. If she'd be dressed in fifteen minutes he would take her out to the factory and show her his name on the door—Theodore Briskin, President, and he would take her through the factory, which he did.

To their chagrin, they also got Betty back in time to make the New York train. The following day, Mr. Briskin made a train for New York also and they had two enchanted weeks in New York before she sailed. In Paris she did her shows until she wore herself down to a state that caused the doctors a good deal of concern and they put her to bed for a rest. It was then she got a cable saying, "Come home as soon as you can and marry me. You need somebody to look after you."

So Betty took a plane, and they went out to Chicago, she and Ted, and got married.

"I had to wire ahead to have them put some new plaid wall paper on the bedroom," Betty said, "because it was all sort of pale blue. But isn't it wonderful? I'd never lived in the new house and Ted and I moved in together."

Briskin has several factories scattered over the country and is about to start one in Los Angeles—he'll probably make it his head office.

I asked Betty how she happened to be-

do you know her?

she's vibrant,
mysterious...
her fingertips
fired with the glow of

real red

she might be you!

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come a comic, at which she's so good. Betty looked at her mother, who is as blonde as Betty and quite evidently her favorite person.

"I guess," Betty said, "it was because I had a beautiful sister."

On the mantel was a picture of Betty's sister Marion. Betty brought it to me. "Isn't she beautiful?" she said.

"I was a funny looking kid all right," Betty said. "You know—scrawny and—well, just funny looking. Marion was so beautiful there wasn't any use competing with her. Nobody ever knew I was on earth. Or if they did they thought I was a blot. If I wanted a beau, I had to do something. So—I was funny. I thought maybe if people had a good time around me it wouldn't matter that I wasn't beautiful like Marion. I had to work like a beaver, and Marion just had to be there, but I didn't mind because she was such an angel, really. Well, it turned out I was pretty funny and so I decided to go on the stage. Mother and I went to New York—and the rest of that is just like every other success story and I think it's pretty dull myself. I had some lousy breaks and was broke and didn't eat and went home twice and finally got a chance and knocked it over and here I am and I still have to work like a beaver where lots of other girls are just beautiful."

"It wasn't dull," Mrs. Hutton said quietly. "It was exciting and if Betty hadn't been unconquerable—"

"I know, Angel," Betty said, "but it's the same old story. It was exciting to you and me because we might starve to death if it came up black, or go places and be a movie star if it came up red, but there isn't a new gag in it."

You could go on like that for hours about Betty Hutton, but I can sum it up in a few words now. Betty wants to get some roles that give her more scope—not to put aside her comedy, but something with more reality underneath. She thinks—and she is right—that comedy and tragedy are pretty closely mixed up in real life and she'd like a story that mingled them, too. She takes other people seriously—especially their troubles—but never herself.

Sometimes when you meet a person you've admired a great deal on the screen, you're in for a disappointment. Not Betty Hutton. Ask the fighting men. They met her wherever the going was toughest. A one-woman show, pouring out everything she had, doing her stuff at the peak and more. They weren't disappointed in Betty.

I don't believe she ever disappointed anybody in her life!

THE END

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February Photoplay



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Our Customers Participate in Gifts

(Continued from page 47) doughnuts at Chock Full o' Nuts. I always enjoyed them. Why should I stop enjoying them just because I make a hit picture?"

Although Kelly's contract with M-G-M is as a producer-director, he sees no immediate likelihood of his taking advantage of the terms. For the present he intends to confine himself to acting and devising and executing dance numbers.

"When I'm too feeble to walk around the set or emote, I'll probably direct," he says. "When I get real tired, I'll produce. They're very nice about all that at Metro."

At thirty-three, Gene Kelly is quite possibly the youngest performer—if not in years, at least in attitude—working in pictures today. There is about him and his artistry the wonderment of childhood, the sad searching loneliness which seeks companionship in the fairyland of the imagination. It is an abiding, cherished faith in make-believe. It is the thing that Chaplin had. It is the steadfast refusal to admit that there is no Santa Claus. When you consider the ones who are so patently youthful, Kelly's youthfulness becomes all the more shining and unstudied. For all too often the patently youthful ones are really old beyond their years.

ON the other hand, there is Kelly and his imagination, which is as big as the world, and is pure childhood and, as such, is just about the nicest thing on the screen today. It is well for all of us that Kelly has had the persistence to induce producers to give his imagination free rein.

When he was making "Cover Girl" he tried to explain a novel dance idea to one of the executives. "I get in a conflict with my conscience," he said. "I struggle with my alter ego and throughout the whole number I dance with myself."

"You dance with yourself?" said the executive. He looked at Kelly queerly for a moment and then began to shake his head. "So you dance with yourself," he said, and turned and walked away.

Fortunately, however, Kelly's enthusiasm finally prevailed and the result was the high spot in "Cover Girl." Similarly, the dance which he does with animated cartoons in "Anchors Aweigh" was approved only after Gene had argued fiercely in its behalf.

Kelly is convinced that Hollywood has only begun to explore the possibilities of fantasy. He would like to make some such children's classic as "Heidi" with a child actress like Margaret O'Brien. In this he is as much a business man as he is a visionary and, as proof, he points to the enormous popular success, not only of his own numbers, but of practically anything to Disney. As further proof, he could point to the way in which his Columbia recording of the cartoon dance is selling. It will doubtless continue to sell for a long time too. For fantasy is timeless and its appeal is universal.

If, however, Kelly, the artist, is devoted to make-believe, Kelly, the man, is just as firmly repelled by it.

Off the screen, he neither looks nor behaves like a Hollywood personality. He is good looking, but not handsome. His clothes are neat without, however, making him a candidate for a list of the best-dressed men. He has a nice smile, uses expressive profanity and is shorter than he looks in movies. He is a hot jazz fan. He graduated from the University of Pittsburgh but he does not look particularly like a college man. His one concession to his calling is an occasional show of concern over a balding spot on the back of his head.

Kelly and his wife, a pretty redhead who, as Betsy Blair, was in "Panama Hat-tie" and "The Beautiful People" on Broadway, bear slight resemblance to a typical Hollywood couple. Although she wears a mink coat, she wears bobby socks and saddle shoes with it. Their Friday nights in New York are not spent at vaselined El Morocco. They are spent instead at Polish Hall, a dilapidated Greenwich Village building where a lot of earnest couples who have taken the trouble to learn English gather to do strenuous folk dances. It is worth noting that at Polish Hall, the Kellys are treated like any other couple with the price of admission.

The Kellys' parties, which are uncluttered by celebrities, are largely given over to a fiendish game called Indications in which one person acts out the title of a book, play or song in pantomime. On a recent occasion Gene was trying to act out "How Green Was My Valley." His pantomime was not especially communicative to his side and finally someone shook his head in disgust and said, "Kelly, you're a lousy actor."

"Sssh," said Gene, putting his finger to his lips. "Don't let Metro hear you."

"Don't worry," said Betsy. "I'll always love you even if you can't act."

"You!" said Gene with a mock sneer. "You and that good notice George Jean Nathan gave you."

ACTUALLY, Betsy, did get a laudatory notice from Nathan. It was for her performance in "The Beautiful People." When it appeared that Gene would be shipped to Okinawa with a photographic unit, she decided to join a road company of "The Glass Menagerie." She changed her mind, however, when the atom bomb made his trip unnecessary. At the moment she is considering several play offers to return to Broadway.

Kelly himself would like to get back on Broadway when he is released from the Navy. Metro, for its not entirely unselfish part, is all in favor of this, provided, of course, that it owns the movie rights to whatever vehicle Kelly chooses. Right now it appears that it might be "Futurosy," a musical which takes place in the year 2046. It is sheer fantasy, of course, and, as such, Kelly's dish. His name in the cast would be a pretty good guarantee that it would have some marvelous dancing. Kelly is probably the most accomplished dancer in show business today.

Kelly himself would deny this heatedly, however. He is convinced that any such distinction belongs to Fred Astaire. He looked upon his chance to dance with Astaire in "The Zeigfeld Follies" as the most extravagant compliment ever paid him. Perhaps it is this quality which gives him such understanding of the typical movie fan. "They see you and they think, 'My gosh, a movie actor!' That means, as far as they're concerned, that you got a million bucks and make love to Rita Hayworth every night. Wonderful, isn't it?"

A few months ago a teen-age boy to whom he had just given his autograph in the lobby of the M-G-M building on Broadway said to Gene, "What's Rita Hayworth like in person, Mr. Kelly?"

"Rita Hayworth," said Gene in a reverent whisper, "is just like your sister."

A mist came over the boys eyes and for a moment it seemed as if the beauty of it all were too much for him and he was going to cry. Kelly turned to his companion. "You see what I mean," he said. "I know Rita Hayworth, so I'm a very important guy. Wonderful, isn't it, being a movie star."

THE END

Surprise Ending

BING CROSBY, Starring in "Road to Utopia," a Paramount Picture

(Continued from page 33) struggles of John Hodiak's youth.

"Perhaps your family doesn't approve of John?" I asked, remembering the story I had heard that the elder Wright, upon being told Anne had made up with Hodiak, remarked: "What? That peasant?"

"That's ridiculous," Anne replied and her eyes flashed with the first strong emotion she had shown. "I have met John's family and they are charming, warm people. My parents know John and like him. Because we were born in different walks of life wouldn't make one bit of difference if I were ready to marry. But you see," she remarked with a return to her hitherto unruffled poise, "I'm not."

"Unlike many other girls in pictures who have married actors and been very happy, I can't quite convince myself that two careers in one family would work. Actors have to be self-centered. It's part and parcel of being a success in any line. But in acting, particularly, you have to concentrate on yourself—everything from your waistline to your next role. When both husband and wife are so occupied, it is a terrible strain on marriage.

"On the other hand," she added quickly, "if I ever really fall in love with an actor I'll marry him."

In a way I hate to write that Anne has no intention of marrying John because he is so desperately in love with her. I remember when she broke with him the first time how he went to the desert and saw no one he knew for weeks, how he never dated another girl.

I've watched them together so often in cafes—Anne so poised, John so ardent in his devotion. It is my opinion, verified now by Anne, that this girl has never been in love. Not with John who loves her so much, not with Bill Eythe who carried so bright a torch, not with young Oliver Thorndyke. Not with any of them.

It is also my opinion, not verified by Anne, that she would be a much greater and more charming star if she could fall in love. She began so promisingly. At one time I thought she was going to be the young Katharine Cornell of the movies. Then she seemed not to be getting anywhere fast while little Jeanne Crain and June Haver at Anne's studio seemed dramatically to be going past her. Neither Jeanne nor June is a better actress. Yet there is a warmth about them. Whereas Anne is the most difficult girl I know to penetrate beneath the surface of acquaintanceship. She has the reserve of a debutante well born and of an adored child always handed everything on a silver platter. If I seem too harsh in my judgment of Anne, I don't mean it that way.

I guess what I actually mean is that I would like to get John Hodiak off in a quiet corner and say to him:

"Look here, young man, you're going about this the wrong way. Try sweeping her off her feet. Make her jealous by flirting with another girl. But do something, anything, except sit there mooning at her."

Dealing with Anne is dealing with a very independent young lady who lives all by herself and who likes her life as a bachelor girl. If it's to be John who wins her away from her present "perfect arrangement" he has work cut out for him.

But one of these days I have the feeling Annie is going to fall all the way in love and these men who have dreamed about her even after she says it is finished may get out a very old, very favorite record, "I cried for you, now it's your turn to cry over—somebody else."

THE END



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JO KAYE INC., ST. LOUIS, MO.

(Continued from page 49) he'd been in love with her since their initial handshake.

Kay took the news in shocked stride. "Why, Jack," she gasped, "you never even called me by name the entire year!"

Jack blushed. "I was afraid you didn't like me," he mumbled humbly.

On the air Jack's always the patsy. A wise-cracking, fast-talking, smug kind of guy who always gets tripped up. His roles on the screen fell neatly into the same pattern. Not long ago he wore his "animated gag" label quite proudly. Then he wound up with the role of the suicidal husband in Warner's "The Hard Way," and found himself being patted on the back quite congenially by the critics. He covered up for that one by referring to himself as the Burbank Charles Laughton.

But the laughter and excitement soon died down and Jack went back to his musicals and his rivet-gun delivery.

DIRECTOR Mike Curtiz, looking for the right actor to lend charm, warmth and that wonderful, intangible human element to the second husband's role in "Roughly Speaking," thought of the great comic's late bid for dramatic fame and took a chance. Rosalind Russell seconded the motion and one of the most charming pictures of the year was made with Jack as co-star.

Jack turned in a performance that had audiences alternately holding their sides with laughter and weeping into their kerchiefs. A guy who can wrap human emotions around his bulky little finger like that is an actor to be reckoned with.

Jack was pretty pleased. Not with himself. But with the picture as a whole. And the fact that its great audience reception proved one of his pet theories.

"I say this sincerely," he says, waving his tremendous hands in the air, "and I don't refer to myself in particular. But I believe that a good, straight comedian is a much better actor (when he's playing straight) than a 'heavy' actor, because he's been schooled in the art of timing and because he has to have a tremendous feeling for lines and the exact way in which to deliver them in order to convulse an audience. He has to work hard and honestly for laughs. It's tougher than you think to make a group of people let down their reserve and whoop.

"I set out to make a go of drama because I wanted to prove to myself that my theory was right. And I think I have."

If "Roughly Speaking" hasn't proved it, nothing ever will.

Jack still has a soft spot in his heart for the script—and for Mike Curtiz.

"This may sound corny," Jack says warmly, "but I don't think that basic talent ever changes. It's what you do with it that counts. Sometimes you work with a director who lets you get by with little pieces of business that you think are pretty swell. But they usually smell up the projection room. Another guy—like Mike—can take the same little gags and polish them up into a smooth performance.

"That Mike—" he says, with the typical Carson grin, "there's my favorite man."

Jack furnishes no bait for the gossip-mongers' hooks. He's a family man—and loves it. His self-imposed standards are so down-to-earth, they bear repeating:

"I believe in the Golden Rule," he says with complete sincerity. "You know—'Do unto others. . . I don't think there's any other way to live, even though it's not easy sticking by that code in Hollywood.

"To me the most important things are keeping my self-respect and personal integrity. If those remain intact they automatically take care of everything else."

Jack's personal world revolves around Kay; Jackaboy, aged four (the Carsons' first edition); Germaine Catherine (the March 23rd second printing).

"Germaine was a week old," Jack says, "when I introduced her to Jackaboy. 'Here,' I told him, 'is your new baby sister. She's yours. You've got to see that she gets the proper care.'"

No child psychologist's plan, but Jack's own idea to give Jackaboy a sense of being needed, despite the small, new baby.

"My kid always has an early breakfast," Jack says. "Then he sits with me while I eat. We share toast and peanut butter (I like peanut butter for breakfast!). Jackaboy took his toast the other morning and started out of the room. I asked him where he was going. 'I'm going to give half the toast to my baby,' he told me." Jack grins. "Gee, he's a wonderful kid.

"We've got a great place for a kid," he goes on. "Two-and-a-half acres. Nothing gaudy. But for me it's pretentious. We have a front and back garden and a World War II vet to take care of it. The deer come down from the hills every day and Jackaboy's trying to make pets of them. We have what he calls 'coyotitty bow-wows.' He's heard them howl and he thinks they're great. The house itself isn't really big. About ten rooms. Comfortable and roomy. We've been buying stuff slowly, making sure we got exactly what we wanted. What with short-ages, it's been a long pull. The living room is still bare. But we don't mind.

"Postwar plans?" He looks thoughtful. "Well, better call them post postwar plans. They're still awfully nebulous.

"I'd like to buy my father's old house on Lake Pewaukee in Wisconsin. Sure," he says proudly, "where else? It's near the school where I'm going to send Jackaboy. I don't especially want him to go through college. Degrees are great if a guy really wants them. But I want Jack to be an unhampered kind of kid. If he wants to be an actor, I'll be happy. It's an ideal life and how else can you make more dough more easily?

"Until all that gets around to happening," he laughs, "there's always my pal Dennis (Idol of Millions) Morgan, the golf course, maybe another good human picture." In all a pretty good set-up for a big guy with a bigger heart.

The End

Photoplay Fashions

Be dramatic in this black wool dress designed by Troy Stix. The red leather shoulder strap attached to the black attache's bag stresses the diplomatic trend so important in fashion this winter. Also in brown. Sizes 8-18. About \$65.

At Bloomingdales, New York, N. Y.

Jersey beret by Madcaps. In all colors. About \$5.95. At Bloomingdale's, New York

Modeled by Paulette Goddard, star of United Artists' "The Diary Of A Chambermaid"

For stores where this hat and dress are available see page 78.

Photoplay Fashionous



Here Clare Potter, one of America's foremost designers, achieves the always-to-be-desired casual look with a long-sleeved blouse fashioned from an amusing print and a velveteen skirt. Sizes 10-18. About \$45 at B. Altman and Co., New York, N. Y.

Both dresses worn by **PAULETTE GODDARD**, famous for her typically American chic as well as performances like her *Celestine* in United Artists' "The Diary Of A Chambermaid."

pats





Blue is romantic . . . Corselet belts are a high fashion note . . . And there's subtle charm in this Jeanne Barrie dress of rayon crepe styled by Winfield. Available in rose, gold, aqua and navy. Sizes 10-18. About \$12.95 at Arnold Constable, New York, N. Y. Worn with this dress are Baum Martin skins. Hat by John-Frederics, Inc.

For other stores where the dresses on these two pages are available see page 78

All Photographs by Ben Studios.



Pastel jerseys are in great favor . . . This dress of Wyner jersey styled by Rae Mar, accented with leather buttons and belt and draw-string cuffs, is flattering and oh-so-wearable. Available in yellow, pale blue, cherry and shocking pink. Sizes 9-15. About \$23.00 at The Halle Bros., Cleveland, Ohio.

Worn by **Anita Louise**, charming star of Columbia's "The Bandit Of Sherwood Forest."

For other stores where this dress is available see page 78

Vicki Lynn

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

for the New Year



Bright girl with a bright future.

Blouse illustrated in white only. Sizes: 9 to 15 Juniors. About \$3. At leading department stores.

Photoplay Fashions



Blue again—one of this winter's favorite colors . . .
A Joan Miller two-piece dress of J. P. Steven's worsted . . . with a gay little peplum at the back of the jacket. In pale green, pink or yellow. Sizes 9-15. About \$22.95 at The May Co., Los Angeles, Cal.

Neither snow nor rain can mar this coat of brown lambskin. It is finished with the Winslow plastic process—the latest news in furs. Sizes 12-20. About \$139.00 (plus tax) at Mandel Brothers, Chicago, Ill.

All wool white turban with gold paillettes by Madcaps. Available in all colors. About \$5.95 at The Halle Bros., Cleveland, O.

Under your fur coat—a Kay Whitney print with a soft French look. Available with a green, pink or blue background. Sizes 12-20. About \$6.00 at Crowley, Milner Co., Detroit, Mich.

Pamela Britton, the vivacious blonde who stole Frank Sinatra's heart in M-G-M's "Anchors Aweigh," models these Photoplay Fashions.

*For other stores where these clothes are available
see page 78*



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Romantic date blouse with quaint lace trim and sweet pearly buttons. Angel white only. Sizes 32 to 38.

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Photoplay Fashions

shown on preceding pages are available from Coast to Coast in the following stores

Black wool dress

Boston, Mass.—Jays, Inc.
Brooklyn, N. Y.—Abraham & Straus
Dayton, O.—The Rike-Kumler Co.
Los Angeles, Cal.—The May Co.
San Antonio, Tex.—The Vogue, Inc.

For shop in your city write:

Herbert Sondheim, Inc.
530 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y.

Red beret

Boston, Mass.—Wm. Filene's Sons Co.
Cleveland, O.—The Lindner Coy
Indianapolis, Ind.—H. P. Wasson & Co.
Philadelphia, Pa.—Bonwit Teller, Inc.
Portland, Ore.—Chas. F. Berg, Inc.

For shop in your city write:

Madcaps
28 West 39th St., New York, N. Y.

Print blouse and velveteen skirt

Baltimore, Md.—Schleisner Co.
Chicago, Ill.—Martha Weathered
Memphis, Tenn.—Helen Shop
Philadelphia, Pa.—Mrs. Franklin Shops
Washington, D. C.—Julius Garfinckel & Co.

For shop in your city write:

Chas. W. Nudelman, Inc.
550 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y.

Blue dress with leather belt

California—Hale Bros.
Chicago, Ill.—Mandel Bros., Inc.
El Paso, Tex.—Popular D. G. Co.
Memphis, Tenn.—Goldsmith's
Washington, D. C.—The Hecht Co.

For shop in your city write:

Jeanne Barrie
128 West 31st St., New York, N. Y.

Jersey dress with leather buttons and belt

Chicago, Ill.—Chas. A. Stevens & Co.
Evansville, Ind.—De Jongs, Inc.

Indianapolis, Ind.—Wm. H. Block
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Kaufman's
St. Louis, Mo.—Famous & Barr

For shop in your city write:

Rae Mar Juniors, Inc.
2570 Superior Ave., Cleveland, O.

Two-piece blue dress

Chicago, Ill.—Carson, Pirie, Scott & Co.
Cincinnati, O.—The John Shillito Co.
Denver, Colo.—May Co.
New York, N. Y.—Bloomingdale's
Seattle, Wash.—The Bon Marche

For shop in your city write:

Rhea Mfg. Co.
1983 South Allis St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Fur coat

Boston, Mass.—Wm. Filene's Sons Co.
Cleveland, O.—The Halle Bros.
Milwaukee, Wis.—Ed Schuster & Co., Inc.
New York, N. Y.—Arnold Constable

For shop in your city write:

George Altman Co.
333 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y.

White wool turban

Indianapolis, Ind.—H. P. Wasson & Co.
New York, N. Y.—B. Altman & Co.
Portland, Ore.—Meier & Frank Co.

For shop in your city write:

Madcaps
28 West 39th St., New York, N. Y.

Print dress

Dallas, Tex.—W. A. Green Co.
Des Moines, Ia.—Yunker Bros., Inc.
New York, N. Y.—Gimbel Bros.
Philadelphia, Pa.—Gimbel Bros.
St. Louis, Mo.—Famous & Barr
San Francisco, Cal.—The White House

For shop in your city write:

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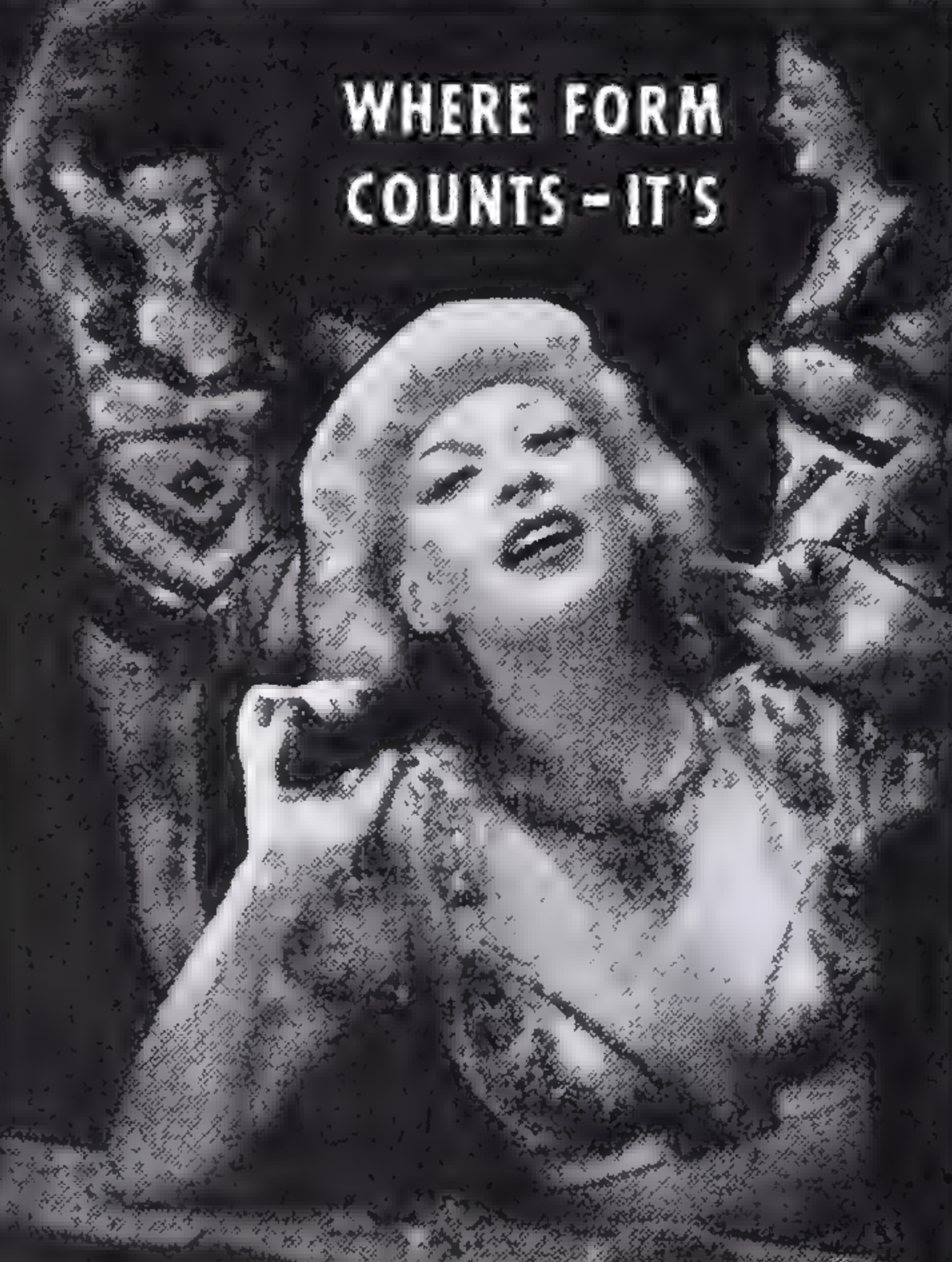
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"Follow The Girls." Here, too,
Peter Pan bras share the spotlight.



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BRASSIERES · GIRDLES

Johnny Jump-up

(Continued from page 52) the fact that they had a dancing-actor on their hands, an up-and-coming Gene Kelly for which any studio would give its eye teeth. Hasty conferences were held; Johnny was summoned to the studio and given acting tests. Three pictures were lined up for him. Johnny had been planning a trip to Rio de Janeiro to fulfill a night club engagement, but he had to cancel that. Johnny had arrived the round-about way. It took a B picture at another studio to win him recognition on the home lot.

Until recently Johnny has led a pretty mixed-up life. Uncertainty and frustration played an important part in his boyhood—partly due to the fact that he was the only boy among seven children. He was literally in the middle, with three older sisters and three younger.

His mother was ambitious for the older girls to go on the stage. This was odd in view of the fact that there is no theatrical tradition in Johnny's family. When his sisters showed no inclination for a stage career it never occurred to Johnny's mother that a male member of the family might fulfill her dreams. In the early days in Montreal, where Johnny was born, the boy was left pretty much to his own devices. His parents took it for granted that when he graduated he would follow his father into the railroad business.

JOHNNY didn't graduate from school. He discovered an irresistible lure in the Scottish bands which used to parade the streets of Montreal and in the kilted Highlanders who would break into the wild gyrations of the Highland Fling. The music of the bagpipes sent strange vibrations through Johnny's arms and legs.

One day in the presence of the family at home he broke into the routine of the Highland Fling. His sisters gaped and his father looked on with a faint disgust but his mother took it differently. In spite of her astonishment it dawned on her that perhaps here in Johnny were the potentialities she had looked for in vain in her daughters. Johnny was nine at the time. He was promptly encouraged to keep on with his specialty.

Four years later a national competition in the Highland Fling was held in New York. Johnny was taken there by his mother and he walked away with first prize.

Johnny's mother was convinced that he was destined for show business. Johnny was brought back to Montreal to study dancing. But Johnny's father was skeptical. What assurance was there that Johnny could make good in the unpredictable world of the theater?

This conflict between Johnny and his father became more serious in the next few years, and when it was finally resolved, it carried an element of tragedy which has left its mark on Johnny.

Johnny and his father had a quarrel. It was at the time Johnny had made up his mind to go to New York and seek a career. His father had argued against it. During the argument, Johnny almost struck his parent. He stopped himself just in time. There was bitterness between them but they remained on speaking terms. The father came home one evening and said he had just seen a movie. He urged Johnny to go and see it. The picture was about a boy who did not get along with his father. They had a fight and the boy struck his father. A short time later the parent died and the boy, overcome with remorse, changed his ways.

The parallel was obvious to Johnny but he made no mention of the picture. Instead, a short time later, he left for New

York as he had originally planned. Time went by and Johnny was struggling without much success. He had not written his father nor heard from him. Then one day his father came to New York and looked up his boy. Johnny, filled with remorse, asked his father to forgive him. They had a reconciliation and to celebrate they went to a restaurant for dinner. Johnny recalls that in spite of their reconciliation there was an inexplicable sadness about that evening; he remembers too that the orchestra in the restaurant played 'Auld Lang Syne' as they were leaving. The next day the father returned to Montreal. Three weeks later Johnny received word that his father had died.

It was coincidence, of course, but Johnny has not been able to shake off the feeling that the incident had a fatalistic touch. Especially because on the day he was notified of his father's death Johnny signed his contract with Paramount.

You might get the idea from this that Johnny is a moody person, given to foreboding and to fits of gloom. As a matter of fact, he's a sensible, practical-minded, hard-working, fun-loving lad. He mixes these various qualities because he has a variety of interests.

AT the studio they'll tell you no one works harder than Johnny. Joe Lilley, Paramount's musical arranger told me he had never worked with a smarter fellow.

Paramount executives who don't want to be quoted think that Johnny Coy is as good with his feet as Gene Kelly, Fred Astaire or Paul Draper. He is most frequently compared with Gene Kelly, probably because of the expertness of their tap dancing and also because both are regarded as actors as well as dancers.

In spite of the comparison with Kelly, Johnny's real hero is Fred Astaire. When Johnny was thirteen he saw "Flying Down To Rio" and from then on made Astaire his model, and has never missed one of his pictures. He thinks so much of Astaire that he is afraid to meet him. The opportunity came recently when a friend offered to take Johnny to the Astaire set and introduce them. Johnny begged to be excused. He preferred to keep his idol on a pedestal.

Off the lot and away from work Johnny is happy-go-lucky. He lives in a modest apartment not more than a stone's throw from Hollywood and Vine with his pretty sister, Molly, who came on from Montreal to keep house for him, remind him of his appointments, sew buttons on his shirts, and go out with him to parties. Johnny doesn't care for night clubs or the jitterbug joints; he prefers making music with a few friends like Robert Walker and Margaret and Barbara Whiting, or pushing back the rugs and jumping.

He has a 1942 Ford which is constantly breaking down, not through any fault of the car's, but because its owner forgets to put oil in the crankcase or neglects to check the water in the radiator tank. It is rumored he once left the car out all night and someone stole its engine.

He considers that he owes what success he has achieved to Mary Martin more than anyone else, for it was during the brief run of that ill-fated show, "Dancing In The Streets" that his dancing won Mary's admiration and caused her to wire Buddy De Sylva, to keep an eye on Johnny. After the show closed Johnny was engaged by the Copacabana, New York's smart night club and it was there that De Sylva saw him and signed him up.

Mary Martin can take a bow for Johnny Coy who is taking plenty of bows on his own.

THE END

Mythical Maria

(Continued from page 45) From the day she arrived in Hollywood, Maria knew she was no flower born to blush unseen, but she could see that she might easily be one, if she didn't do something quick. For arriving at the same time were the famous foreign stars, Michele Morgan and Signe Hasso, whose \$2000 a week made Maria's \$125 look mighty small. The papers were full of them and Maria told an acquaintance, "Brother, have I got myself a job! But I promise to you within three months from now you won't be able to pick up a paper without seeing Maria Montez."

Three months later a New York columnist wrote in PM, "Who in heaven's name is Montez? I can't pick up a paper without her. I know she goes out with all the wolves. I know she never has time to read a book. Or doesn't she know books are written?"

Within a few months things were mucho Montez. Like her ancestors, the Spanish Conquistadores, Maria had set about conquering Hollywood. She prepared for battle with no holds barred. She girded her loins with a leis, rode magic carpets in filmy nothings, rubbed the magic movie lamp and was soon given an "open sesame" in movieland.

She became so valuable to the studio that on one occasion when she had a stormy session with the New York office, prompting them to wire Hollywood saying, "Can't something be done about Montez?" the studio wired back, "Are you kidding? She's made us \$5,000,000 in two years. And you're trying to tell Montez what to do!" A little later they gave her a \$25,000 bonus instead.

SHE recognized that Hollywood is a show town—and that you must give them a show. Like the pink-spangled circus queen who draws the eyes of all to the top of the big tent, Maria sparkled and spangled too. She drew the press to her like a magnet, talking colorfully in phrases that make them look like better writers than they are. She paused in doorways of night clubs giving photogs her sexiest smile.

Typical of the hard-working Montez was this first campaign, in which she used the same rules for success that she uses now—courage, self-confidence, hard work and enthusiasm. "Enthusiasm is most important," she says. "I always put every bit of enthusiasm into any picture I'm going into. I go in and do the best I can do."

"Everything I want I get," she says. "But I work very hard for it. And San Antonio helps me. Most boys and girls think they can come here and sit and let everybody work for them. You've got to give."

She's keeping San Antonio pretty busy now with "deals" about the baby expected in February. If it's a boy, it will be named Claude, after Jean Pierre's best friend, Claude Dauphin, well-known French actor.

If a girl, it goes under the historical name of Marie Christine, after the famous Spanish Queen from whom Maria herself is descended. This she learned only recently when the government sent her a claim to enter for some property in Spain, going to the heirs of Fernando Munoz, Duke de Riansares, second husband of Queen Maria Christina, who it seems was Maria's great-grandfather.

"Now I know where I get all my spunk!" was Maria's first comment. "I know always there is a title in the woodpile somewhere."

Maria is a very positive person in her likes and dislikes. She minces about noth-

ONE MOTHER TO ANOTHER

Think of the improvements that are helping modern mothers raise healthier babies. For instance, wider knowledge of infant nutrition, strict care in sterilizing babies' utensils, and — not the least — the introduction of prepared baby foods.

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ing. She has moods and mads. Either very high or very low. And a high temper that frequently goes off—always at the wrong time. She gets very discouraged because she doesn't have better control of it. It isn't uncommon for her to say "I hate you!" to an acquaintance, just on the spur of the moment, and then later on at home that night lament to Jean Pierre, "Why do I do that? Why do I say I hate them when I like them? If only I didn't do that."

"You must control it, *Chérie*," he consoles.

And she does—until the next time.

She never thinks, lives or acts in a small way. She's very big-hearted, generous, despises stingy people, goes into childish enthusiasm over any thoughtfulness extended her and has for her best friend at the studio the wardrobe woman, who shadows her devotedly, and would swing a wicked scissors at the slightest word against her.

SHE gives the studio lot a shot in the arm whenever she comes on. There's always the feeling that with Montez about something will happen. It usually does. They miss her friendly "Hello, my pet," that can be heard on a clear day . . . way out on Lankeheim Boulevard. When she checked back on the studio lot recently to make wardrobe tests for "Tangier," she urged George Waggner, the producer, to start the picture immediately, because of her impending blessed event. "Why?" he asked. "Are you fighting against time?" Said Maria significantly, "No-o-o—against volume!" It was all over the lot in an hour.

"Tangier" marks a milestone in Maria's career. Her "unveiling" into a modern dress role, something she's fought for for so long. For this one, in which she portrays an international thief, she has *chic* clothes "right from the Rue de la Paix," she says, excitedly. "The most beyoooootiful negligee. And eight hair-dos. Very *chic*."

This is her first picture since the three month's suspension, which with true Montez forthrightness she took rather than star in a period Western after she'd been promised a modern role. "I want to get away from fantasy," she said. "My royalty begins to bore me a bit. I want to play a down-to-earth girl." So she was promised a modern part.

"I have made eight costume pictures and I feel that is enough," she says. "By over-using the hen you can stop the golden egg. And I don't want to stop that for a long time." That's another one of her requests to San Antonio—to take care of the golden egg.

Both Jean Pierre and Maria will tell you that she is very psychic. "I have fantastic things happen to me," she says. She's been able since childhood to sense things about people she loves. When Jean Pierre was injured in a jeep accident in which his general was killed, Maria wrote him from Hollywood, "I feel like a hunted animal. I'm afraid something happens to you. I cannot eat or sleep. I am so unhappy waiting to hear from you . . ." It was the same day of the accident.

She's a great believer in astrology. So much so that the noted astrologer Carroll Righter is almost a member of the family. He influences just about everything in their household but the cats.

Maria says she regulates herself by astrology. "I follow it like a barometer. If it says rain, I take my umbrella. If sunny, then I take nice cool clothes. It has helped me a great deal. In moments when I feel very low, I look at my chart and realize that it is only a cloud—and there is a silver lining. Good days follow bad ones."

Recently, Carroll Righter startled her by

saying he wouldn't be surprised if she has twins. "You have a double sign—Gemini—a double personality. Gemini often have twins," he said.

"Oh no!" said Maria. "It is too hard to get one of anything now." Referring to baby clothes.

She will tell you that her Gemini and Jean Pierre's Capricorn are very lucky for each other. You don't have to know this to know that the marriage of the dashing, gay, blond French star and his dynamic dark Maria is a heavenly thing. Something was in mid-heaven at the right time all right, but whether it was a planet or just Jean and Maria looking at each other across a table at "21"—you have a feeling that there's a lot more than astrology that's right with their marriage. That they're so much in love they could throw the whole zodiac away.

There's a tender gaiety about them. An almost reverence in the softness of Maria's "Yes, *Chérie*," and Jean Pierre's "My pretty one" . . . "My angel . . ." "*Mon Bijou*."

Ask him what Maria is like and he says, "Contrary to reputation. Just exactly what people think she is not. She thinks very deeply, has great depth, is interested in writing, painting, music and religion. They do not know the real Maria," he says.

And Maria: "I love my Jean Pierre very much. He is a wonderful person and I am a very lucky girl."

THEY complement each other, the fiery, moody Spanish girl, and the gay young Frenchman, with the unruly blond hair that he hates to comb and doesn't, when he can get by with running his fingers through it instead. He's fairly loaded with charm, not of the hand-kissing variety, but a sincere friendly gallantry.

He's most thoughtful about presents, sends Maria roses on the thirteenth of every month (their anniversary), as well as on practically any other day. And he spends much time designing golden clips, bracelets or rings to have made up for her, "So she will have something different from any other woman," he says proudly.

There's no career jealousy between them, nothing but pride in the accomplishments of each. Jean Pierre likes women who have individuality and personality, who do things. And Maria is very proud that he is playing opposite Ginger Rogers in "Heartbeat." "It is very good for him. She is very big," she says.

They have many tastes in common. Both like to read. Both spend much time writing, Maria in the upstairs bedroom typing on her religious novel and Jean Pierre down in the study working on his "Diary," which he kept while serving overseas with the First Free French Army.

Parties are the one point on which they differ. Jean Pierre loves large parties, crowds of gay people. Maria doesn't. "I don't like people in multitudes," she says. "I like a few people. Lunch with a girl friend maybe, but not big parties . . ." But comes an invitation, Jean Pierre says happily, "Let's go." And they go.

With the tender concern of any mother, Maria watches over her three attractive sisters, Adita, nineteen, Consuelo, eighteen, and the blonde Lucita, seventeen, whom she worships and sent for to come from Barahona in the Dominican Republic to live with her.

Maria is so proud of them, loves to buy them pretty clothes, approves their boy friends and will tell you that they are all very well behaved girls. "You may not be good for anything," she told them, "but you can at least be good."

When Jean Pierre came home from the wars, Maria thought it might be wise to get an apartment for the sisters. "You cannot do that!" he protested. "That is

ridiculous. It is all so very gay!"

Gay is a mass of understatement. It is indeed gay. Très gay. Quadruple gay.

They all live in Beverly Hills in a spacious rambling Italian-style stucco house with green shutters, red tile roof, olive and poplar trees and masses of purple Bougainvillea, that Jean loves because they give "the feel of France."

Over the front door is a little grilled balcony that Jean Pierre refers to as "our Mussolini balcony where you make speeches." You can imagine the surprise of the conservative Ronald Colman, whose estate faces the balcony, if he ever made one. And you can also imagine Jean's doing it.

While he is internationally outnumbered, four to one, Jean Pierre is the undisputed Monarch of the Montezes. The tri-color flies high. Along with their beloved "Santa Lucia," you'll hear them giving out with "La Marseillaise," around the piano. And you hear the sisters going around the place singing bits of a gay little French song Jean Pierre is teaching them, "Il M'a Dit Je Vous Aime" ("He Told Me I Love You") in their Spanish French. "Sing eet, Ba-bee," they beg him. Then he teaches them another line.

In the evenings you'll usually find them all gathered around the combination record player in the den, playing their beloved Spanish records with the rolling guitar rhythm, with the sisters ad libbing, rumba-ing, snapping their fingers.

Maria, looking very pretty in a colorful taffeta housecoat, will be getting into a Spanish groove. "Isn't that dee-vine?" she says. "Pretty sexy, what?"

"You play those Spanish things all day and night. You drive me crazy!" says Jean Pierre. But he snaps his fingers too.

This is the home of the un-mythical Montez, who looks around her at the gay group she loves and tells San Antonio that night, "Maria is a very lucky girl."

The End

*What's most important
for her to know?*

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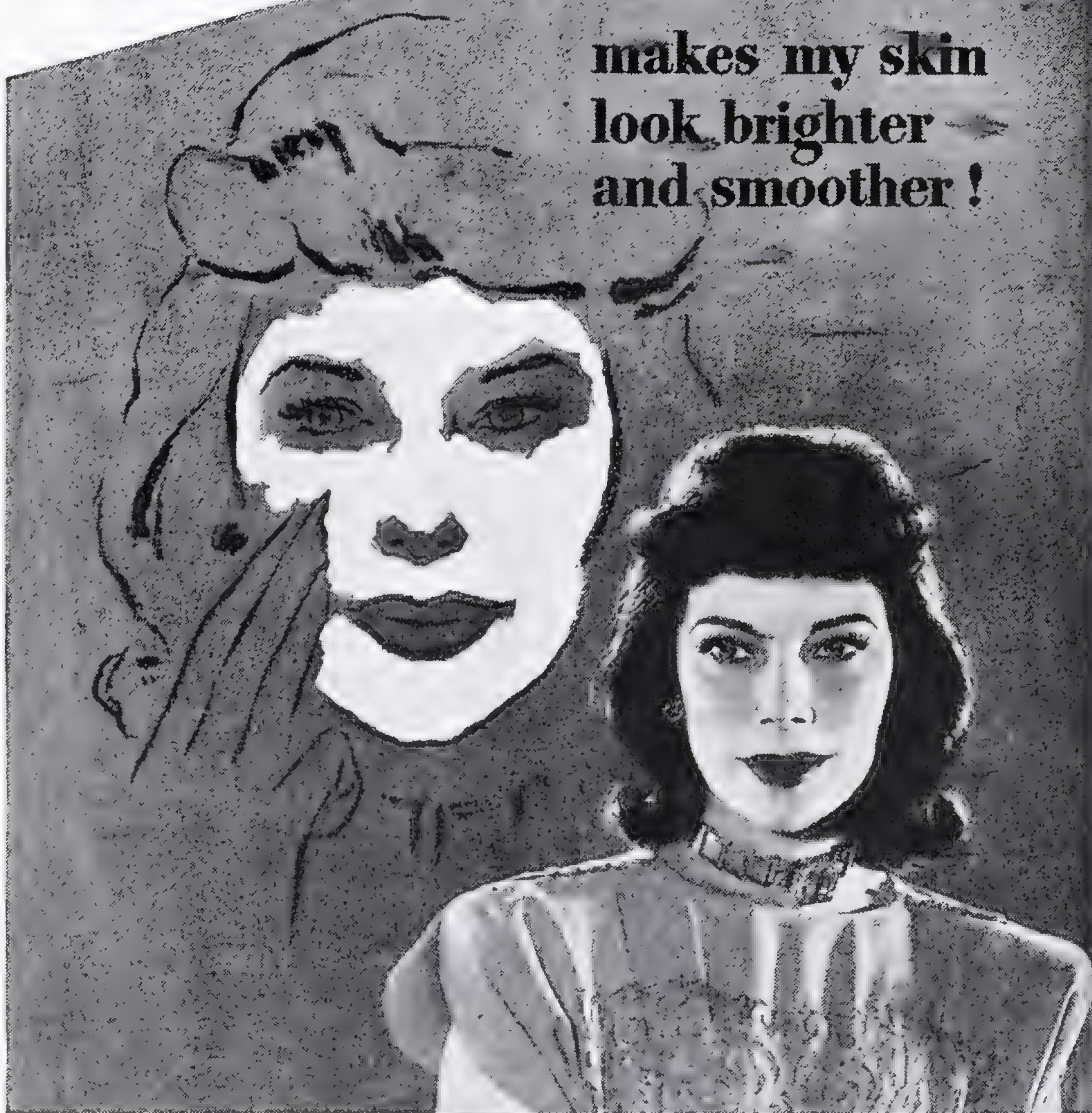
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If You Were Frank Sinatra's House Guest

(Continued from page 59) then you notice Frank's breakfast companion. It's his five-year-old daughter Nancy Sandra, and as Frank introduces you, she bobs a polite curtsy. She's in a fresh pink dress, with a matching pink bow in her hair, and she informs you easily that she always has Sunday lunch while her Daddy eats his Sunday breakfast.

It's some breakfast, you observe to yourself, as Frank continues to put it away—prune juice, bacon and eggs, toast, cereal and coffee. (But you haven't been around Frank long enough yet to find out he eats enough every day to satisfy four people—and none of it ever finds a spot on his lean, slight body to cling to!) While Frank is still eating it and talking excitedly to you about this beautiful lake situation for a home, John, the butler, ushers—with complete dignity—a whole covey of awe-stricken toddlers out of the house and onto the lawn. Nancy Jr. greets them glowingly—all of them are her neighborhood friends. Solemnly she introduces each small fry separately to her father, who just as solemnly acknowledges each introduction. Then they all pull up chairs and sit gaping soulfully at Frank, their chins barely reaching the table-top. Finally, one boldster can stand his self-imposed silence no longer. He lisps, "Mister Thinatra, on your nexth Hit Parade, would you thing Wove, Wove, Wove?"

That breaks the spell—all the toddlers begin giving Frank advice and suggestions on his singing. And he sits weighing each suggestion until finally his wife makes her first appearance on the back lawn. Gaily she shoos them all down to the lakefront, to Nancy Jr.'s sandbox—which is shaped like no other sandbox in the world. It's sunk into the lawn with curved edges like a pond; and beside it are swings, see-saws and bars which Frank himself bought for Nancy Jr.'s fourth birthday—and himself set up. A high wire fence edges the lake's edge, for the children's protection.

BUT now you've forgotten the crowd of toddlers completely, for you're meeting Mrs. Sinatra . . . For she is one of the loveliest girls you have ever met. She has beautiful, thick black hair in a smart pompadour, enormous dark brown eyes and a snowy smile against a flawless tan complexion. She's a tiny person, five-feet-two, with a slim figure clad in gay Mexican-type clothes.

For a few more minutes the three of you sit there—with Frank pointing out his rose-beige colored sailboat, the Nancy I, moored to the landing. It was a gift from his good friend and arranger-conductor, Axel Stordahl. He also points out his green and burnt orange lawn furniture, which he himself bought. Suddenly, though, he has one of his flashes of nervous energy—he's on his feet, enthusiastically telling you he wants to show you through the newly-bought house. With his arm around pretty Nancy Sr.'s waist, he leads you through the screened-in porch overlooking the lake, to the living room. The porch itself is delightful, with its flagged stone floor and bamboo furniture.

The big living room has pale green carpeting and white plaster walls. Two wide matching sofas in dubonnet face each other over a low mahogany coffee table before the fireplace—which is set into a ceiling-to-floor section of flagstone. On the hearth is a set of old apothecary tools in burnished brass; and you also notice the vivid flowered drapes at the many French windows which are repeated in a big wing chair and in a tiny chair for Nancy Sandra.

The outstanding piece of furniture is the baby grand piano, on which are busts of

Chopin and Gershwin and a lovely old-fashioned china basin in blue and white, filled with California flowers. "None of us play, but Nancy and I longed for a piano," Frank says.

The tour of the house continues. Frank pushes you into his "den," which is a casual music room. It's completely paneled in redwood; and set in one paneled wall is a bar which looks like a half-barrel. The sofa and one chair are dark red leather, and there is a soft-hued Oriental rug.

BUT mainly you see music in this room—on the wall hangs a framed quotation from Schopenhauer: "Music is the only form of art which touches the absolute" . . . and there is a large, long, two-shelved bookcase packed solid with portfolios of symphonic recordings of the classics—one of the biggest privately-owned symphonic collections in America. Frank's only concession to popular music stands in a narrow shelf across the room: ten portfolios of his own recordings, made alone or with the Dorsey or James bands. But now Frank's dragging you to one of the paneled walls to show you the room's most prized possession—the two record turn-tables he himself set behind paneled doors, one for large records, one for small; and the loud-speaker, set above them into the wall.

"Took me hours to make it," he says happily. "And eventually, I'm going to set the speaker in the ceiling—so the whole room will be flooded with music, with the ceiling giving it resonance and sound." While he's talking, you notice the three silver trophies Frank has won for the past three years from Down Beat Magazine, as America's best vocalist. You also notice Frank's numerous pipe racks—bristling with some fifty pipes. And you can't miss his music-box phobia, in this room or elsewhere. Cigaret boxes, vases, beer steins, cocktail trays—all of them play tunes. There is even a cake plate which plays "Happy Birthday To You," and a blue milk mug for Nancy Jr. which trills out "For He's A Jolly Good Fellow" . . . and now Nancy Jr. comes in proudly lugging one of her Daddy's presents to her: A sky-blue organ-grinder music box slung over her shoulder by a strap. Grinning at you, she grinds out Brahms' "Lullaby."

"But why not all the music?" Nancy Sr. demands of you. "After all, this is the house that music built!" However, now you're interrupted by the Sunday swarm of Frank's closest pals—the Bill Goodwins, Elsa and Morris Stoloff (he's the musical director of Columbia Pictures), Axel Stordahl, Al Levy (Frank's business manager) and comedian Phil Silvers. All of you go straight through the sun-filled dining room, with you peering hastily at its wall-filling window that almost brings the lake into the house, at its rose-splattered wallpaper above walnut wainscoting and its truly distinguished Chippendale dining set. Next stop—the playroom.

The furniture in this room was brought intact from Frank's New Jersey home—and it was worth bringing 3,000 miles. There are two hickory barrels with round tops for tables and four barrel-chairs set around each one, cushioned in yellow, blue, green and red leather. The bar itself is dark brown hickory, too, with three high chairs of hickory drawn up in front of it. Plaid drapes in red, white, blue and green hang at the windows, matching the upholstery on a hickory couch. There's a slot machine, a juke box and a pin-ball machine. Here you all settle down for talk on politics and radio and Sunday supper; and from here you all go into the living room after dinner for singing and piano playing.

You're sleepy by the time everyone goes

home and glad to be led upstairs at last to your quarters . . . which are on the upstairs "play-deck" overlooking the moonlit lake. To reach it, you tiptoe through the pink and blue bedroom shared by Nancy Jr. and her aunt, "Tina" Barbato, who is Nancy Sr.'s attractive sister and secretary. On the deck proper, you find yourself looking down a long, narrow sleeping porch, with a red tile floor and three walls of windows. A white picket fence separates one end of the porch which is choked with Nancy Jr.'s dozens of dolls, playhouses and toys; the other end is devoted to a large, comfortable couch which is yours for your stay!

IN the morning, after you've recovered from the shock of waking up to a glistening lake view, you can't resist exploring the upper floor before you go down to breakfast. Why, you haven't seen the baby yet—two-year-old Frank Wayne Sinatra Junior! So you peek into his room, which opens off the end of your play-deck. There you meet his pretty nurse, Miss Hewett, as well. But the baby is as handsome as the nurse is pretty—he has velvety brown eyes and the widest grin you've seen. He lives in a cheerful room, too; circus scenes on the wallpaper above the white wainscoting, and the furniture is waxed birch.

You wander out again and pause on the threshold of Frank's and Nancy's room. The extra-wide double bed has a pale blue coverlet on it, from which peeps a rose and blue flowered chintz flounce that matches the drapes at the windows. The carpeting is a darker blue and the wallpaper has wide white and pale blue stripes. Nancy's dresser is heavy mahogany, with a choice collection of perfume bottles on a tray . . . but now she herself catches you on the threshold and she laughs and shows you hers and Frank's separate dressing rooms.

His is a dark paneled room, with rust-colored plaid wallpaper—and plenty of closet space behind sliding doors for his thirty-five sports suits; and room also for his many shoes. Hers has dainty pink and blue wallpaper and mirrors; and off her dressing room is the pale green bathroom with pale yellow fixtures.

By this time you've seen the whole house, and all of its dwellers—the four Sinatras, Tina Barbato, Miss Hewett and John and Fostina (she's the excellent colored cook). You'll soon and often meet Richard Lisella, who is Frank's good-natured secretary-chauffeur-companion—and who's in and out of the house as much as if he lived there. You know that he drives three cars—a station wagon, a black sedan, a green coupe.

You know that Frank finds energy in all the food he eats and that he likes spaghetti three times a week, fixed any way at all. You know that his midnight snack is always eaten in his den, with symphonic music flooding the room and Nancy sitting nearby—and that this is the only hour of the day when he's relaxed, and when they're alone together to discuss their family and their lives. You know that once in bed, he always reads for an hour—mainly biographies of composers.

YOU know that he's twenty-eight and Nancy's twenty-seven, though they both look like high-school kids.

You know that eventually he'd like four children, because he was a lonely only child; and that some day he'd like to be a discoverer of new talent in singing or instrument playing.

And you know that you thoroughly respect and like Mr. Frank Sinatra and all the Sinatras—and that you want to be asked back the minute you've left!

THE END



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The Amazing Miss Jones

(Continued from page 36) and still crosses them to make anything she really wants come true. The same impulsive wide-eyed girl with so much eager enthusiasm, who sees everything as though she's seeing it for the first time. Who believes in everyone, puts people she likes on pedestals and then dies inside when they fall.

This is the same girl who told us when she got the role of "Bernadette," "You have to believe in miracles to make them come true. Who am I to be getting a break like this? It doesn't happen in fifty years. There's no reason that it should happen to me, except a miracle."

We were lunching with her in the studio commissary just before the Academy Awards were announced and remarked conversationally that this was one time she could wear her fingers perpendicularly, just like everybody else, without lapping them. "You can't lose," we said.

"Oh don't say that," she said. And the cottage-cheese salad went unnoticed while she crossed both digits carefully. "You can always flop.

It's bad luck to be sure. Unless I'm not quite sure about something, it never does come out right."

Jennifer has the unusual beauty that always has people reaching for unusual descriptions. Her rich autumn coloring suggests that she is a "dynamic dryad."

She's intensely emotional, talks in fast little gushes and moves as though she were jet-propelled, with a breathless eagerness that gives the buoyant feeling of walking on clouds. There are no middle emotions, nothing but highs and lows. She can make a game of very hard work and enjoys people who are fast on the quip, likes to be kept keyed up and amused.

She has but one goal: To become a truly good actress. With the determination of her Sooner forefathers who planted their stakes in the Cherokee Strip, she's made a "run" of her own on Hollywood and won. She would tell you that the Oklahoma mistletoe hangs ever over her head—that she has verily been kissed by the Gods. "I've been very lucky," she says.

But luck has had nothing to do with the zooming career of this versatile star, who has run the gamut from saint to sinner on the screen and has to re-prove herself with every role, because she is so good an actress that many people believe she is the part. They said, "She is Bernadette. She's a one-parter. She'll never do it again." After "Since You Went Away," they said . . . "well—maybe two." "Love Letters" broke them down again. And they will quit counting when they see her as the volatile Pearl Chavez, who flames her way across the screen in the stormiest love scenes ever filmed.

She isn't superstitious other than that—even to the point of being married to Bob Walker in a red velvet suit, concerning which she wrote in the first biography she filled out, "My friends probably thought

it disastrous. However it seems to have brought me good luck."

She has been deeply hurt—because Hollywood reporters try to tear her personal life apart. She can't understand why people want to pry every emotion out of you and give them to a curious public to try on for color and size. And she's refused to discuss it, saying, "Things just happen and there's nothing that can be done about it. And that's all."

She's naturally shy and it embarrasses her very much to talk about herself. Though she will enthuse all over the place about Ingrid Bergman, who has always been an idol of her's, or over the ability of Gregory Peck.

RED CROSS headquarters will tell you plenty about Jennifer's Nurse's Aide work. The shift she took at the hospitals from 6:00 a.m. until noon. The way she stumped and pleaded for more Nurses' Aides in cross country recruiting drives. But it's been a closed topic with her.

structive ones, about money. "If I had a dollar I'd live on it. If I had a million—well—I'd live on that too," she says.

Which is why she now has a business manager who's doing his best to see that she won't ever have to live on one buck. She loves buying expensive presents, likes shopping for clothes and can't resist any cute little suits or toys for the boys, resenting it bitterly when the business manager sends anything back.

"I'm going to talk to him," she rebels. "But that's what you're paying him for," she's reminded.

"Yes, I know, but—"

Recently when her good friend, Anita Colby, lovely women's director of Selznick International Studios, lost a valuable bracelet, Jennifer gave her some prolonged advice about the importance of being systematic, lecturing her about how she should take better care of her things. Anita agreed with her. Then upon arriving back at her office, found a letter on her desk from Jennifer's old friend in Tulsa, Sister

Ursula, of the Monte Cassini School, in which the Sister reminisced about her "darling," as she calls Jennifer, saying, "I remember when she used to leave her change on the lunch tray, her boots behind the radiator, and when she first started to drive a car—you don't know how we all prayed in Chapel that she'd arrive all right."

Anita took one look at the "systematic" Jennifer—"Well, Miss Jones, what is this?" she said. Jennifer grinned, realizing that she'd been caught. "It's still a good idea," she said.

She calls Sister Ursula "one of the most understanding women and one of the most tolerant ever known." Nevertheless, she's a little worried over a letter she just received from the Sister, in which

she stated that she was glad she didn't do "Laura." "It's such a worldly part," she wrote.

"Oh . . . My!" wailed Jennifer. "Wait until she sees Pearl! I'll have to write and prepare her for it right now."

That she gives a bang-up performance as the gun-gal who rides the ranges with a carbine, proves just how good an actress Jennifer Jones is.

SHE comes from Tulsa where they know a little of the grapes of wrath, but much of the grapes of wealth. Despite the hardy tramping she did with tent shows, the circus her dad owned and the fact that the famous old frontiersman, Pawnee Bill, adopted her for his protege, Jennifer never did like westerns. She went for dreamy love stories. Sophisticated stuff. The only thing she ever wanted to ride was an elephant. And never did.

"I don't understand horses," she says even now.

Pawnee Bill, very proud that she made her first movie bow as what he called "a heroine in dramas of the fine old West," visited the set to wish her luck.

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She might tell you about the first time she ever made a hospital bed, doing everything wrong and drawing the sheets so tight the G.I. would've been bed-fast for life. He watched, shaking his head. "You haven't been here long, have you?" he finally said. Or about the tough Sarge who protested about any "dame" washing him. When he finally took a good look at her he said amazedly, "Whad d'ya know? Bernadette's giving me a bath!"

She's still a little self-conscious and gets stage fright in front of an audience. Parties with crowds of famous people sometimes scare her too. She's one of those who straightens her shoulders, remembers the Alamo and takes one last fast gulp before she enters the room. But once there, she never wants to go home and her warm smile and interest in other people make her the center of a group everywhere she turns. Plus the fact that she looks into their eyes when they're talking to her, instead of over their shoulders, taking in a fast census of the room.

Impulsive and generous by nature, Jennifer has no notions, that is no con-

But though she hung on to the horses and got through okay, she wasn't happy in Westerns. She wanted to stir the world in things like "Wuthering Heights" and you couldn't very well face *Heathcliffe* from atop a horse.

Later when she started "Duel In The Sun" and had to run and jump on horses, she wished she'd learned all the western tricks. She spent weeks learning to ride.

She took a great physical beating in this one. For the last scene, in which, she shoots it out with Peck, she crawled over the desert, through brush and cactus, over rocky crags, until her knees were bleeding and she was bruised all over. "When it's hurting you like that, how can you do it?" she was asked.

"I forgot about it. I was *Pearl*. If I'd felt it, I wouldn't have been. And it wouldn't be any good."

She's very sensitive, reacts to people instantly, feels instinctively whether they like her or not and anyone on the set whom she feels isn't "with" her throws her completely off.

Jennifer's the best customer the "Dog Wagon" on the lot has. Twice a day when she's working, they see her fast stride coming in their direction, and hurriedly slap on a hamburger "with." Hamburgers with onions are her favorite food. She's always hungry, sometimes eats five meals a day, and it's nothing unusual for the gate man to see her rush through at 6:00 a.m. wearing a chic suit and carrying a script and two bananas and apples under her arm. She seldom gains weight.

Possessed with a great flair for clothes, she prefers feminine soft dressmaker suits, usually in warm shades of honey, brown, blue or green, that complement her own jewel tones. She likes gold chokers, and sweaters with turtle necks, saying, "I love that high choky feeling."

It's hard for Jennifer to see bad qualities in anyone. She believes in people very much and won't listen to gossip at all, usually countering but fast with, "I think they're charming," even if she doesn't know the person who's under fire.

SHE'S a wonderful mother to Bobby, five, and Michael, aged four, beautiful children with dark hair, big blue eyes and pink cheeks. Perfect for quality, color and size—and definitely all man.

She spends hours dreaming up their future, sometimes worrying about them a little too. "Michael will be all right," she says, "he'll always end up head first. He can take care of himself. But I'm afraid some girl will break Bobby's heart. He's so kind."

They've never seen Jennifer on the screen, but they saw their father, Robert Walker, in "See Here, Private Hargrove," and marched around the back lawn for the next two weeks shouting orders, very military little men, with their little hats on the backs of their heads.

They were so thrilled about going to Tucson with their mother on location, because she told them there were Indians there. Then were broken-hearted when they went to a rodeo with their nurse and didn't see any. They greeted a tired Jennifer that night accusingly, "You said there'd be Indians," they said.

"Darling, we'll find one tomorrow."

"I want one now," said Bobby, sobbing.

"You can't expect Mother to invent one."

"I don't care—" he kept crying.

So later that night Jennifer and Anita scouted around town and bought some Indian headdresses and hung them over the bed posts of the boys' beds. At 6:00 a.m. the next morning two happy little warriors descended on them with a wild whoop, saying, "Look at me, Mom—I'm

an Indian. Look at me—"

Another time when she'd promised them a whistle to go with their little Keystone Cop suits, she spent hours combing the shops in Beverly Hills. "You wouldn't have a whistle . . . just *any* kind of a whistle," she said, wearily. Finally buying an air raid warden's rain coat to get the one attached to it.

They live in Bel-Air in a comfortable white house with green shutters, and a green lawn inhabited by a red scooter, a tricycle, a wagon, a small bar on which the boys work out chinning themselves and a large bar "for when we grow."

Recently when we were invited to tea Jennifer came rushing in breathlessly looking super sophisticated in a smart toast-colored wool suit.

Presently there was a babble of voices. "It's the boys home from school," she said.

"Hey, Mom, where's the surprise? Hey, Mom . . ." they called, then hit the front door like twin meteors, chasing a visiting cocker spaniel around the room twice, before they realized they had company.

"How do you do?" said Bobby, politely.

Mike eyed us gravely. "I can hang by my toes," he said.

"Where's the surprise?" they repeated.

Jennifer sent the nurse upstairs after it, explaining that this was "surprise" day. "We have special days," she said, "and this is the day I promised them a present. It's another scooter. I like them to share things, but they were so nice about the one I gave them last week that I got them another one today."

"Isn't it a nice surprise?" she asked them, looking at the red scooter.

We couldn't help thinking that no matter how many contrasts, no matter how many Jennifers, the one who crosses her fingers stays well ahead.

The End

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Discovery in "Blue"

(Continued from page 61) but so were the rooms!

His home is as chaotic as his theories, what's more. He lives in a charming two-story house. In its ten rooms by rights there should live only Bob's family—his wife Joan and son Allie, aged nine. But no. There are also five others: Charles Miller, a playmate of Allie's whose family has been house-hunting vainly for months; Bob's brother-in-law, Frank Brown; a cook-and-outdoor-worker named Harold Wolf; a governess-tutor for Allie named Miss Bush; and Joan's ten-year-old sister who lives with them five days a week for tutoring with Allie. Sundays, the Alda home is overrun with friends from burlesque days—Abbott and Costello, Phil Silvers, Red Marshall, Rags Ragland among them.

THIS environment of Bob's may sound bewildering to you; but to him it spells serene contentment. His personal history, as we've said before, is also perpetual motion. He began it with the slightly ro-coco name of Alphonso D'Abruzzo. (Once in show business he slapped the first two letters of both names together to make Alda, and tried to forget his past—until little Allie was born. Then Mrs. Alda promptly named him Alphonso Jr. and the cycle started again!)

Bob was the oldest of three children. Father D'Abruzzo was a barber who worked on United Fruit steamboats. When he finally decided that the only way to see his family was to stay home, he barbered at the Shelton and Barclay Hotels in New York City. Father D'Abruzzo, who was a gregarious man, liked to get his family settled around the dinner table for five hours at a stretch. After the meal was over everyone sat talking for hours until Mr. D'Abruzzo said, "How about a little music?"

That would be the signal for an unholy, though harmonious, uproar. Bob would spring to any one of three instruments—the piano, guitar, or clarinet. Sister Ann tried to get to the piano first. Brother Vincent settled behind his drums. Two uncles who played in a small harmony orchestra would get out their saxophone and banjo—and Father D'Abruzzo would pluck complacently at his mandolin.

And from this swarming home life, Bob went out into the city alone from the time he was five years old. At five, he once guided his grandfather home from Albany by train and subway. By the age of eight he knew the city like the back of his hand. He graduated from Stuyvesant High School effortlessly at the age of sixteen. Then he went to New York University where he studied architecture—for a reason: Father D'Abruzzo had talked his son Bob into a fine job with the excellent architect firm of Cross & Cross. He did it while shaving the brothers Cross. During his freshman year at college, Bob was blissfully happy—he was studying architecture in the mornings, and earning money by it afternoons. Everything was very fine indeed. Everything but the calendar. It was 1929.

When the smoke from the stock market crash cleared away, Cross & Cross were lying among the debris and Bob was minus a job. "Nobody wants me to work for a living—so I might as well sing for it," he decided. He then entered his first amateur singing contest—and shortly thereafter he won one. It was at the Manhattan Academy of Music, it was "Merely Mary Ann," and it was \$25. And Bob was ecstatic. He sang from then on for several years, always as an amateur, at contests, dances and weddings. When he wasn't singing he was working, first as a

clerk in a department store, then as a singing usher at the Orpheum Theater on 86th Street. There he met another singing usher, Frank Brown, and they discovered they lived in adjoining apartment houses. So they began journeying homeward together on the subway every midnight. Once on their block, Frank would say, "So long, Bob—gotta go eat the bedtime snack my sister's fixed for me."

But one night as he went absently through the delicatessen door he bumped head on into a heap of packages that was coming the other way—and when the packages had settled on the sidewalk, Bob discovered the loveliest blonde he had ever seen in his life. You can guess who she was—Joan Brown, Frank's sister. From then on, Bob spent his midnights hanging around the delicatessen waiting for a glimpse of Joan—until finally the Browns took pity on him and asked him to join them at their bedtime snack.

A year and a half later they were married—in as crowded a wedding as Bob's whole life had always been.

A year after their marriage Bob went into burlesque. "But, dirty or not, burlesque is full of the hardest-working, most serious-minded people in the world," Bob says now. "All burlesque actors want to buy a farm and retire—and me too! Which I finally did, after years and years." Bob was a veteran of ten years in the show world when he walked into his agent's office one day in 1943 and said, "What's new?"

"Only new thing I can think of is a talent scout from Hollywood—if that's new," said the agent. Neither he nor Bob thought that a screen test would mean more than a small stock contract. But once tested, Bob was instantly chosen for the role of Gershwin in "Rhapsody In Blue."

It was during the shooting of the picture that tragedy came to the little Hollywood cottage in which the Aldas were then living. After much dinner-table discussion, Bob and Joan Alda had decided to send small Allie to a widely known military school in Hollywood. Ten short days later as he started off to school he suddenly crumpled on the front doorstep. His parents learned at the emergency hospital that their only son was stricken with infantile paralysis. For months he was in bed; and then the doctor ordered the outdoor life of a farm until he had entirely regained his strength.

So that is why the Aldas own a farm. Now Allie walks as erectly as ever and next year he can go back to school. Meanwhile he tries to keep up with his father, who keeps the quiet farm in a turmoil.

Of all Bob's night-time laboring ordeals, Joan likes best to remember his Christmas Eve of last year. Late in the day, Bob decided Allie might like a playhouse for Christmas. No sooner thought than done. He began hammering together a small house, ten feet by seven. Its walls were knotty pine, its roof lipstick red, and inside were a little table-and-chair set and a brick fireplace. Naturally, "Santa Claus" stayed up all night to finish it.

The worst of it is that, though Allie liked it, he has enough of his old man's blood to want to convert it into a workshop immediately. This he did. He has now finished rigging up his first invention in it—a malted milk mixer which he built from scratch even to the motor. Any time his industry lags, he can look out the playhouse window and see his father hard at work—building a badminton court.

Only his father has one advantage over him: some night he'll stay up all night to finish it—while Allie has to go to bed with his own inventions half-done!

THE END

Song and Gun Man

(Continued from page 38) know takes down a lot of things—he hadn't been in yet. Could it be marriage? Maybe—from finding out that one wins more arguments in a lower key. Before I could launch a good snooping mission, Alan went into Uncle Sam's show, where the answer is "Yes, sir!"—no matter what quality of tone says it.

Time loped by. I saw the films the studio had saved to release while Alan was in service and decided one of my first post-war acts would be to find out whether only his voice had changed. Presto! Alan is invalided out—is making pictures again.

I called Paramount—this was just before Alan and the studio had their falling out—and learned Mr. Ladd was working on a very important picture—"Calcutta."

Going into Paramount Studio is like going home to me. Inside, however, there are many changes. Where once was a lovely open park with buildings built around it, there now stand buildings with nothing built around them but more buildings. Strange what success does to beauty. I was happy to see the dear little street of dressing rooms intact. It's a row of small houses—they've still got trees in front of them but the buildings across the way are already leering suggestively.

I walked along this half a block, which should be called "The Street of Stars," toward the Ladd's little house. Susie had said she would meet me there. Suddenly, ahead of me and walking like a dancer, was "Slim Hips" himself. The smile is the same, the heart still seems to be behind it, and the voice in casual conversation is just the voice of a man instead of the kid I said would make a good light comedian.

These little houses are done up to suit the occupants. Most of same have long leases with heavy options. Alan led me into his, with its fine old English prints.

"Gosh!" I said, "this is swell!"

"Susie did it all," said The Ladd.

"Where is she?"

"She'll be here. Want some coffee?"

"No, thanks." To myself I observed—Susie knows her stuff! She had told me she thought there had been enough written about herself, the baby, the home, etc.—I should write about Alan himself.

From twelve to one, Alan and I gabbed. I asked him what role he would like to play if he could have his choice.

"A good one," said my friend.

We talked about all sorts of things but every time I'd drag the conversation

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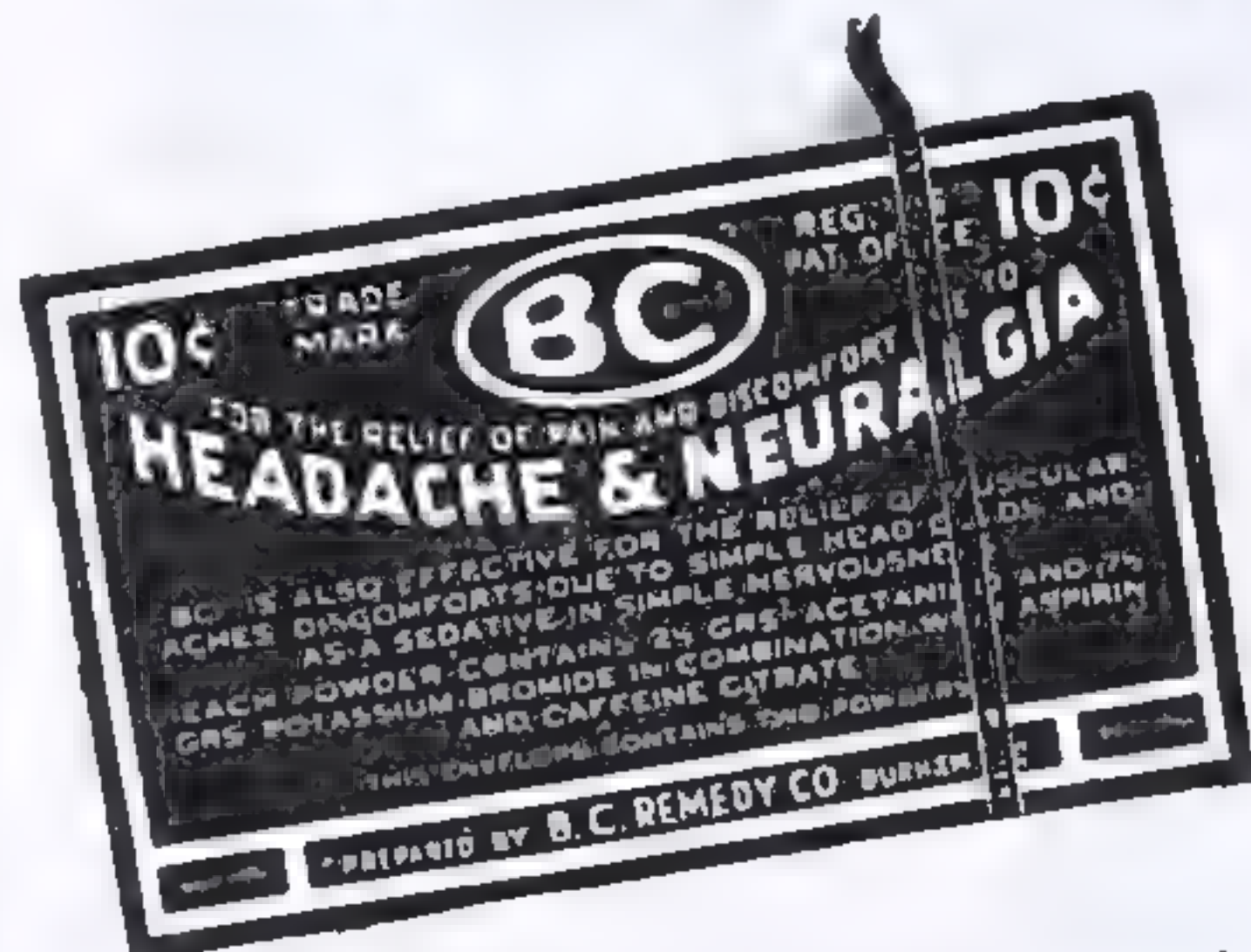


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around to Alan Ladd, the silence thickened. I said, "Alan, you seem a bit in doubt about yourself and what you want to do." "I'm far from that," he answered briskly, "I'll tell you what it is, Elsie. Things have been so unsettled for me as they have for everyone. Sue and I haven't been able to plan ahead for the last three years. We bought a lot in Holmby Hills, began dreaming up a house—then we heard I was to be called back into the Army again. They didn't accept me. I'm starting this picture with great hopes." Susie arrived before I could abuse him into further confessions and we went to lunch in the commissary. He's a "big shot" on the lot all right. I know the signs—a table was there in a packed room. It was not reserved because Alan thought I might like to eat in the dressing room. Sue thought I ought to see folks, as I go so rarely to studios. The table was there just in case someone, who rated it, had forgotten to make a reservation. Higher-ups stopped by—I said, "Ladd is doing all right, isn't he?" "A hundred thousand fan letters a month," was the answer.

FROM the commissary, we went to the set. John Farrow was directing. He is still that Johnny Farrow, who used to go down to the bottom of our swimming pool and stay there until my mother would start looking for something with a hook on it. Up he'd come, grinning and not even short of breath. It was fun seeing him.

Christmas Day in Hollywood

(Continued from page 29) the bathroom mirror off the wall," Van says, "put it on the floor and blanket it with white cotton for snow. Then he'd set up little stores and houses, steepled churches, railway stations and tracks, with electric trains running in and out." For a long time Van was convinced this was Santa's artistry. Then one Christmas eve Mr. Johnson, coming home early, was surprised to find Van setting up the little town. Whereupon the two looked at each other—and Mr. Johnson knew his freckled boy was growing up. Some stars will spend Christmas under the hot desert sun at Palm Springs. Others will drive to Nevada or Arrowhead for winter sports and snow. Still others will go home. . . .

THAT handsome young Irishman, Bill Eytz, hopes to get home to Mars, Pennsylvania. He adores to ski on Reservoir Hill with its beautiful view of the country covered with cold crusty snow. Christmas carols he sings with his family when they return from midnight mass. He even loves the colored shirts and striped ties he receives although he wears only white shirts and solid colored ties. Clark Gable will spend the holidays in New York or Florida. The ranch again will be closed. When Carole Lombard was alive the ranch was a festive place at Christmas. The other night the Gable ranch saw its first party in several years with Clark entertaining about twelve of us at a charming buffet supper. Among the guests were Victor Fleming who directed "Adventure," which brings Clark back to the screen, Diana and Bill Powell and Mrs. Jay (Dolly) O'Brien. We had barbecued lamb that was delicious. I asked Dolly O'Brien—it's with her and her large family that Clark will spend the holidays—if she and Clark would marry. "We're much too old friends to marry, Clark and I," she answered. Semi-tropical California never pre-

A scene was being rehearsed. They went over it again and again. "That's roughly it!" says Farrow. "Roughly" is right—it's one of those typical barroom fights but with the Caste of India on it. The Ladd is stepping lightly around the set between rehearsals, singing "Bell Bottom Trousers." The gang seems to like him, which I like. All the success in the world means nothing if the folks, who help you make it, are not for you. The Ladd does all his own fighting, spurning a double. I asked Susie if she wasn't afraid something would happen to his "pretty puss." "He knows most of the tricks," she said, "And, anyway, I don't hang around the set all the time like this. I've got lots to do between the baby and. . . ." "The baby is enough, I imagine," I said. I stayed until they finally took the scene, then thanked everybody for a lovely time and started to depart. As I was leaving, the producer of "Calcutta" was saying to Alan, "You sing, don't you?" The Ladd allowed as how he did. "How would you like to do a musical?" said the producer. Wouldn't it be funny if I was right about my Song and Dance Man? After all, why shouldn't Ladd have a little fun? Though he hasn't been a "great" long, I think The Ladd will be able to take it. I mean success. If the head is not turned by the first three hits, and it certainly hasn't been, it's a pretty safe bet that the old crown can settle down in perfect safety. The Ladd's got a mighty nice head for it. THE END

sents a proverbial Christmas scene. The snow is artificial when Santa moves down Hollywood Boulevard in that \$25,000 sleigh that has been in storage for the duration. The sun is hot. Poinsettias grow wild instead of in pots fluted with crepe paper. But the spirit of Christmas is wholly real. John Payne plans to be the biggest kid of all. This is his first Christmas at home in a long time. Vividly he recalls another Yuletide—a Christmas eve he spent on a troop train. It was jammed. Some cars carried civilians. War wives, with six- and seven-weeks-old babies, were hurrying to get to their husbands by Christmas Day. Some of the babies were crying. The troops were sleeping four deep in the aisles, with Johnny on the bottom of the stack part of the time. Fourteen Negro soldiers were aboard. As the darkened train whistled mournfully across the country the Negro soldiers began to sing, "Holy Night, Silent Night." And, suddenly, Johnny wasn't as homesick for Christmas in Hollywood as he had been. He knew there's only one place to celebrate Christmas—in your heart. This year, because Gloria De Haven Payne's baby is expected about the twenty-fifth of December Johnny is happily planning three trees, one for their living room, one for Gloria's pretty bedroom and one for the hospital, just in case. Above all Johnny and Gloria would like twins for Christmas . . . a boy, Michael, and a girl, Kathleen. Robert Walker will spend Christmas Eve at Jennifer Jones' house decorating the tree for his sons, Bobby, five, and Michael, four. Although Bob and Jennifer are divorced, Christmas continues a very happy and cooperative occasion in their lives. Joan Leslie and her folks open their gifts early Christmas morning. Later, however, at their big dinner table, there are more presents—but strictly the gag variety. "It depends," Dennis Morgan says, "upon how long we can keep Stanley, Kristin and Jimmy in bed what time presents are

opened in our house. Usually it's not too long after dawn. After breakfast, comes church. I sing at Hollywood's First Presbyterian."

Frances Langford sings in church on Christmas too, always.

June Haver got a card this year—as she does every Christmas—that made her cry. . . .

One Christmas Eve, years ago, when June was a little girl, she visited a children's hospital in Cincinnati and sang carols. All around in the dusk eager children in beds and wheel chairs listened to her sweet young voice while a pseudo log on a make-believe Yule hearth cast shadows on their faces.

At the far end of the room, however, a large screen shut off one bed.

June sang "Jingle Bells," "Little Town of Bethlehem," "It Came upon the Midnight Clear" and finally "Silent Night." The children loved it. But there was no movement of any kind and no sound from the bed behind the screen.

Later June received a letter that read: "Thank you, Child, for your singing. I won't forget it, ever. You see, my little boy and I were behind the screen there at the end of the ward. He was terribly ill but begged so hard to be at the entertainment that we wheeled his bed in that far. While you sang "Silent Night"—like an angel—he passed on."

"He was smiling. I'll never forget it or you."

And she never has. Every year June gets a Christmas card that says, "Thank you."

THE Lawfords—Peter, Lady Lawford and Sir Sidney—are looking forward to this Christmas in their white bungalow out Westwood way. It will be a very different Christmas from the first they spent in America, in Florida. Most of their friends in England were in the war. The Lawfords had no money; they felt terribly cut off, and alone. Peter's present for his mother was two gold fish from the dime store.

This year, however, they'll sing "Good King Wenceslas" before a fireplace in which California eucalyptus logs will burn. There'll be presents all round. And, as in England, all will join in mixing the plum pudding; with everybody making a wish as they stir the ingredients in the large vat with a huge wooden spoon. Then Lady Lawford will drop in the proverbial shillings and half crowns and sixpence.

"I used to eat myself sick," Pete says. "trying to get a piece of the money."

For Lionel Barrymore, Christmas is a day of memories. On the day before Christmas, some years ago, his wife died. So Lionel spends the holidays quietly now, between church and home. His only activity is his Christmas Eve appearance for the reading of Dickens' "Christmas Carol" over a national hookup. . . .

Judy Garland and Vincente Minnelli, both of them darlings to whom I'm devoted, haven't planned where their tree will stand because carpenters, paper hangers and painters have taken over their beautiful house which must be enlarged to accommodate the expected baby. Judy and Vincente are sure of only one thing—they'll have a tree; even if they have to set it up outside in the middle of their badminton court.

Randolph Scott always has his best friend, Cary Grant, for cocktails on Christmas afternoon. And after a mid-afternoon dinner the Scotts usually drop over to Bob Hope's or Bing Crosby's. It's at high noon, however, that the Scotts hold their big celebration. An eggnog party for the cowboys with whom Randy has played in Westerns!

A wonderful, magical day—Christmas!
THE END



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My Hollywood Friends

(Continued from page 34) "Thank you."

Esther: "Are you Susan Peters?"

Susan: "Hmmm hum."

Esther: "My gosh, all I've heard since I signed with Metro is Susan Peters. You see, I'm coaching with Lillian Burns and she thinks you have so much talent, so much dramatic instinct. . . ."

I suddenly noticed that my eyes were open, as though someone had thrown water in my face and that this gal had realized I was grumpy about something and was going to snap me out of it! Well, I unburdened my soul and confessed that I was unhappy about the test because I knew I was wrong for it—bathing suit or no bathing suit. I noticed that she was right for it. By the time we both had our faces on we were good friends.

"I hope you get the part," I concluded.

"I hope I get it too," came the honest answer, "but if I don't I hope you get it."

I was right about that test. Esther in a bathing suit was like the invention of talking pictures and her water technique caused a new sequence to be written. It involved an underwater kiss that no other girl in pictures could have done and which nearly killed Mickey Rooney!

PEOPLE are inclined to think actors are alike and that we see each other constantly. It isn't true. Particularly when a player is new and rising. You rush from picture to picture, coach to coach, studio to home, to work, and so on. That was true of Esther and me in 1941.

Nevertheless I kept hearing of the Williams legend that was building up around the studio. There was the classic story concerning one of the most stellar of Metro's personalities. Esther bumped into him one day. "Hi," she cried, "you sure look handsome with your teeth in!" He stopped and gazed at her aghast. "Migawd! You mean to say they show?" It killed Esther. It killed the whole studio when the story got around. The point is that Esther didn't know the gentleman went in for store-boughten choppers! Her crack had been meant only as a 'hep' greeting—no malice aforethought. Incidents like this are as regular as breakfast, lunch and dinner with Esther, who swims in where most folks fear to tread.

Esther has learned to be serious about her career. I think the "acting business" was more or less a lark to her at first. But it so happens that this "acting business" is a highly competitive field. Esther had spent her life as a swimmer, making a show of highly competitive fields and this new-found profession presented another race

to win. She will knock herself and everybody else out to be best and best she will be. It was this quality I believe that turned her from a beautiful doll who called herself "just a stale swimmer" into a trouper who can stand up against Bill Powell and co-star with him in "The Hoodlum Saint."

This sense of competition led her into some pretty funny situations. She once told me about her first important date. She and her boy friend set up a swimming date. Esther raced him to the end of the pier, plunged in the water, and headed out to a float about a mile away. She glanced back and saw the boy following her. She swam faster. She looked back and saw him still following. She swam faster. The third time she looked, the poor guy was heading back for the pier at a slow dog-paddle!

That ended a beautiful friendship.

But even this blow could not dampen Esther's spirits for long. For she is the healthiest, most buoyant personality I have ever known. She loves all sports. She likes practically everyone. She never tires. But with it all she never gets excited—without some good reason for it. Most important of all, Esther's health is mental and psychological as well as physical and her good humor, lack of fear and hatred of pretense are expressions of it.

The only time life for Esther wasn't a clear-cut matter of black and white was in the matter of her marriage to Dr. Kovner. To those of us who watched her she had the air of earnestly working at a task that confused her. Dr. Kovner was intelligent and very charming, but the fundamental incompatibility between them was quite obvious. That's not true with Esther and Ben Gage. These two frolic around together, always in the same laughing mood. By the time you read this, I expect they'll be married and I personally think they'll be very happy.

In conclusion I would like to add that the only competition in which Esther comes out second best is the race with Father Time. I am one of those punctual nuts. Six o'clock means the hands straight up and down to me. To Williams, six o'clock means quarter to seven and, more often than not, eight o'clock or even ten or even tomorrow. This leads to her eating dinner around elevenish rather than seven. This makes her hit the downy more often at two than at midnight so she averages about four hours sleep per night with the result that she always looks absolutely fresh, perfectly groomed and never tired—which isn't right, but it is Williams, and that's very right, isn't it?

THE END



Engaging: Esther Williams and Sgt. Ben Gage dine out and talk over their exciting Mr. and Mrs. plans

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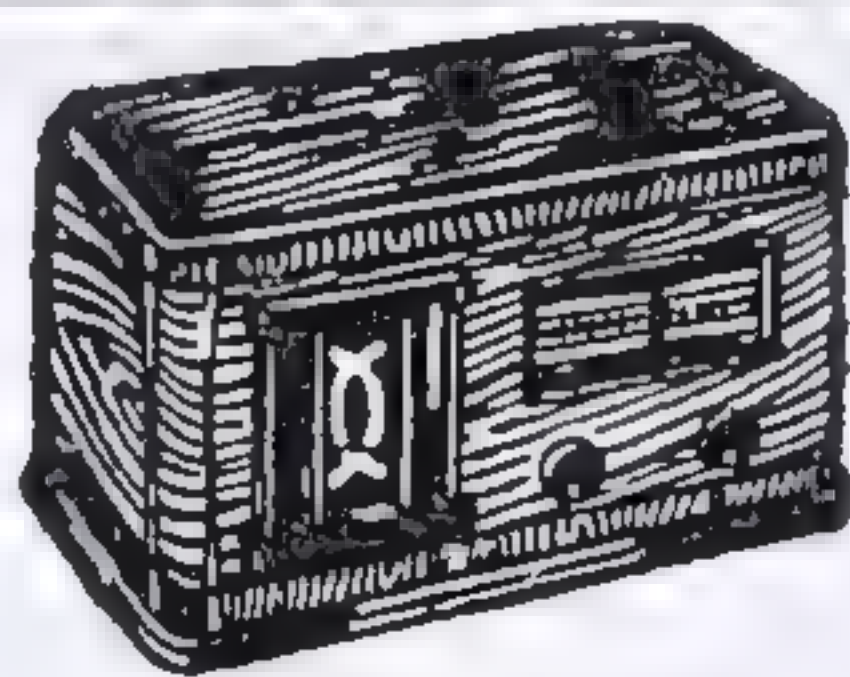
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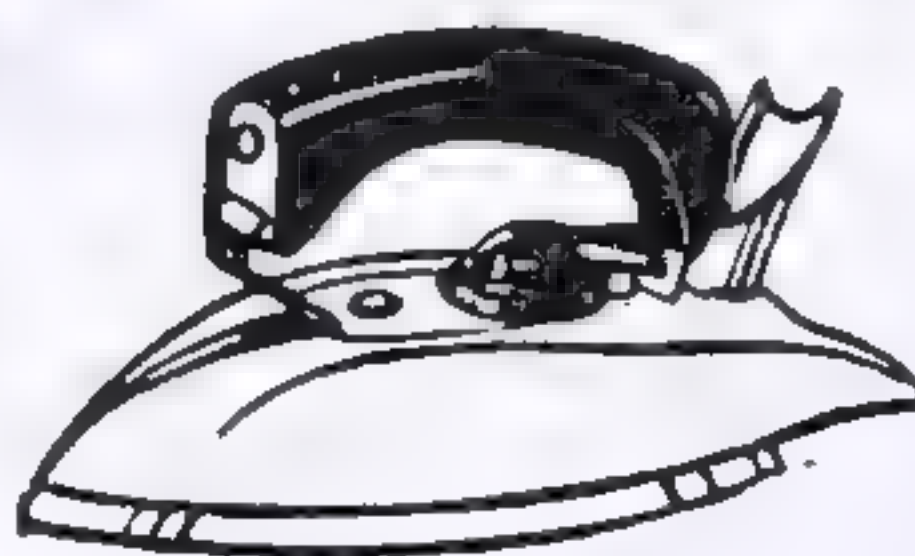
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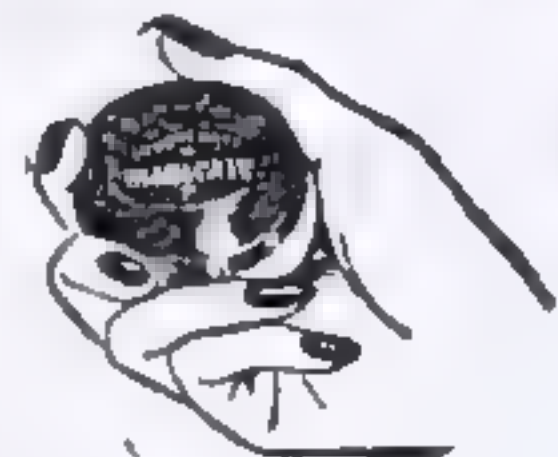
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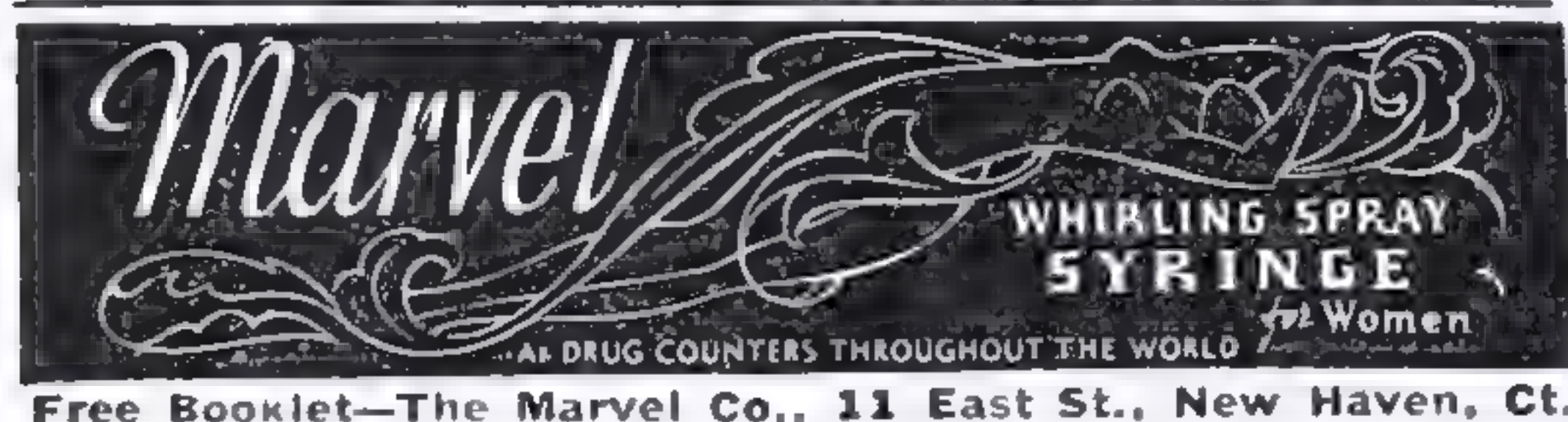
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Maggie's Scrapbook

(Continued from page 51) comes a time when a gal gets tired of being a perfect lady all day, and it makes her "feel at home," she says.

Unfulfilled Ambition: (This year) To be a lady jockey, like those she saw in Mexico. (Last year) To be a war-nurse. (Before that) To be a nun and attend church every day at the Shrine of Guadalupe.

Report Card: Memorizes the pages of her schoolbooks so fast teacher has to think up trick questions to be sure she is reciting from knowledge and not "by heart." Even so, Maggie wishes "school would last longer every day."

Current Crush: Roddy McDowall, who sent her a note signed "Love—" and made her blush, and who, when she autographed his copy of "Our Vines Have Tender Grapes," kissed her on the forehead. Which is different than having grown-ups kiss her in the commissary and which she'd be happy if they wouldn't do.

Tragedy Of Her Life: The day Francesca, her canary, flew out the window and never came back. She is trying very hard to love the three canaries she has now, because they can't help it if they are "very homely," and not smart enough to ride on her shoulder the way Francesca did.

Preferred Pals: A cocker spaniel named "Maggie" after herself, who can stand on her hind legs and dance; a collie named "Laddie," who can't do anything because he's made of imitation fur, but gets a place on her pillow every night.

What Makes Grown-ups So Puzzling: Because they can't see at a glance when she comes to breakfast wearing a sheet and carrying a lighted candle, that she is being Bernadette—and because they make her put down the candle long enough to eat her egg. And because they don't understand that when she's playing an imaginary bull-fiddle and singing, she's "having a baby—" like June Allyson did, in "Music For Millions." (She's decided, after seeing how easy it is, someday to have a very large family, all babies.)

Actress She Wants To Be Like: June Allyson—to talk like June, walk like June, and "be" June. For awhile she was afraid she would grow up to "be" Hedy Lamarr (which is no reflection on Miss Lamarr, except that she doesn't have blonde hair).

What She's Apt To Be: A complete success in the romance department when she's ready for it. Mostly because of that deceptively fragile look, like a piece of thistle-down ready to be tossed by any strong wind, which even now has the male sex always protecting her.

Most Unconscious Talent: An ability to mimic anything or anybody.

What's Nice About Being A Pin-Up Girl: Getting souvenirs from the fighting men. A German helmet, a compass off a ship and some rosary beads from a G.I. in Italy are her most treasured.

Current Excitement: The promise of one of Lassie's pups, soon to arrive by litter.

What She Has No Idea Of: (Because Mother won't let anyone give her such notions) that her first major role in "Journey For Margaret" was one of the greatest emotional performances ever given, even by an adult. That she is the Smallest Great Dramatic Actress in the world!

THE END

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She's Impact

(Continued from page 57) complexities of Elizabeth Scott will begin to reveal themselves here. And that there will be more exciting impacts as Elizabeth matures.

"I WAS a peculiar, precocious child," she says. "When I was thirteen, I used to watch Deanna Durbin on the screen and feel like a complete flop. She had done so much; I had done nothing. Also, I had a complex about my voice, which was deep even then. I went from voice teacher to voice teacher trying to become a coloratura soprano."

Lizabeth's second major frustration was Tallulah Bankhead, an extremely healthy actress. After drama school, Lizabeth was Miss Bankhead's understudy in "Skin Of Our Teeth." For seven months, she sat from 7 p. m. to 11 p. m. and Miss Bankhead never turned up ailing. It was enough to shatter a girl's faith in the common cold. Eventually Lizabeth quit, having played one performance in seven months.

She lived part-time in her small room and chiefly at El Morocco, "Listening to all the dull talk. I said, 'Look here, little Scott, we have got to do something about you.' So I began hitting the streets at 10 a. m., haunting producers."

"One day I met a girl on the street and she said, 'Say, why don't you model?'"

It's sad, but Lizabeth can't remember that girl's name. Her entire career hinged on that remark.

"So I went to Harper's Bazaar and they took pictures and I didn't know what to say I was worth. A friend told me \$15 was tops, so I said \$10. That was \$10 for one hour. I had worked two hours. Twenty dollars. Pretty wonderful."

Just two years ago on her birthday eve, Lizabeth went night-clubbing for what turned out to be practically the last time.

"Two men stared at me from an opposite table. Flattering, but I thought perhaps they stared a little too hard. Finally, a waiter came over and asked if Mr. Hal B. Wallis could have my name. I was so untutored then that I had never heard of Mr. Hal B. Wallis, but I sent him my name—and he and his friend burst out laughing. The friend was Irving Hoffman, the columnist, and he came over to explain. Mr. Wallis had been told I might be a good bet and he intended to see me the next morning at 11 o'clock. They were laughing at the coincidence."

Lizabeth went home at 2 a. m. and the following things happened:

A bird flew in her window and scared her. She telephoned the management and said she was being attacked by a monster.

A telegram came bidding her to report next day to play the lead in "Skin Of Our Teeth" in Boston.

And the message confirming the appointment to see Hal B. Wallis appeared.

She sent him the following telegram:

LIFE IS CHAOTIC. MUST LEAVE FOR BOSTON TO PLAY IN SKIN OF OUR TEETH. WHAT NOW?

She left for Boston.

UP to this point, she had been known as Elizabeth Scott. On her way to Boston, she dropped the "E" because that made her name come out in thirteen letters. She believes thirteen is lucky. "Anyway, it's better showmanship," she says. She was a hit in Boston, returned to New York with clippings, a small reputation, no work and no reply from Wallis.

Lizabeth's mother, who lived in Scranton, Pennsylvania, and is a patient woman, decided at this point that Lizabeth had better settle down and become a proper young lady. As strategy, she cut her allowance to \$10 a week. This was

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to encourage Elizabeth to forget New York and the stage.

It was November, and the fashion photographs taken the previous August appeared in Harper's Bazaar, five pictures in all. Elizabeth received another telegram:

SAW PICTURES IN HARPER'S BAZAAR. ARE YOU INTERESTED IN COMING OUT FOR TWO WEEKS? EXPENSES PAID. CHARLES FELDMAN.

When an important agent sends for a girl who isn't working, the girl goes. Elizabeth arrived with \$30. She was rejected by no producer who tested her. They were all interested. They all said something would turn up. She saw Hal B. Wallis again, before he left Warner Bros., and he said he was interested. But he could do nothing at that time.

"I did a little modeling and I had \$200 when I gave up all hope and made a reservation East. I was practically on the train when a call from Mr. Wallis's office stopped me. He gave me a one month's option, until he could start his new organization at Paramount. It wasn't too encouraging, but he picked up that option."

And starred her in two pictures. She prefers motion pictures to the stage. "The theater is basically good, basically wonderful, but actually, the stage is as prescribed as—well, as a fourteen line sonnet. It's traditional and can't change."

SHE is fascinated by color, as the most casual observer can see by the way she dresses. If her sweater, which she wears as if sweaters were invented for her alone, is blue, her kerchief is three other colors.

It is natural to ask a twenty-three-year old girl if she is in love. Are you in love, Elizabeth?

"No. But I want to be." The suggestion was made that Elizabeth would be a lot of fun to be in love with.

"I would want to be in love with a man who would love me so intensely, so—so, well, I will fall in love some day and I will be very much in love indeed."

She suddenly opens her eyes, says: "But it hasn't happened yet. Almost. I am pretty analytical. I look the man over sharply. No, I don't mean to see if he deserves me, but to see if he could share an intense love like that..."

Elizabeth will admit that she is a good self-appraiser. "Sometimes I am flabbergasted by my own instincts. They reveal themselves to me with shocking clarity. My family was too analytical, almost too well informed, if that's possible. Too tenuously intellectual. I want to be warmer than that. I still take little Scott by the scruff of the neck, and say, 'Look here, little girl, what are you doing?'"

"A long time ago, I used to say a thing. I know now that it was valuable. I said: 'I don't know how, I don't know where, I don't know when, but I will.'"

"A bromide, perhaps. But I said that many, many times and I'm not ashamed to say it now. I've learned that a thing like that is psychologically important."

At one time, before she made up her mind that she would become a star (it never occurred to her to dream about being merely an actress—she dreamed about being a star), she was fascinated by a lady reporter, name of Dorothy Thompson. What might have happened in international journalism if it had acquired a reporter as determined as Elizabeth, and sultry and gorgeous to boot, is interesting fodder for a winter evening's discussion.

Possibly it is true that nothing is hidden from the camera. One thing can be set down for certain: It will take many cameras and many pictures to reveal all the facets of this young woman. Meantime, what we have, boys, is sheer impact!

THE END



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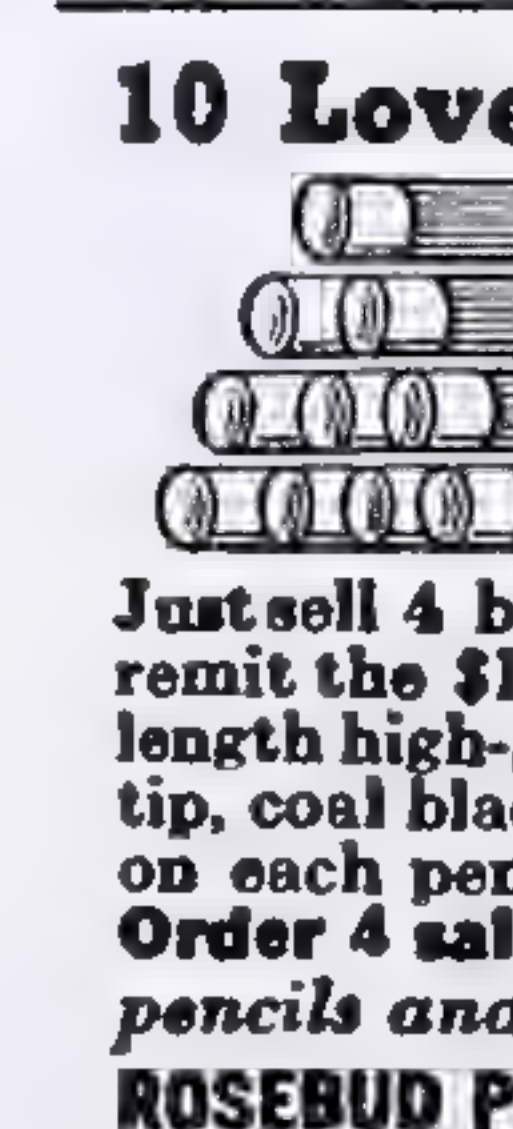
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Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 25)

✓✓**PARIS UNDERGROUND**—Constance Bennett-
UA: Taken from the best-selling novel, the story is
beautifully acted by Miss Bennett, Gracie Fields and
George Rigaud, who are smuggling English fliers out
of France. Kurt Kreuger is the Nazi captain. (Oct.)

✓✓**PRIDE OF THE MARINES**—Warners: This
fine human-interest picture is a tender love story of
hero Al Schmid, beautifully played by John Garfield,
who was blinded on Gaudalcanal, and the woman who
loved him, Eleanor Parker. War scenes are realistic
and gripping. You'll love Dane Clark and newcomer
Tom D'Andrea. Don't miss it. (Oct.)

RADIO STARS ON PARADE—RKO: Frances
Langford as a night club singer in peril from her
racketeer boss meets up with a pair of so-called
comics who put her on the radio. The Town Criers
and Skinnay Ennis go into their acts too. (Nov.)

RIVER GANG—Universal: Gloria Jean is an in-
hibited sort of girl, kept in a fairy-tale daze by her
pawn broker uncle John Qualen. When a priceless
Stradivarius is stolen, a gang of kids, including Gloria
and led by Keefe Brasselle, begin running down clues.
Gloria sings one number well, and shows considerable
improvement in the acting department. (Dec.)

ROAD TO ALCATRAZ—Republic: This isn't about
Alcatraz, but about a lawyer, Robert Lowery, trying
to discover who committed a murder, with circum-
stantial evidence pointing to himself. (Oct.)

SHADOW OF TERROR—PRC: PRC was making
this picture about the atomic bomb even before the
real one hit Japan, but being a "first" is about its
only claim to fame. Richard Fraser as the chemist
working on the bomb is attacked, has amnesia, is
tortured and finally pulls through. (Nov.)

✓**SHADY LADY**—Universal: Ginny Simms is
Charles Coburn's niece who tries to keep her card-
sharp uncle straight. Martha O'Driscoll, in love with
Alan Curtis; Joe Frisco in a few very funny moments,
and Kathleen Howard, for whom Coburn pretends
love, fit into their roles very cozily, but it's Coburn's
trouping that really carries the picture. Robert Paige
is Ginny's romantic moment. (Dec.)

SHANGHAI COBRA, THE—Monogram: Charlie
Chan goes on his placid way solving murders, this
one's by cobra poison. He is hindered, as usual, by
his amusing (?) son Benson Farg and his chauffeur
Mantan Morland. (Nov.)

SONG OF OLD WYOMING—PRC: Bad boy out
west, Al LaRue, turns good boy too late and gets shot
for it, after having done his own mother out of her
cattle business. Jennifer Holt and Eddie Dean pro-
vide the romance. (Nov.)

✓**SPANISH MAIN, THE**—RKO: Photographically
beautiful, romantic, but repetitious in theme is this
old story of the pirate, played by Paul Henreid, who
kidnaps Maureen O'Hara on her journey to wed
the Spanish Viceroy Walter Slezak. Maureen is fan-
tastically beautiful, but somehow Henreid never be-
comes the dashing pirate who robs and pillages Span-
ish ships. With Binnie Barnes. (Dec.)

✓✓**STATE FAIR**—Fox: The tender, homey story
for the whole family, a Technicolor dream, all about
the family that found excitement, love, glory and
experience in their adventure from the farm to the
State Fair and back home again. Jeanne Crain and
Dana Andrews, Dick Haymes and Vivian Blaine,
Charles Winninger and Fay Bainter, make up the
group who might be your next-door neighbors. (Nov.)

✓**SUNSET IN EL DORADO**—Republic: Roy Rog-
ers has a story his fans will love, photographed beau-
tifully and directed well. Dale Evans, growing
weary of her beau and his descriptions of the West,
hies herself off to mythical El Dorado, and finds Roy
Rogers waiting at the end of the trail. Roy and Dale
sing several numbers in fine style. (Dec.)

TELL IT TO A STAR—Republic: Alan Mowbray,
Franklin Pangborn, Eddie Marr and Isabel Ran-
dolph may give you a few laughs in this story of an
imitation colonel and a would-be songstress. (Nov.)

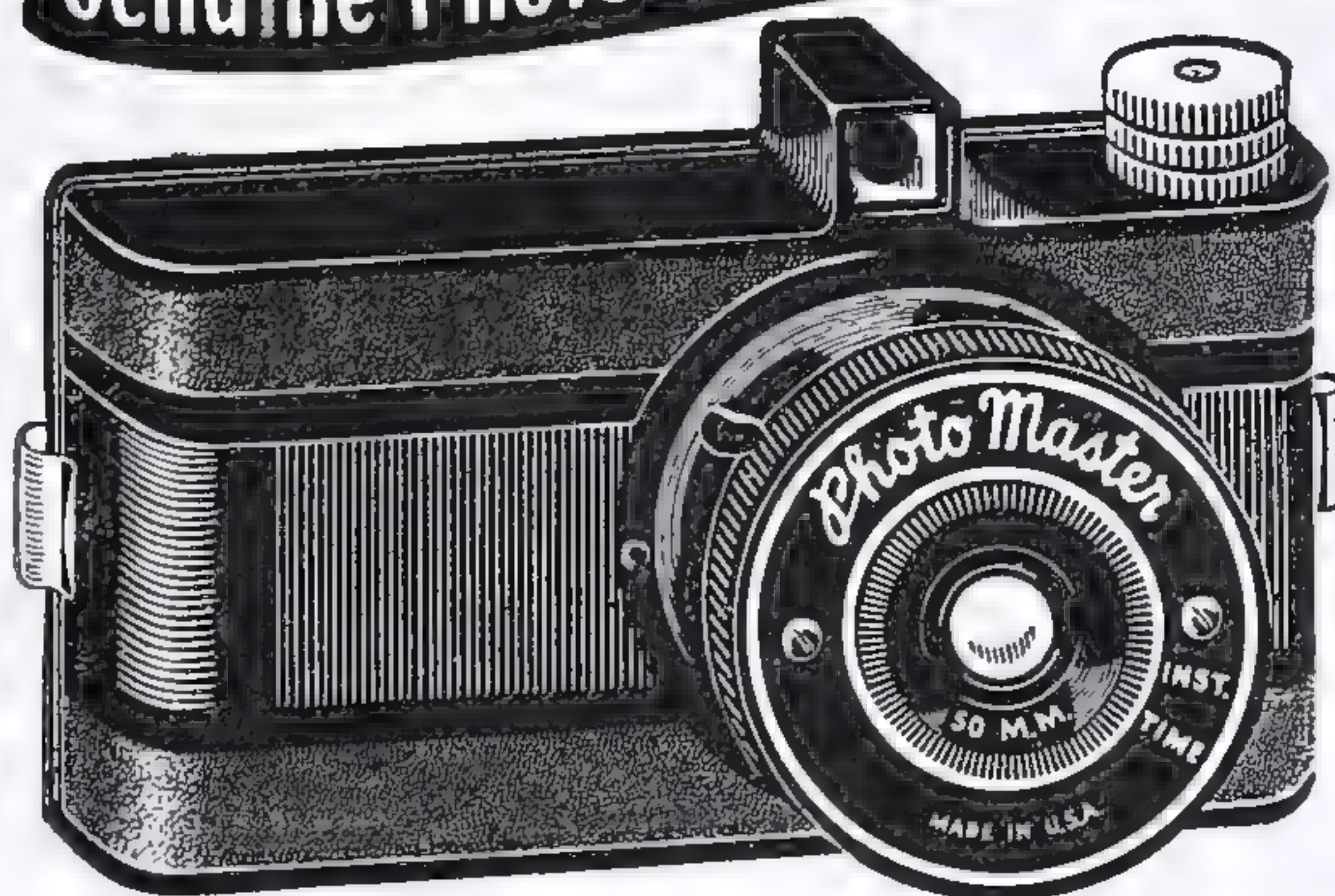
✓✓**THAT NIGHT WITH YOU**—Universal: A
little honey of a movie, with Franchot Tone as a New
York theatrical producer who suddenly finds himself
confronted with a grown daughter, Susanna Foster
is the cutie who pretends to be the daughter in order
to gain a theatrical career, and Louise Allbritton
proves her fine flair for comedy in her choice role of
Franchot's cynical secretary. (Dec.)

✓✓**THE LOST WEEKEND**—Paramount: A new
kind of horror tale is this story of an alcoholic on a
weekend binge and his experiences that range from
frightening to degrading. Ray Milland hits his peak
in his portrayal of the man beset with a craving beyond
and outside himself, Phil Terry is his older brother,
Jane Wyman the girl who loves Ray and Howard
DaSilva the understanding bartender. (Dec.)

✓✓**THREE STRANGERS, THE**—Warners: Peter
Lorre, Sydney Greenstreet and Geraldine Fitzgerald
are wonderful in this slightly less wonderful story of
murder and madness, which deviates to a secondary
theme with Joan Lorring and Robert Shayne which
is rather confusing. (Nov.)

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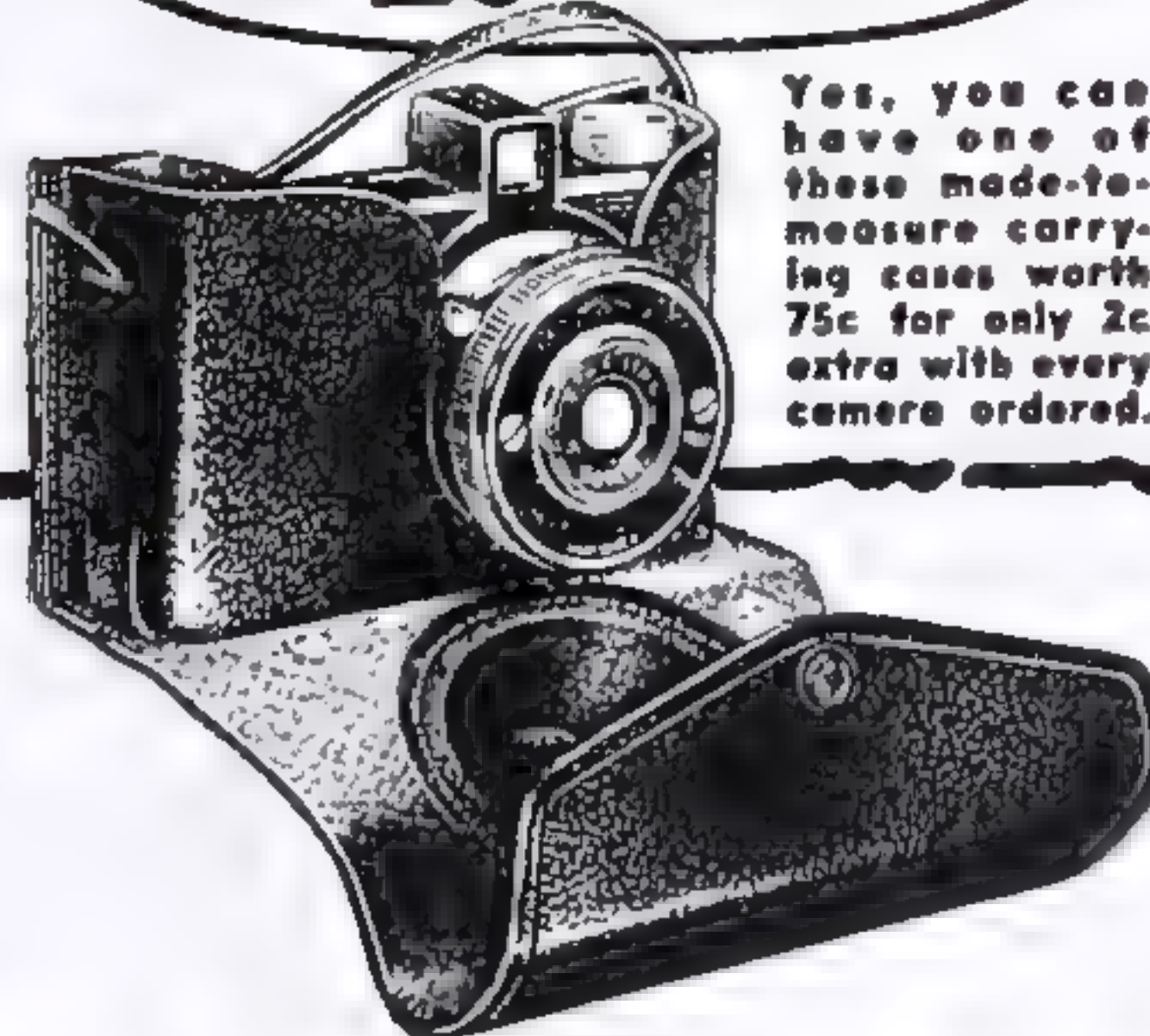
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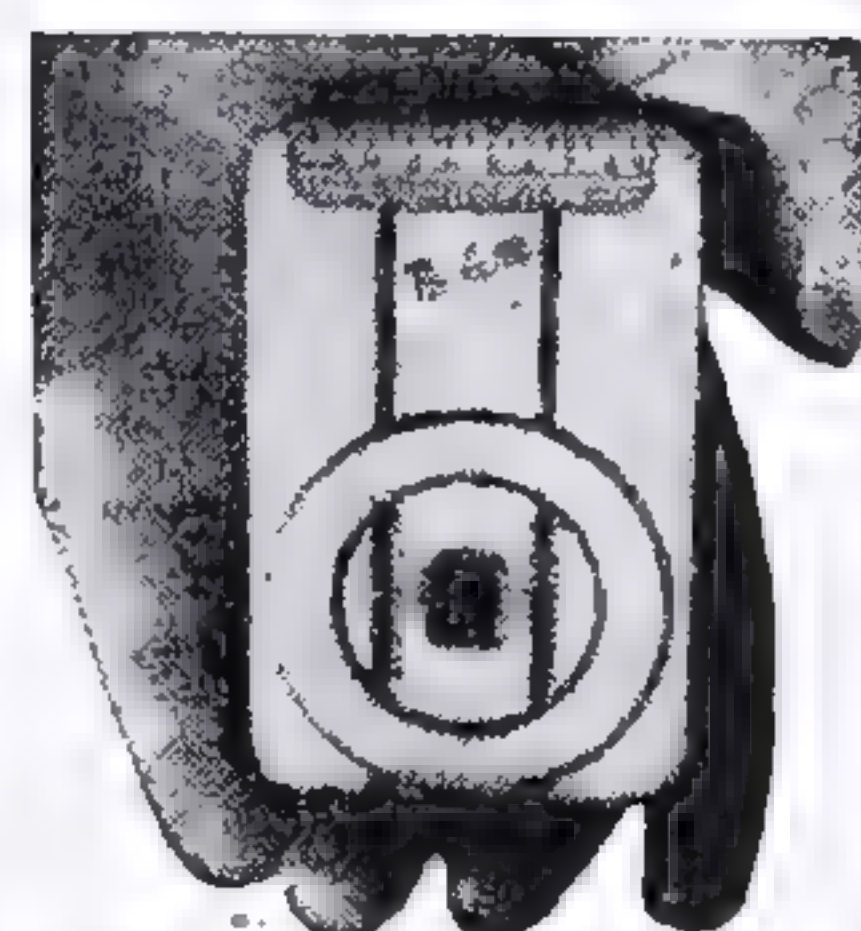


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✓**UNCLE HARRY**—Universal: The Hays Office ruined this one, not allowing a movie crime to go unpunished, but up to the disappointing denouement, this is a good yarn with suspense and interest. You'll feel sorry for George Sanders, hoodwinked by his over possessive sister Geraldine Fitzgerald into losing his fiancée Ella Raines. (Nov.)

✓✓**WEEKEND AT THE WALDORF**—M-G-M: Superb! There's Ginger Rogers' and Walter Pidge-

on's dramatic, adult love, and Van Johnson's and Lana Turner's tender one. There's Xavier Cugat's sambas and Keenan Wynn's and Bob Benchley's special brands of comedy. (Oct.)

WHITE PONGO—PRC: This is the tale of a white ape, for which Al Eben, Robert Frazer, Maris Wrixon and Lionel Royce, in a jungle expedition, are searching. The white ape has a battle with a black ape over the heroine, but all ends well. (Nov.)

✓✓**YOU CAME ALONG**—Hal Wallis-Paramount: Carefree humor blends with tender pathos in a touching story of two fliers, Don DeFore and Charles Drake, sticking by their fellow-flier Bob Cummings. They all go on a Bond tour chaperoned by Elizabeth Scott of the Treasury Dept. She and Bob fall in love, have a short but ideally happy marriage. (Oct.)

Casts of Current Pictures

CLUB HAVANA—PRC: Bill Porter, Tom Neal; Rosalind, Margaret Lindsay; Johnny Norton, Don Douglas; Marcella, Isabelita; Lucy, Dorothy Morris; Willy Kingston, Ernest Truex; Mrs. Cavendish, Renie Riano; Hetty, Gertrude Michael; Jimmy, Eric Sinclair; Rogers, Paul Cavanagh; Joe Reed, Marc Lawrence; Charles, Pedro de Cordoba; Myrtle, Sonia Sorel; Iris and Pierre, Played by themselves.

DANNY BOY—PRC: Jimmy, Robert "Buzzy" Henry; Joe, Ralph Lewis; Margie, Sybil Merritt; Mrs. Baily, Helen Brown; Mr. Andrews, Walter Soderling; Mr. Dunkell, Joseph Granby; Pudgie, Michael McGuire; Rinkie, Bobbie Valentine; Louie, Charles Bates; Tuffy, Larry Dixon; Mrs. Johnson, Eve March; Danny Boy (Dog), Ace; Judge Carter, Richard Kipling; Sergeant, James Metcalfe; Mr. Johnson, Tay Dunn; Baggage Man, Pat Gleason; Jackie, Eric Younger; Hal, Myron Wilton; Conductor, Hal Carlson; Leader, Billy Bernard; McKay, Sam Ash; Bit Man, Hugh Murray; Bit Woman, Hazel Boyne; 1st Little Girl, Pamela Payton; 2nd Little Girl, June Hedin.

DON'T FENCE ME IN—Republic: Roy Rogers, Roy Rogers; Trigger, Gabby Whitaker, George "Gabby" Hayes; Toni Ames, Dale Evans; Jack Chandler, Robert Livingston; Hen, Bennett, Moroni Olsen; Cliff Anson, Marc Lawrence; Mrs. Prentiss, Lucille Gleason; Cartwright, Andrew Tombes; The Governor, Paul Harvey; The Sheriff, Tom London; Gordon, Douglas Fowley; Tracy, Stephen Barclay; Chief of Police, Edgar Dearing.

FALLEN ANGEL—20th Century-Fox: June Mills, Alice Faye; Eric Stanton, Dana Andrews; Stella, Linda Darnell; Mark Judd, Charles Bickford; Clara Mills, Anne Revere; Dave Atkins, Bruce Cabot; Madley, John Carradine; Pop, Percy Kilbride; Joe Ellis, Olin Howlin; Johnson, Hal Taliaferro; Mrs. Judd, Mira McKinney; Minister, Broderick O'Farrell; Hotel Clerk, Jimmy Conlin; Bank Clerk, Leila McIntyre; Waiter, Garry Owen; Sheriff, Horace

Murphy; Maid, Martha Wentworth; Detective, Paul Palmer; Newsman, Paul Burns; Plain Clothes Man, Herb Ashley; Shoe Shine Boy, Stymie Beard; Bus Drivers, William Haade, Chick Collins.

JEEP HERDERS—Planet Pictures: Helen Martin, June Carlson; "Gimpy," John Day; Bob Martin, Pat Michaels; "Pop" Martin, Steve Clark; Feets, Ashley Cowan; Fatso, Slim Gaut; Thatcher, Paul Bradley; Tony, Dale Van Sickel; Smitty, Tom Steele; Brooklyn, Saul Gorss; Jug, Richard Fitch; Hollister, Fred Kennedy; Butch, Frank McCarroll; Morris, Victor Metzetti.

MAN ALIVE—RKO: Speed McBride, Pat O'Brien; Kismet, Adolphe Menjou; Gordon Tolliver, Rudy Vallee; Connie McBride, Ellen Drew; Aunt Sophie, Minna Gombell.

PEOPLE ARE FUNNY—Paramount: Pinky Wilson, Jack Haley; Corey Sullivan, Helen Walker; Ormsby James, Rudy Vallee; Leroy Brinker, Ozzie Nelson; John Guedel, Philip Reed; Luke, Bob Graham; Art Linkletter, Himself; Grandma, Clara Bladick; Mr. Pippensiegal, Roy Atwell; Rev. Allen, Wheaton Chambers; Jerry, Casey Johnson; Dancer, Rosarita Varela; Dancer, Lillian Molieri; Aimee, Barbara Roche.

SCOTLAND YARD INVESTIGATOR—Republic: Sir James Collison, Sir Aubrey Smith; Carl Hoffmeyer, Erich Von Stroheim; Tony Collison, Stephanie Bachelor; Sam Todworthy, Forrester Harvey; Ma Todworthy, Doris Lloyd; Mary Collison, Eva Moore; Inspector Cartwright, Richard Fraser; Jules, Victor Varconi; Henri, George Metaxa; Professor Renault, Emil Rameau; Waters, Colin Campbell; Col. Brent, Frederic Worlock.

SHE WENT TO THE RACES—M-G-M: Steve Canfield, James Craig; Dr. Ann Wotters, Frances

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933, of PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR, published Monthly at Dunellen, N. J., for October 1, 1945.

State of New York
County of New York } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Meyer Dworkin, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Secretary of PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, Macfadden Publications, Inc., 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.; Editor, Fred R. Sammis, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Helen Gilmore, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.; Secretary, Meyer Dworkin, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

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4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner, and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is (This information is required from daily publications only).

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 24th day of September, 1945.
(SEAL)

(Signed) MEYER DWORIN,

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STRANGE CONFESSION—Universal: Jeff Carter, Lon Chaney; Roger Graham, J. Carroll Naish; Mary Carter, Brenda Joyce; Dave Curtis, Lloyd Bridges; Stevens, Milburn Stone; Tommy Carter, Gregory Muradian; Brandon, Wilton Graff.

SUNBONNET SUE—Monogram: Sue, Gale Storm; Danny, Phil Regan; Casey, George Cleveland; Mrs. Fitzgerald, Minna Gombell; Joe Seeneey, Raymond Hatton; Jonathan, Alan Mowbray; Milano, Charles Julels; Flaherty, Billy Green; Hurley, Charles D. Brown; Julia, Edna Holland; Masters, Gerald O. Smith; Burke, Jerry Frank.

THE SPIDER—20th Century-Fox: Chris Conlon, Richard Conte; Lila Neilson, Faye Marlowe; Garonne, Kurt Kreuger; Burns, John Harvey; Barak, Martin Kosleck; Henry, Mantan Moreland; Lt. Castle, Walter Sande; Wanda, Cara Williams; Lt. Tonti, Charles Tannen; Jean, Margaret Brayton; Bartender, Harry Seymour; Florence Cain, Ann Savage; Dutrelle, Jean Del Val; Mrs. Dutrelle, Odette Vigne; Johnny, James Flavin; Picket, Roy Gordon; Police Inspector, William Halligan; Radio Cops, Lane Chandler, Eddie Hart; Pretty Girl, Margo Woode.

THE STORK CLUB—Paramount: Judy Peabody, Betty Hutton; J. B. Bates, Barry Fitzgerald; Danny Wilton, Don DeFore; Tom Curtis, Robert Benchley; Sherman Billingsley, Bill Goodwin; Gwen, Iris Adrian; Coretti, Mikhail Rasumny; Mrs. Bates, Mary Young; Jim, Andy Russell.

THIS LOVE OF OURS—Universal: Karin, Merle Oberon; Tuzac, Charles Korvin; Targel, Claude Rains; Uncle Robert, Carl Esmond; Susette, Sue England; Chadwick, Jess Barker; Dr. Wilkerson, Harry Davenport; Dr. Lane, Ralph Morgan; Dr. Bailey, Fritz Leiber; Tucker, Helen Thimig; Housekeeper, Ferike Boros; Dr. Barnes, Howard Freeman; Dr. Melnik, Selmer Jackson; Dr. Dailey, Dave Willock; Anna, Ann Codee; M. Flambeartin, Andre Charlot; Vivian, Doris Merrick; Jose, William Edmunds; Mrs. Dailey, Barbara Bates; Ross, Leon Tyler; Woman, Cora Witherspoon; Evelyn, Maris Wrixon; Call Boy, Robert Raison; Nanette, Evelyn Falke; Susette, Joanie Bell.

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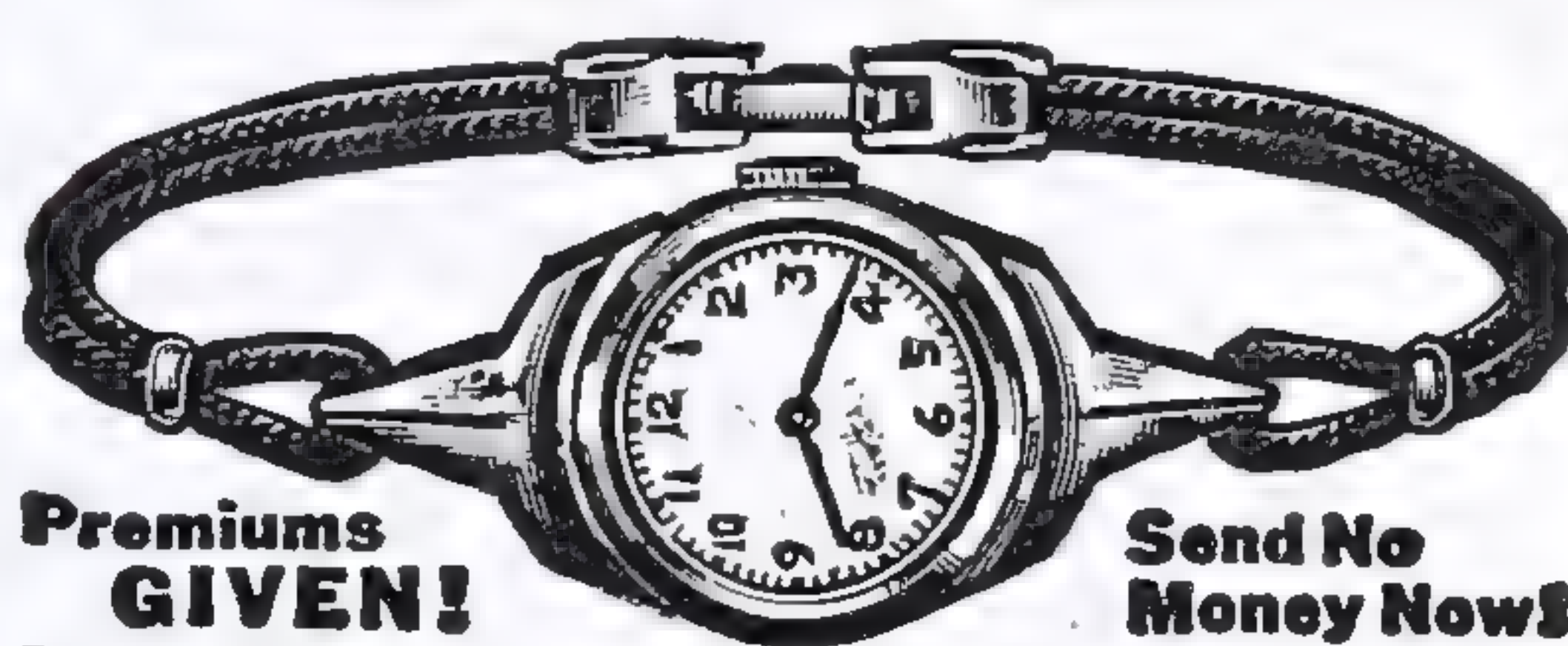


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Holiday Pick-Ups

Yuletide tips for a beautiful
you — and a beautiful time



"Harvey Girl" Angela Lansbury in her new home

YOU'VE been grinning and bearing it long enough. This year, the lid's off! Have fun during the holidays. It's coming to you. The war's over and if you don't snap at every chance to have a good time you might as well curl up on the sofa for a quiet evening at home with a good book—and like it! But why let that fagged out feeling and the fact that you're not a femme with time to spend leisurely dolling up for a big holiday date keep you from looking and feeling your sparkling best?

Here are the pet formulas of some of your Hollywood sisters for freshening up quickly after a hard day's work at the studios and maintaining the high beauty rating expected of them.

Angela Lansbury, that British lovely with the peaches-and-cream complexion, has a salty answer to the problem. First she goes to work on her face with cleansing cream—slathering it on generously so as to remove as much of the dirt and grime in this first clean-up step as she can. That done, she gives herself a soap facial, working the creamy suds well into the pores with a complexion brush, so that every stubborn dirt particle is dislodged and can be rinsed away.

Now here's her special salt treatment:

Making a heavy paste of plain table salt and refrigerator-chilled water, she pats it on like a mask. When almost dry, she removes it with warm water. Try it for a smooth, glowing skin that will give the lie to the look that used to be!

her fingertips on her face, she pats away until the circulation is stimulated and the natural freshness is restored.

Paulette Goddard holds on to her hair and tugs it! Taking a handful at a time, she pulls all over her head. This is not only a good scalp tingler, she says, but it is also a great help in relieving nervous tension.

You might go a step further and give your tresses a good brushing with a clean, stiff-bristled brush. Brush from the roots out. Bend your head low so you'll not just swish over the top layer, but will reach every hair of your pretty head. For extra hair glory, before brushing sprinkle just a little toilet water or cologne on your hairbrush.

Vivian Blaine says her eyes often look droopy after a hard day. To open them up she wrings out cotton pads in hot water and places them over her closed lids. Then she alternates by placing cotton pads wrung out in ice-cold water over them.

Although this hot-cold water treatment works like magic for eye opener purposes, you might like to cleanse and brighten your orbs by using an eye wash. If you have time, lie down in a darkened room, relax, and place on your closed lids any one of the good eye pads on the market.

But to get back to Vivian Blaine, and another trick she has for making her eyes

look larger and brighter. When making up, she uses a very little pale blue eye shadow.

Eye make-up, you know, may be had in many flattering colors. Become as used to wearing it as you are to wearing lipstick, which came into its own in the Twenties, after the last World War. A shade to enhance the natural beauty of your eye coloring, or one to pick up your dominant costume color is what the eye-make-up-wise beauty uses these days. That's what lends the final note of enchantment.

Maureen O'Hara, when in need of a mental lift after a particularly tiring day, gets contrary with her hair. Up it goes, if she's been wearing it down all day! Down she lets it fall, if it's been upswept since early morning!

She also says she finds a too-bright lipstick only accents that tired look, and so she substitutes a softer-hued one, with rouge to match.

Veronica Lake's pet remedy for coaxing back her flagging energy to its maximum peak is to get rough with her towel drying. After her shower she massages her arms, legs and entire body like mad with the bath towel to bring the blood to the surface. This stimulation, she will tell you, restores her pep in the twinkling of an eye.

So now you're on your own . . . And a Beautiful New Year to you!

Gail Russell gives with another tired-look chaser. Raining light but brisk little blows with the soft, padded underpart of

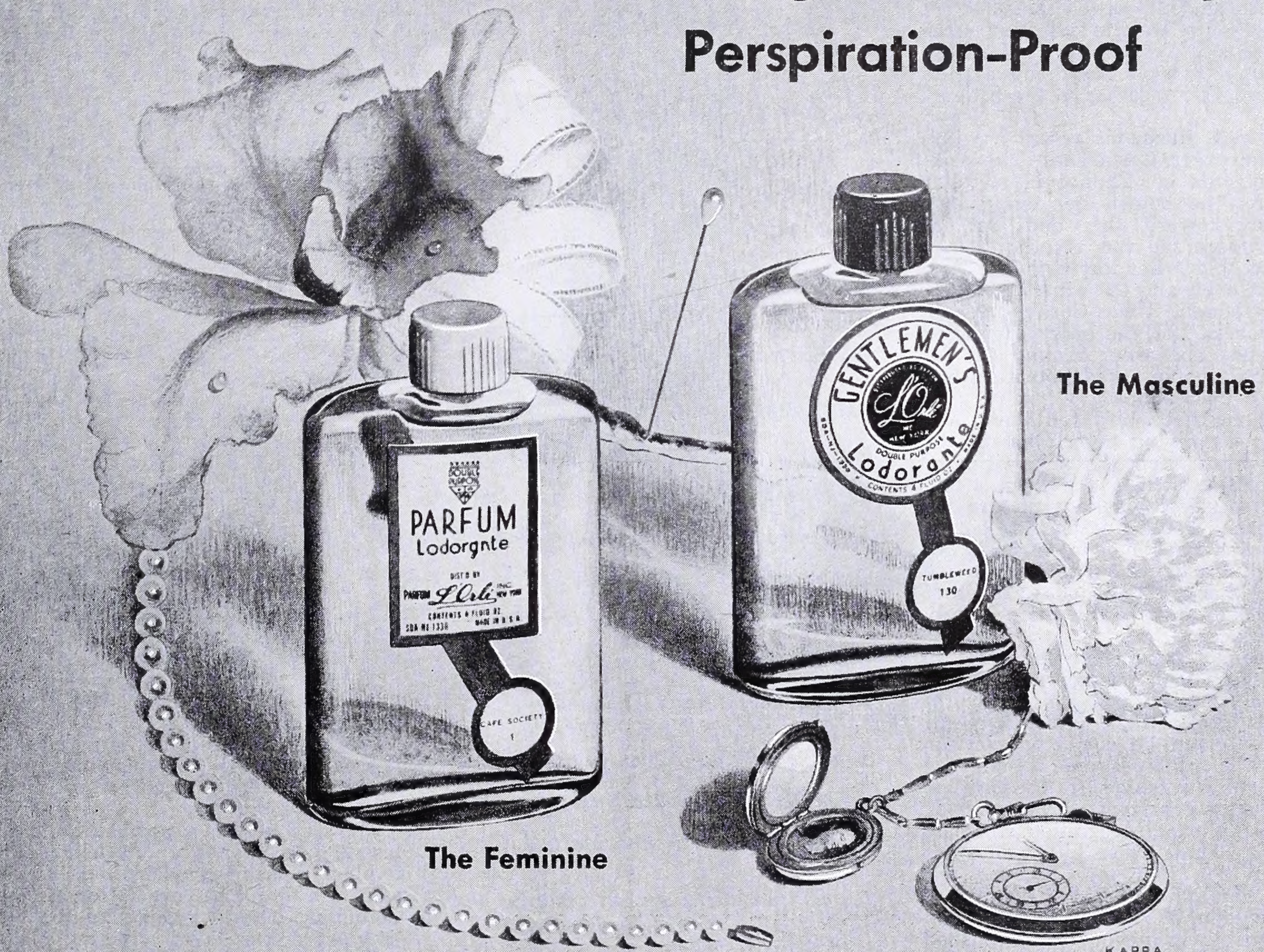
Beauty Workshop by Betty Sanford

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Hungarian Rhapsody

(Continued from page 43) right. They couldn't eat, they couldn't sleep. They exhausted themselves with their own unhappiness—delivered in the large economy-sized packages by a heartless fate.

"Has it affected you much, do you think, Cornel?" we asked him recently.

"No," he said thoughtfully. "But it does seem a pity it happened to us while we were so young."

He's thirty now and the unhappiness is only just behind him. So closely behind him he still lapses into what close friends describe as a "Hungarian funk."

Cornel's and Pat's love for each other was the force that kept them going through those eight years. But to say the Wildes have always been complacently happy in each other and to envision them always the soul of harmonious accord is wrong. They fought consistently during the first two or three years of marriage. But—they fought things out and settled them.

"We fought our way to a lasting marriage," Pat says. "Now we have a thorough understanding of each other and a solid foundation for life together in the future."

WHERE most husbands resent a wife's taking a career, Cornel has long insisted Pat be given her chance in pictures. Not only has he helped her every step of her way toward this end but, at Twentieth where she was recently signed to a contract, made her test with her. And when it was over, and the contract signed, you'd have thought it was Cornel, himself, who had won, at last, the break. He called all his friends and went around the lot beaming until people asked him if he had discovered a gold mine.

"Better than that," he'd tell them, and launch into a glowing description of the talent and beauty of "Patricia Knight." Around the Twentieth lot the word is that the two of them will make a picture together. Cornel would like nothing better. Heaven knows, Pat's blonde fairness, her youth and divine figure surpass the screen attributes of many stars of today. Together they turn heads in a town where beauty is commonplace.

Oddly enough, except for the color of their hair, they look enough alike to be brother and sister.

Cornel is not always understood by people with whom he comes in contact. He delights in rubbing some people the wrong way by refusing to conform to Hollywood's caste system. It dates back to his early fight for recognition when he landed here. Those were bitter days for Cornel, and for Pat, too, because she believed in him and hated to see him hurt.

They're over now. But a determination was born of them never to be pushed around again by Hollywood. Cornel, fighting to regain his confidence in himself, vowed to strike back someday, someday. Yet with security now his, and stardom, he is slowly accepting the fact that he no longer has to battle every inch of the way in his profession, and the change this sure knowledge makes in him is marked. He isn't striking back, after all. He has too much to do and it doesn't seem important now, anyway.

Of course, hangovers from those early, bitter days persist, not so much in Cornel himself, as among people who knew and worked with him and didn't understand him at all—who perhaps didn't try.

There was, for instance, the test which gave Cornel his original contract with Twentieth Century-Fox and which Cornel wrote himself. He used to have that test run over and over again. But you have to remember this. He was ambitious and frustrated. He had a tremendous urge to

work and there was no work. His morale sagged and his confidence was just about gone. The one tangible thing he had to hang onto was this test. Surely, it must have been good, and he must have been good, or he wouldn't have been signed . . .

So he used to go over on the lot every so often and ask to have it run just for the simple reason that to see it bolstered his morale. He wasn't egotistical. He was just a heartsick young man catching at straws. But of course, his "fair weather friends" chose to misunderstand. They spread the story that he was so fond of seeing himself on the screen that he was running the sprockets off his test.

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we could do then, however—the ene-
my had to take its terrible toll.*

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ods of treatment, Infantile Paralysis
patients are restored to useful, inde-
pendent lives. It takes time, patience
and money to train experts in the im-
portant new Sister Kenny technique—
that is why you are asked to contribute
to the Sister Kenny Foundation.*

*Your contribution may be used to
defray the cost of treating some child
by the advanced Kenny Method.*

*Let us stand between our children and
Infantile Paralysis.*

Now there is no longer the problem of not enough work; there is almost too much work. He finished "The Bandit Of Sherwood Forest" at six o'clock one evening and two hours later, having packed his clothes and bolted his dinner, was in the Twentieth Century-Fox barber shop having his hair cut for "Leave Her To Heaven." And an hour after that he was en route to Bass Lake, Northern California, for his first day's work. He slept in the automobile en route, arrived at five in the morning, shaved and went to work—in a love scene with Jeanne Crain. He'd only met her fifteen minutes before which is, of course, beside the point, although interesting. Yes, he's busy enough, now.

He has a fetching, but slightly off-key sense of humor, a sort of perverted sense of the ridiculous that requires understanding, just as American humor so often becomes a puzzler to foreigners. For instance, all through the Arizona location jaunt for "Leave Her To Heaven," the troupe kept the juke boxes ringing with Chopin's Polonaise as played by Cornel in "A Song To Remember," in the hopes of getting a rise out of him. At Prescott he turned the tables. He gave one of the local urchins a dollar to feed the box wherever the movie company went. And so the Polonaise went on—and on—and on.

His impersonation of Charles Boyer is frightening in its realism. He uses it to confuse his agent and friends over the phone into a state of bewilderment.

He chuckles at the casting agent who once commented, "Too much personality for the screen." And the one who claimed he could never be anything but a heavy.

He doesn't mind Pat telling of the time in New York before their marriage when they had a date to go to the beach. With his overnight bag containing his trunks and towels he called at the hotel for Pat only to be told she'd just left with a certain actor. Furious, Cornel ran out and spotted Pat and the actor down the block. Running up he let fly his suitcase at the actor's knees. The actor crumpled like an accordion. Of course it turned out Pat was on the way to the drugstore for a cup of coffee and the actor just happened to be going that way too.

Cornel is the soul of conscientious endeavor, both in his career and in his marriage. The flattery of established and beautiful stars never touches him. In his wallet he carries the pictures of the two people alone who own his heart and loyalty—Pat and Wendy.

If ever anyone has the right to harbor grudges, it is this actor who took an unmerciful shoving around from Hollywood. But he seems to have forgotten it. Even those dreadful times when an M-G-M casting agent and talent scout persuaded Mr. Mayer not to sign Cornel at the very last minute with the remark—"If he's a leading man, I'll eat him."

"I hope you're right," Mr. Mayer said, putting down the pen. "You'll hear from me if you're not."

We hope he's hearing. But although it seemed one blow too many at the time, Cornel has long since forgotten—or at least forgiven.

The way he was slipped to Columbia by his studio in exchange for Alexander Knox to play "Wilson" was a caution. His studio was sure they'd put over a terrific deal on Columbia. After "A Song To Remember" they weren't sure of anything. But before they could grab Cornel back, Columbia had already contracted for two more with Twentieth's "unknown."

More important than masculine charms, and he's loaded with them, is his good sportsmanship. One of his very first acts in front of the crew and cast of "Leave Her To Heaven" called for him to plunge fully dressed into a mountain lake. Everyone watching knew the water was icy. Cornel didn't. He made the plunge and came up without a word or look of surprise or protest.

"Sorry," the director said, "but the cloud formation was wrong. Do it again."

He never flinched. In dry clothing he once again made the icy plunge.

The crew smiled at one another knowingly. For Hollywood forgives anything—if one is a good sport.

In more ways than one, Cornel has proved he's just that—a good sport.

THE END

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*L*earn About Hair-dos From the Girls who Know

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